

A SINGING SCHOOL

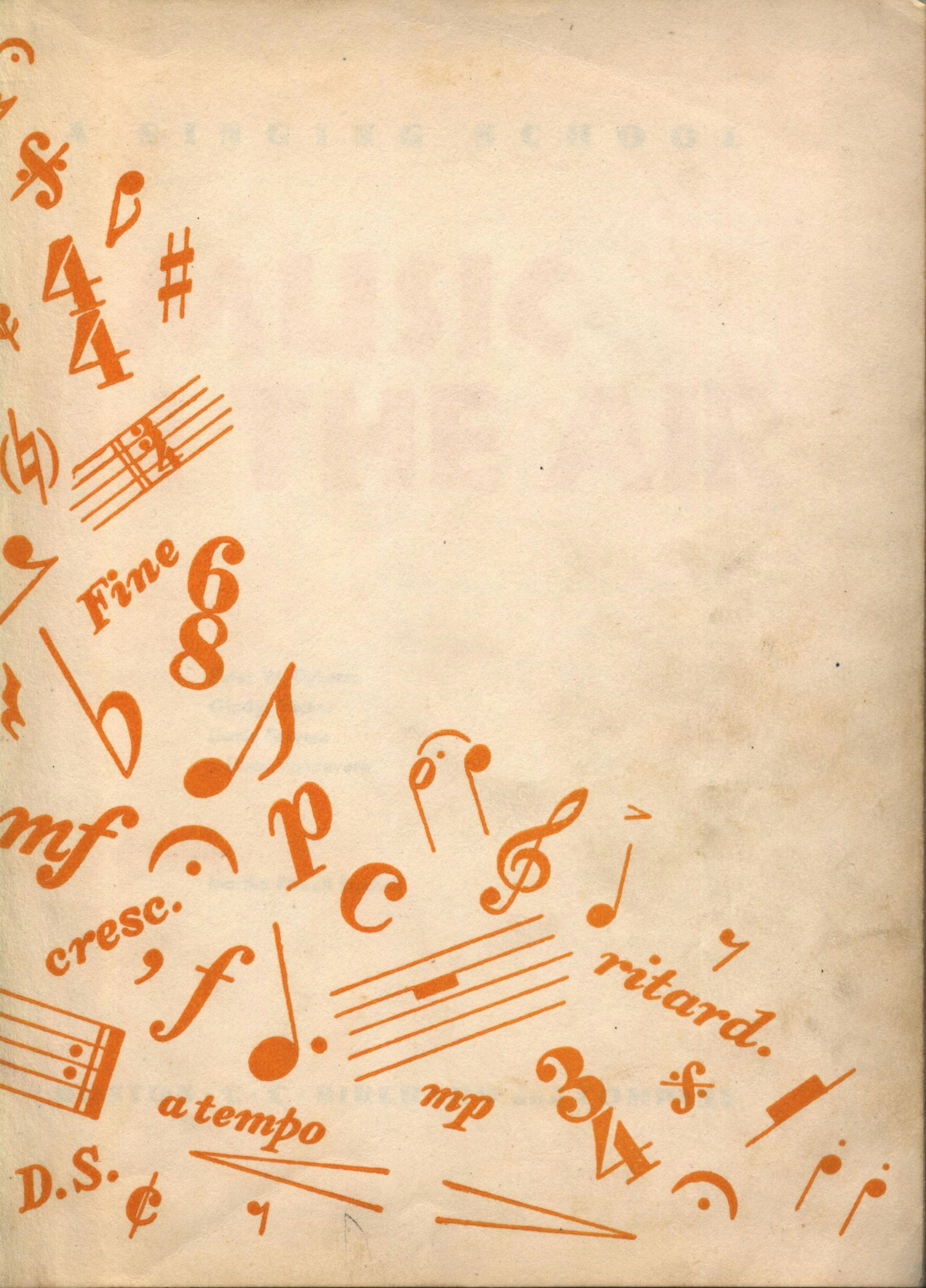
# MUSIC in the AIR

















**A S I N G I N G S C H O O L**

# **MUSIC IN THE AIR**

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**BOSTON • C • C • BIRCHARD and COMPANY**



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The Books of  
A SINGING SCHOOL

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| I OUR FIRST MUSIC—Complete in itself; for the teacher |   |
| II OUR SONGS  | } Each complete in three units:<br>a. Student's Edition<br>b. Book of Accompaniments<br>c. Teacher's Manual |
| III MERRY MUSIC                                       |   |
| IV WE SING  |   |
| V OUR LAND OF SONG                                    |   |
| VI MUSIC EVERYWHERE                                   |   |
| VII SING OUT!   | } Each complete in two units:<br>a. Student's Edition<br>b. Teacher's Book—manual<br>and accompaniments     |
| VIII LET <u>MUSIC</u> RING!                           |   |
| I-IV HAPPY SINGING *                                  |   |
| I-VIII MUSIC IN THE AIR *                             |   |
| * For combined classes                                |   |

RCA Victor Records are available for use with this book.



Dear Boys and Girls:

Have you ever had a treasure-chest — a collection of so many things you liked and could use a long time that you were always finding pleasant surprises? Well, here is your treasure-chest of songs!

It's a big book — big enough to have songs you and your classmates can sing during all the years before you are ready for high school! There are many songs for grown-up folks — parents and friends — to sing with you.

And so many kinds of songs! — gay and quiet, funny and serious, for work and play and worship, from America and from many foreign lands, about things you see and hear and think about, tales of travel and adventure and make-believe! There are even two music plays all worked out for you, and ideas for many more you can make yourselves.

With this book you can learn to make up music of your own and to read and sing it after it is written down. You can have MUSIC IN THE AIR wherever you are! Would you like to write us about what you do with music and send us a copy of music you make up? You are going to have good times with this book and we want to hear about some of them.

THE EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS



THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR!—







## SONGS FOR EVERYDAY LIVING

### Good Morning Song


Theresa Armitage

Old Tune

**SOME OF US**

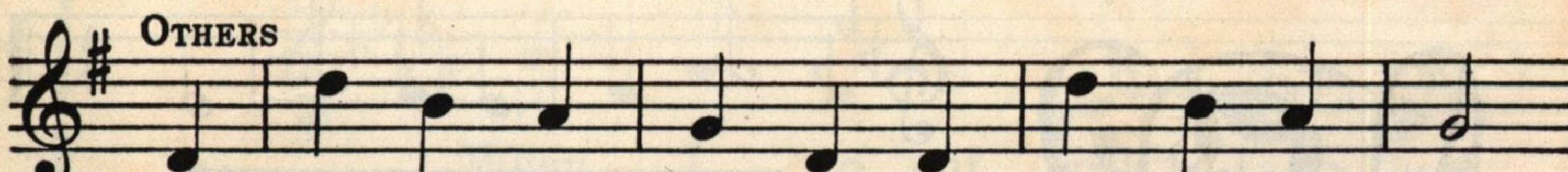


I'm call-ing good morn-ing, Good morn-ing to you.



This bright sun - ny morn-ing,      How do you do?  
This dark cloud - y morn-ing,      How do you do?  
This dark rain - y morn-ing,      How do you do?

**OTHERS**



I'm call-ing good morn-ing, Good morn-ing to you.



This bright sun - ny morn-ing,      Quite well, are you?  
This dark cloud - y morn-ing,      Quite well, are you?  
This dark rain - y morn-ing,      Quite well, are you?

What kind of a morning shall we sing about today?



# When Mother Sews

Stephen Fay

Czechoslovakian Tune

When my moth - er sits and sews,  
In and out her nee - dle goes;  
Moth - er sews such love - ly things,  
And while she sews she hums\_ and sings\_ —  
Hm\_ Hm\_





# I Walk and Talk with Father

David Stevens

Danish Tune

Some days I like to take a walk,  
I like to hear him laugh and talk,  
And so I go with fa - ther.  
It's fun to be with fa - ther.  
We come to fenc - es we have to climb,  
And I'm nev - er far be - hind fa - ther;  
We have a ver - y pleas - ant time,  
When I go out with fa ther.

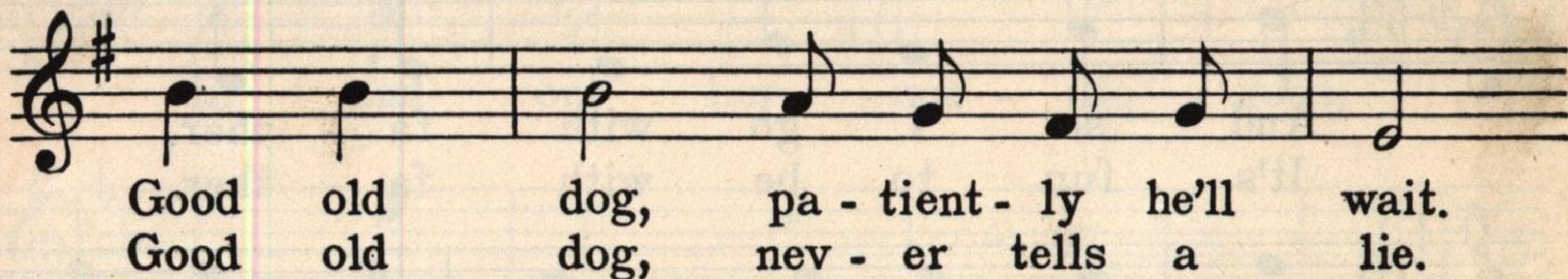
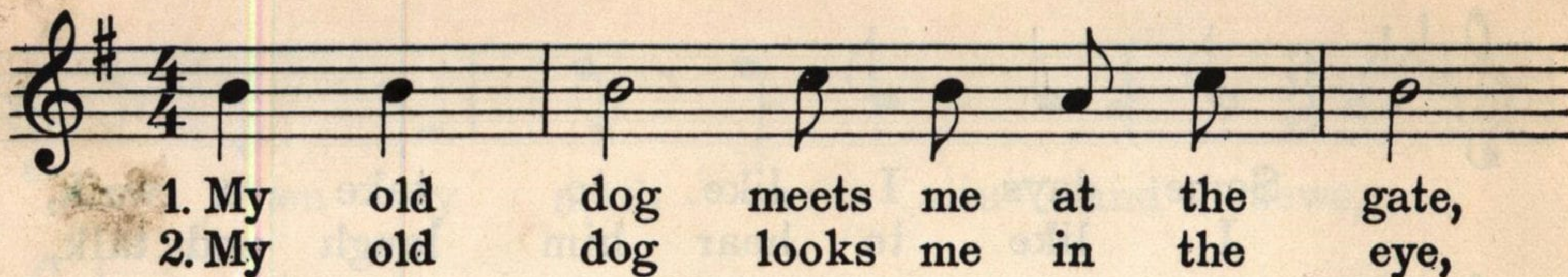




# My Good Old Dog

Stephen Fay

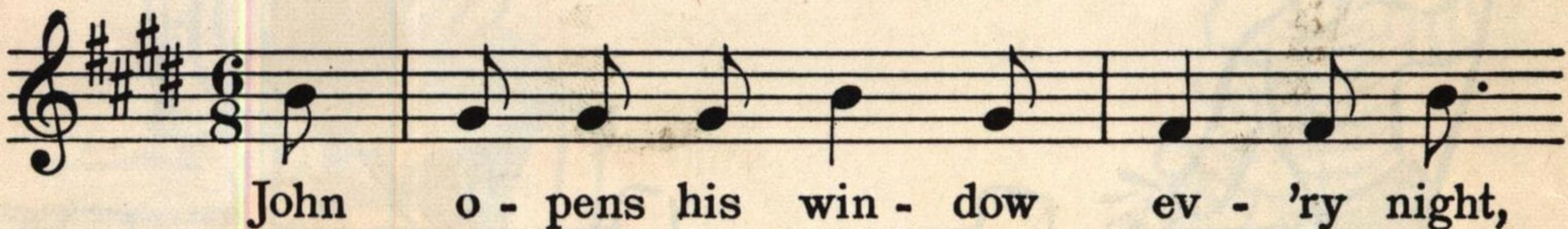
French Tune



## Fresh Air

J. L. V.

J. Lilian Vandevere

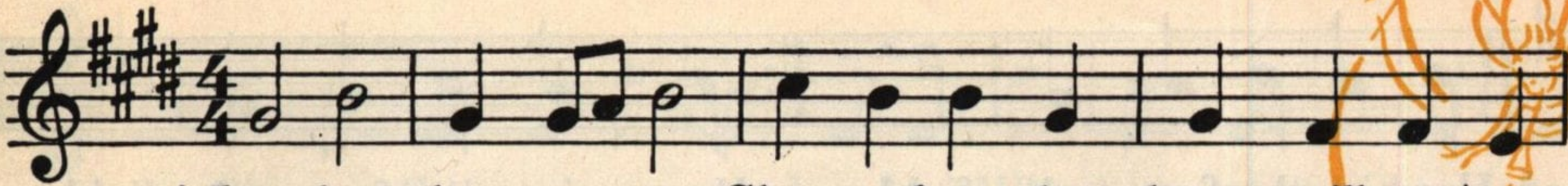




# Sleep Song

Stephen Fay

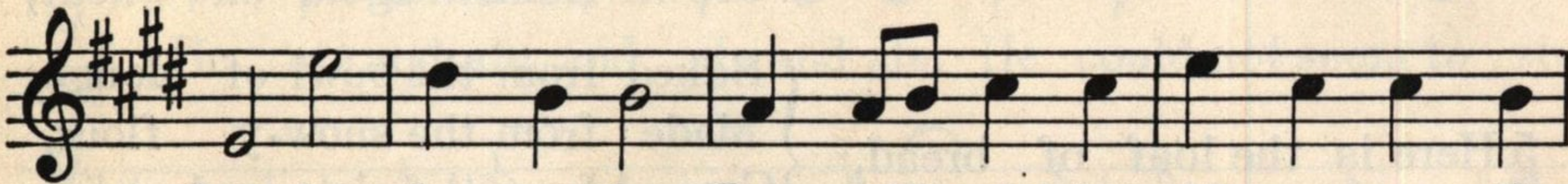
Scandinavian Tune



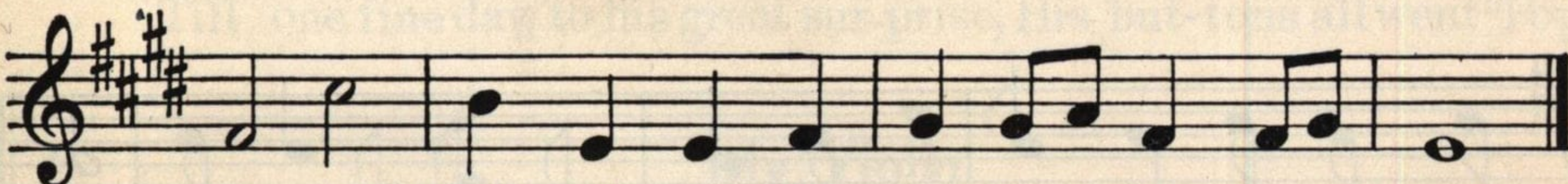
1. Loo, loo, sleep, my rose, Sleep and go where dreams will meet you;  
2. Loo, loo, hush, my rose, Stars on high their watch are keep-ing;



Loo, loo, eye-lids close, Fair- y play-mates there will greet you.  
Loo, loo, eye-lids close, Chil-dren far and near are sleep-ing;



Loo, loo, sleep my dear, Love will watch be-side your cra - dle,  
Loo, loo, hush, my dear, Sleep till morn-ing light a-wakes you,



Loo, loo, Moth-er's near, So go to sleep, my rose.  
Loo, loo, Moth-er's near, So go to sleep, my rose.

## BRUSH THEM

Every morning, every night,  
Brush your teeth to make them white.  
When they're clean they do look fine.  
Brush your teeth, and make them shine.

Brush them when the day's begun,  
Brush them when the day is done.  
Brush and brush and brush away.  
Use your toothbrush every day.

Can you make a tune for these words?





# From Wheat to Bread

J. L. V.

J. Lilian Vandevere



- |                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1. Here is the farm-er's field, | Here is the farm-er's field.   |
| 2. Here is the rip- ened grain, | Grown from the gold- en wheat,   |
| 3. Here is the snow- y flour,   | { Grown from the rip- ened grain,<br>Grown from the gold- en wheat,  |
| 4. Here is the bowl of dough,   | { Made from the snow- y flour,<br>Grown from the rip- ened grain,<br>Grown from the gold- en wheat,                                  |
| 5. Here is the loaf of bread,   | { Baked from the bowl of dough,<br>Made from the snow- y flour,<br>Grown from the rip- ened grain,<br>Grown from the gold- en wheat, |



1. Here are the grains of gold- en wheat, Sown in the farm-er's field.  
Grown from the grains of gold- en wheat, Sown in the farm-er's field.

*(The second line is the last line for verses 2, 3, 4 and 5.)*

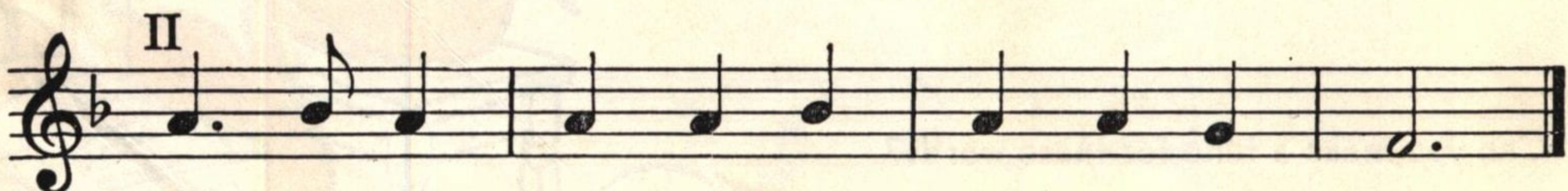
## Early to Bed (Round)

Traditional

Traditional



Ear - ly to bed and ear - ly to rise,



Makes a man health- y and wealth- y and wise.



## The Greedy Boy

D. S.

David Stevens



Oh, once there was a greed-y boy Who grew so round and stout,



That once a week he had to have His coat and pants let out.



He ate and ate and ate and ate, He could not seem to stop,

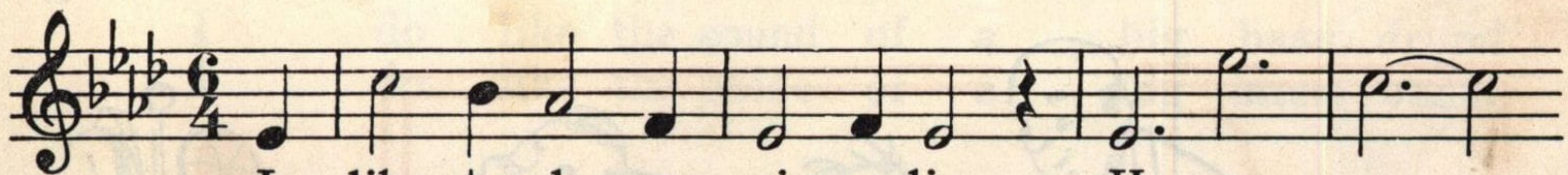


Till one fine day, to his great sur-prise, His but-tons all went "Pop!"

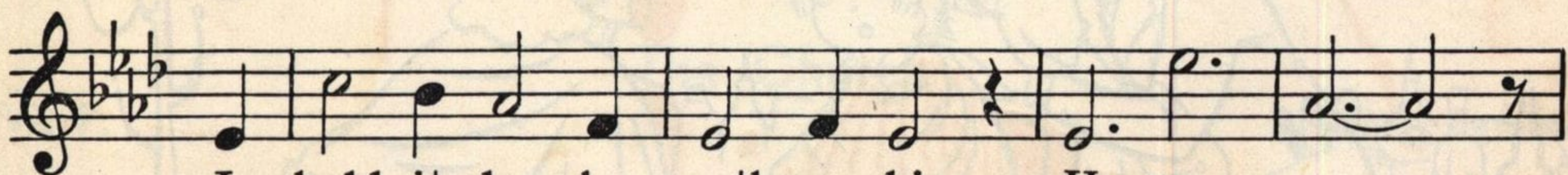
## My Violin

F. A. R.

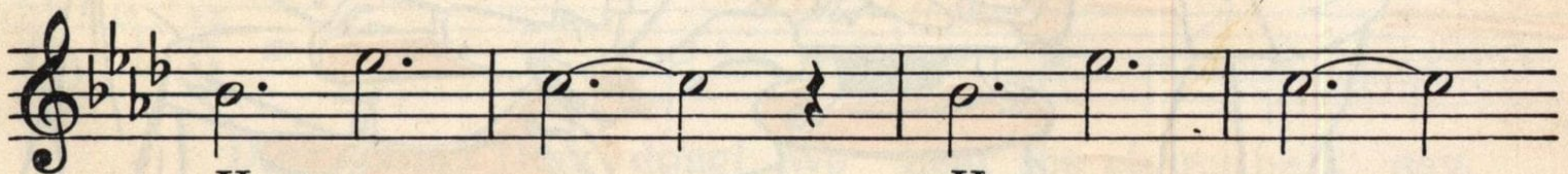
Floy A. Rossman



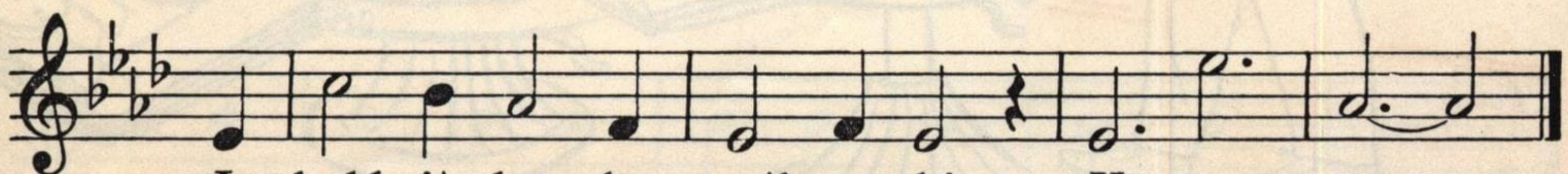
I like to play my vi - o - lin, Hm\_\_\_\_\_



I hold it close be - neath my chin, Hm\_\_\_\_\_



Hm\_\_\_\_\_ Hm\_\_\_\_\_



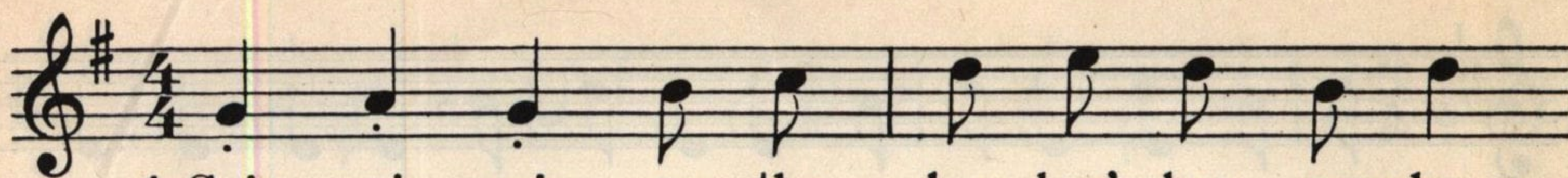
I hold it close be - neath my chin. Hm\_\_\_\_\_



# The Barber Shop

J. L. V.

J. Lilian Vandevere



1. Snip, snip, snip, go the bar-ber's bus - y shears,  
2. Dad - dy grins, and he gives a friend - ly wave,



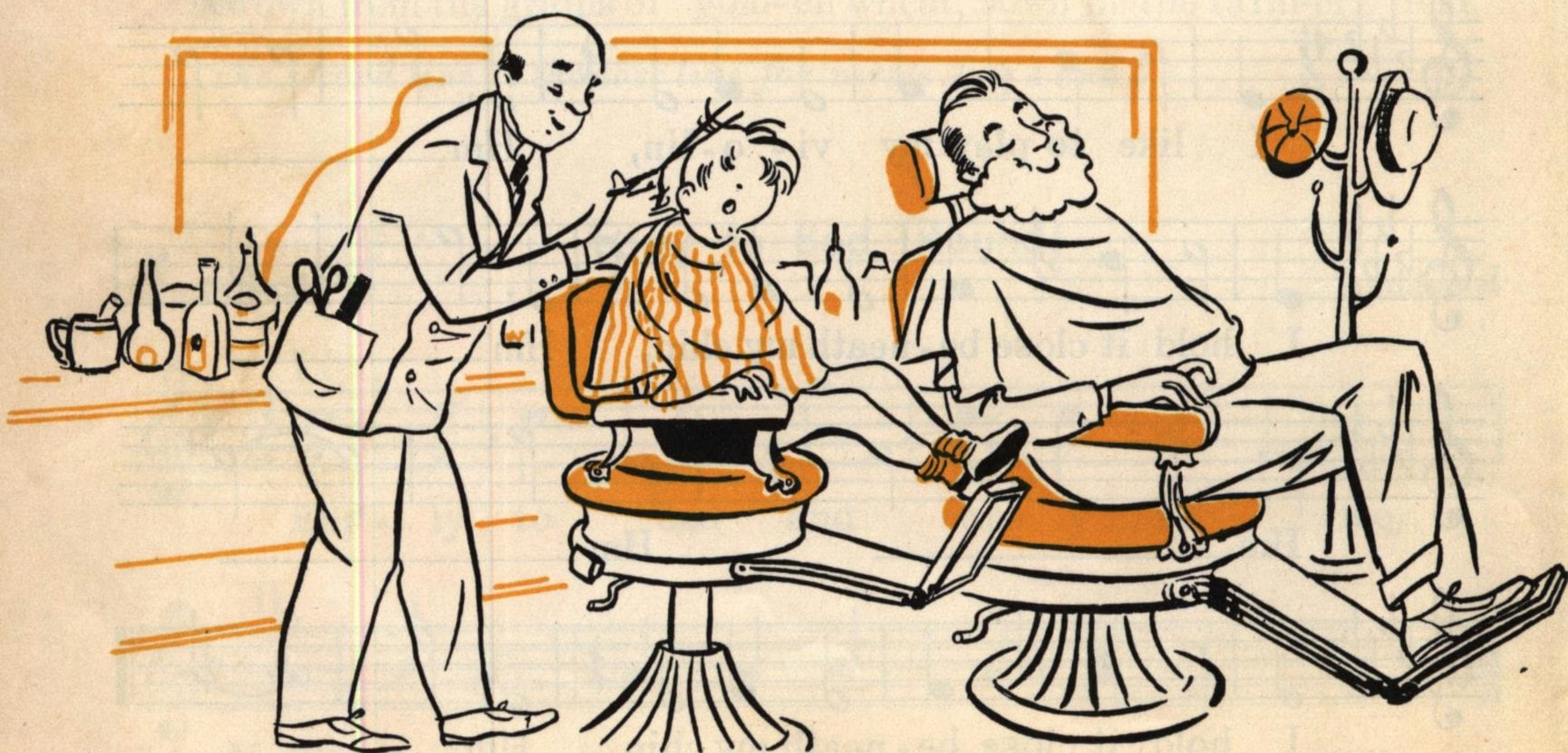
A - cross my neck and be - hind my ears,  
He's lath - ered white, for he wants a shave.



Snip, snip, snip, as the bar - ber cuts my hair,  
Soon we're done, and to - geth - er off we hop.



While I'm sit - ting high in the bar - ber chair.  
We're both neat and trim from the bar - ber shop.





## I Like a Band

Helen Fitch

Samuel Drake



1 The band starts to play, far a - way down the street,  
2 The drum ma - jor leads, and he twirls his ba - ton.



And I hum the tune, keep - ing time with my feet.  
He looks ver - y fine, as he comes march - ing on.



I stand by the curb, and I cheer when they come.  
They play ver - y loud, and they sound ver - y grand.

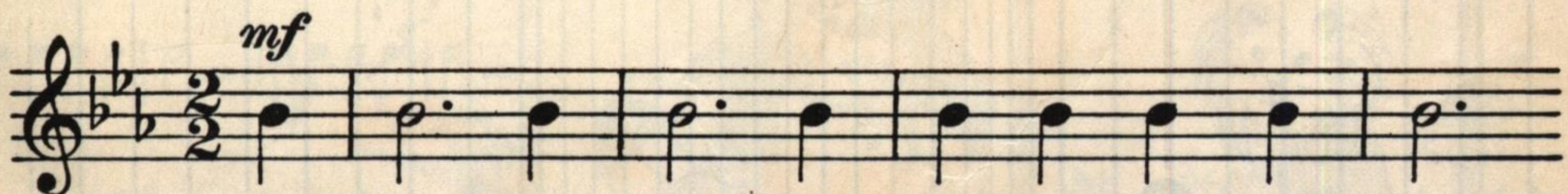


I do like the sound of a big bass drum!  
I do like the noise of a big brass band!

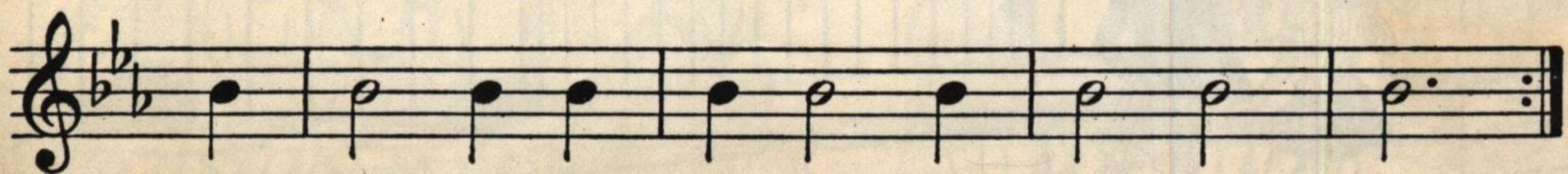
## The Church

W. P.

William Peters



Ding dong! Ding dong! We hear the church bell say.



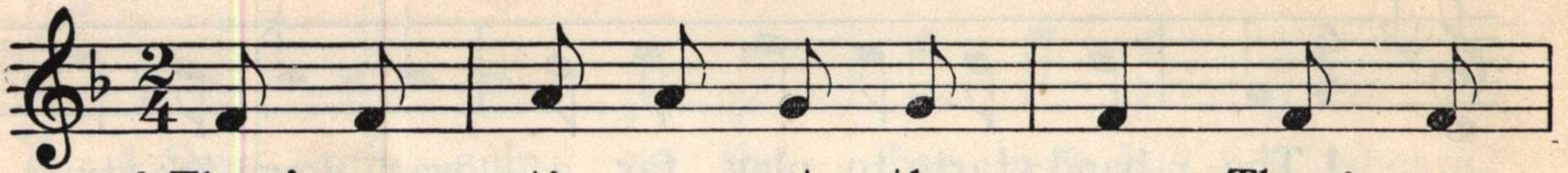
It calls us to wor - ship, to sing and pray.



# The Zoo

Harvey W. Loomis

H. Maurice Jacquet



1. There's a ti - ger at the zoo, There's a  
2. And the ze - bras are a sight, Dressed in



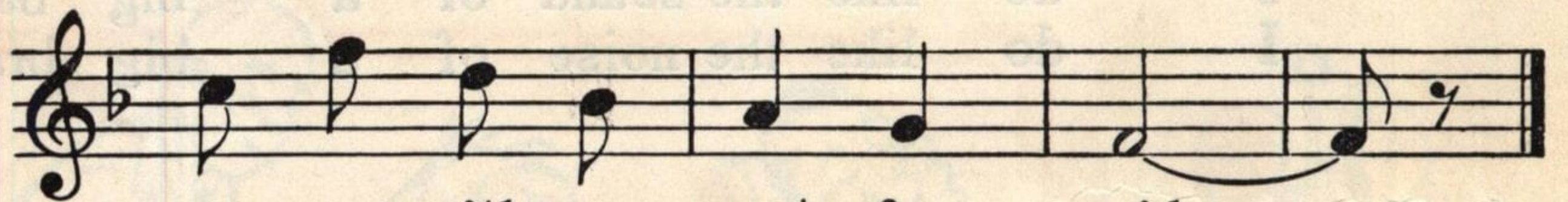
nim - ble kan - ga - roo, And a clum - sy hip - po -  
sty - lish black and white, And the cam - el that is



pot - a - mus be - sides; — There is ev - 'ry kind of  
chew - ing like a cow. — There's a snow - y po - lar



bird That you ev - er saw or heard, And a  
bear; All the an - i - mals are there, And I



po - ny, with a cart, for rides. —  
wish that I could be there now. —





# The Trapeze Man

J. Lilian Vandevere

Gladys Pitcher

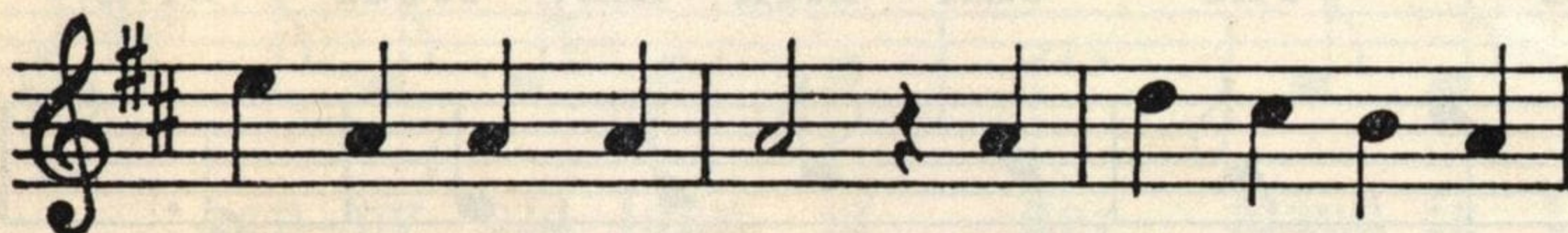
*Not too slowly*



1. The cir-cus is a jol-ly place for an-y one to  
2. While all of us are watch-ing him with fright-ened lit-tle



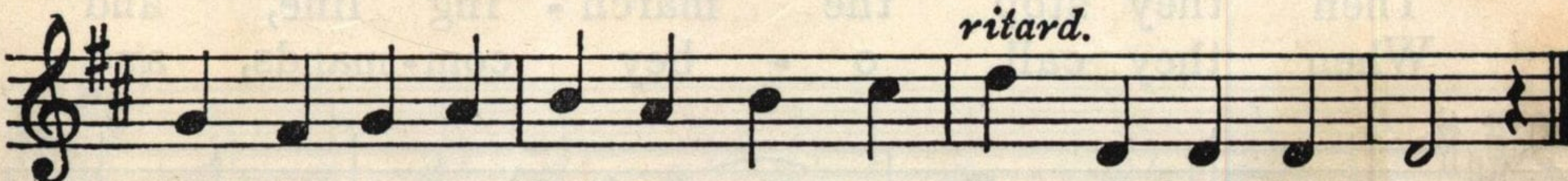
be, With things to eat and things to hear and  
squeals, He swings up-on his high tra-peze and



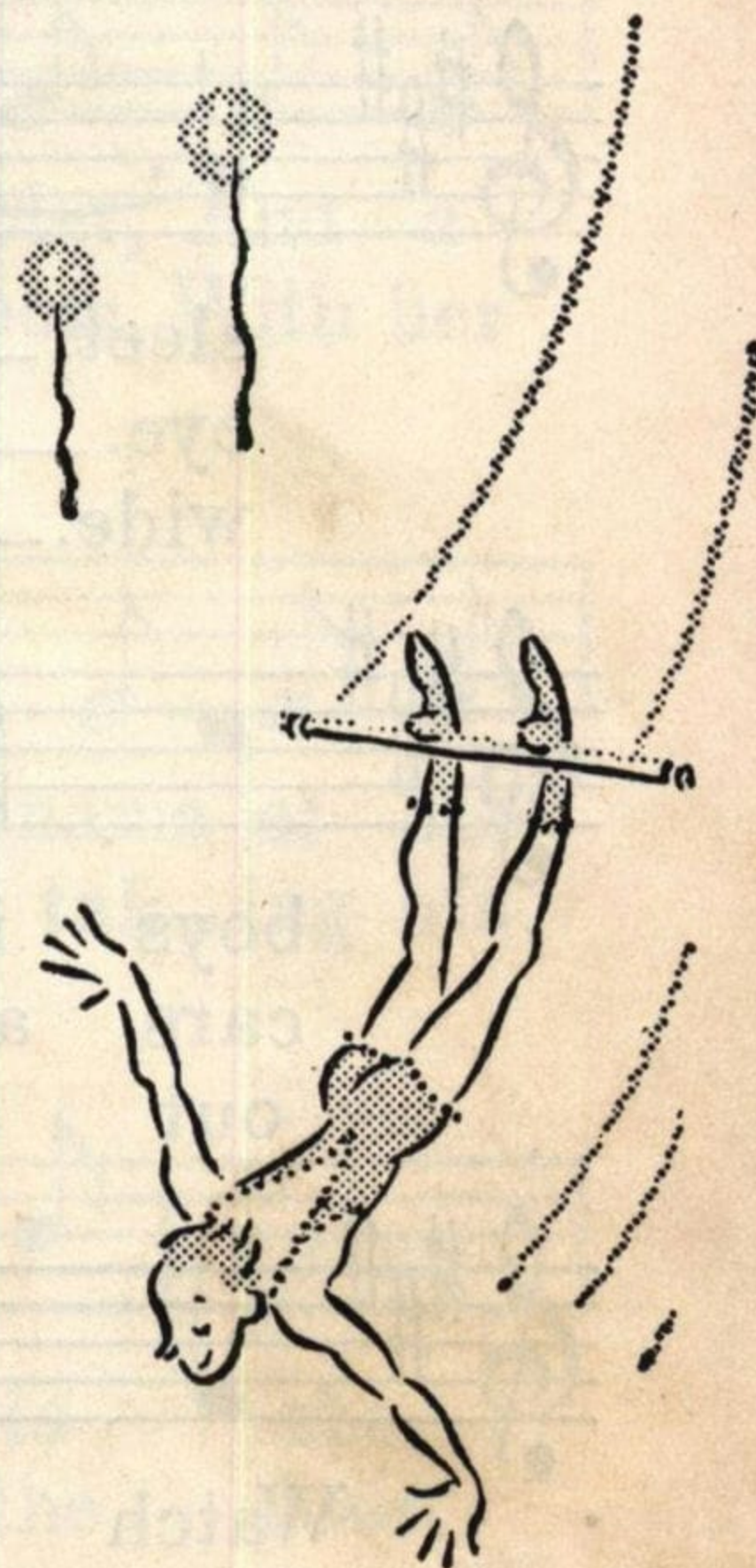
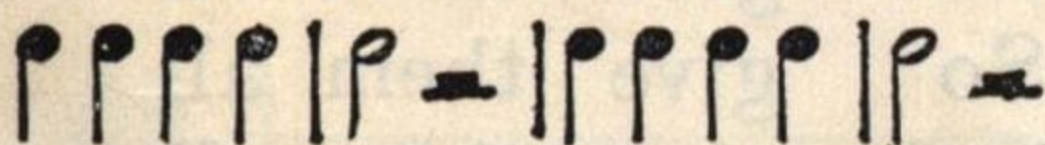
man-y things to see; But I sit ver-y  
dan-gles by his heels. And tho' I al-ways



qui-et-ly with Dad-dy's hand to squeeze, And  
look at him, and like him best of all, Some-



watch the ac-ro-bat-ic man who climbs the high tra-peze.  
times I have the aw-ful thought, sup-pose that he should fall!

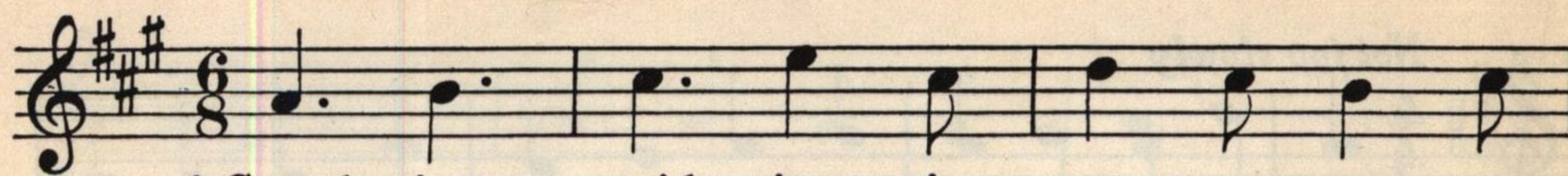




# The Junior Safety Patrol

J. L. V.

J. Lilian Vandevere



1. Guard - ing, guid - ing, in sun or snow or  
2. This way, that way, they turn a watch - ful  
3. See them stand there, their arms ex - tend - ed



sleet, — A man - ner - ly group of  
eye. — They hold up a hand when  
wide. — The chil - dren may cross with -



boys is found on du - ty in the street.  
cars are stopped and let the chil - dren by.  
out a fear and reach the oth - er side.



Watch their sig - nals, care - ful there, for  
Then they stop the march - ing line, and  
When they call, o - bey com - mands, and

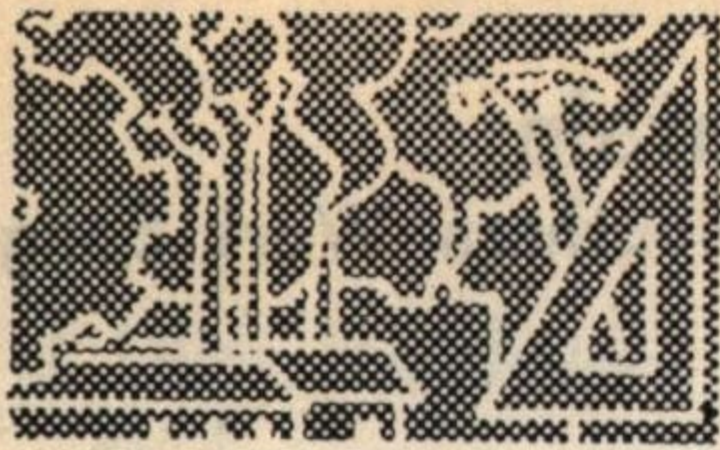


they are in con - trol. — We give them all  
let the traf - fic roll. — So give them all  
nei - ther run nor stroll. — And give them all



a cheer, the Jun - ior Safe - ty Pa - trol.  
a cheer, the Jun - ior Safe - ty Pa - trol.  
a cheer, the Jun - ior Safe - ty Pa - trol.





## SONGS OF THOSE WHO WORK

### Weaver John

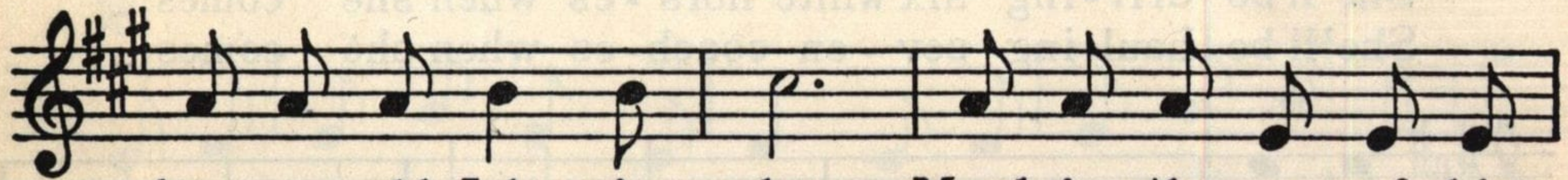
Traditional

Early American Song

*With a steady swing*



1. Down in a cot-tage lives Weav-er John, And a  
2. Pus-sy is frisk-ing a-bout the room With her



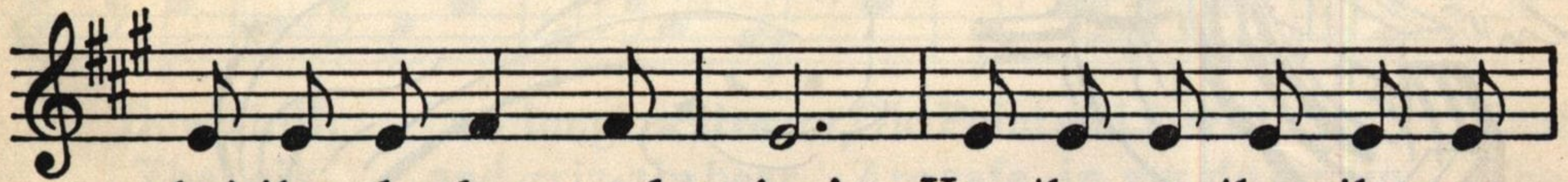
hap-py old John is he; Maud is the name of his  
kit-tens, one, two, three, four; Tow-ser is tak-ing his



dear old dame, And a bles-sed old dame is she.  
for-ty winks On the set-tle be-hind the door.



Whick-i - ty, whack-i - ty, click and clack, How the



shut-tles do glance and ring! Here they go, there they go,



forth and back, And a stack-a - ta song they sing.



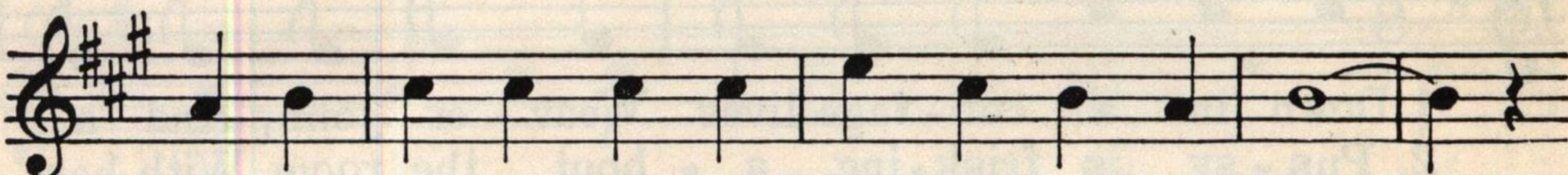
# She'll Be Coming 'Round the Mountain

Anonymous

Southern Work Song



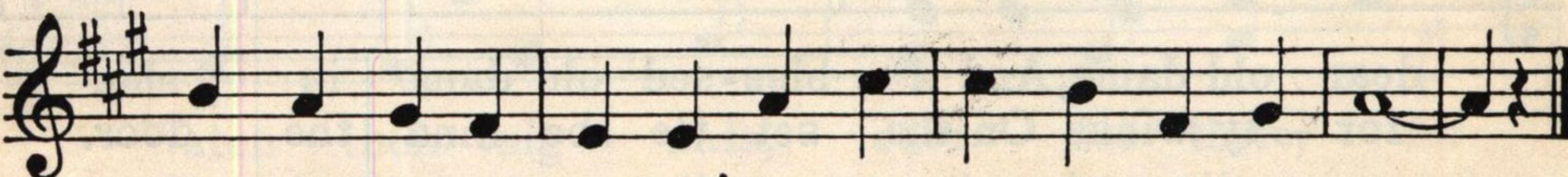
1. She'll be com-ing'round the moun-tain when she comes,-
2. She'll be driv-ing six white hors-es when she comes,-
3. She'll be haul-ing sev-en coach-es when she comes,-



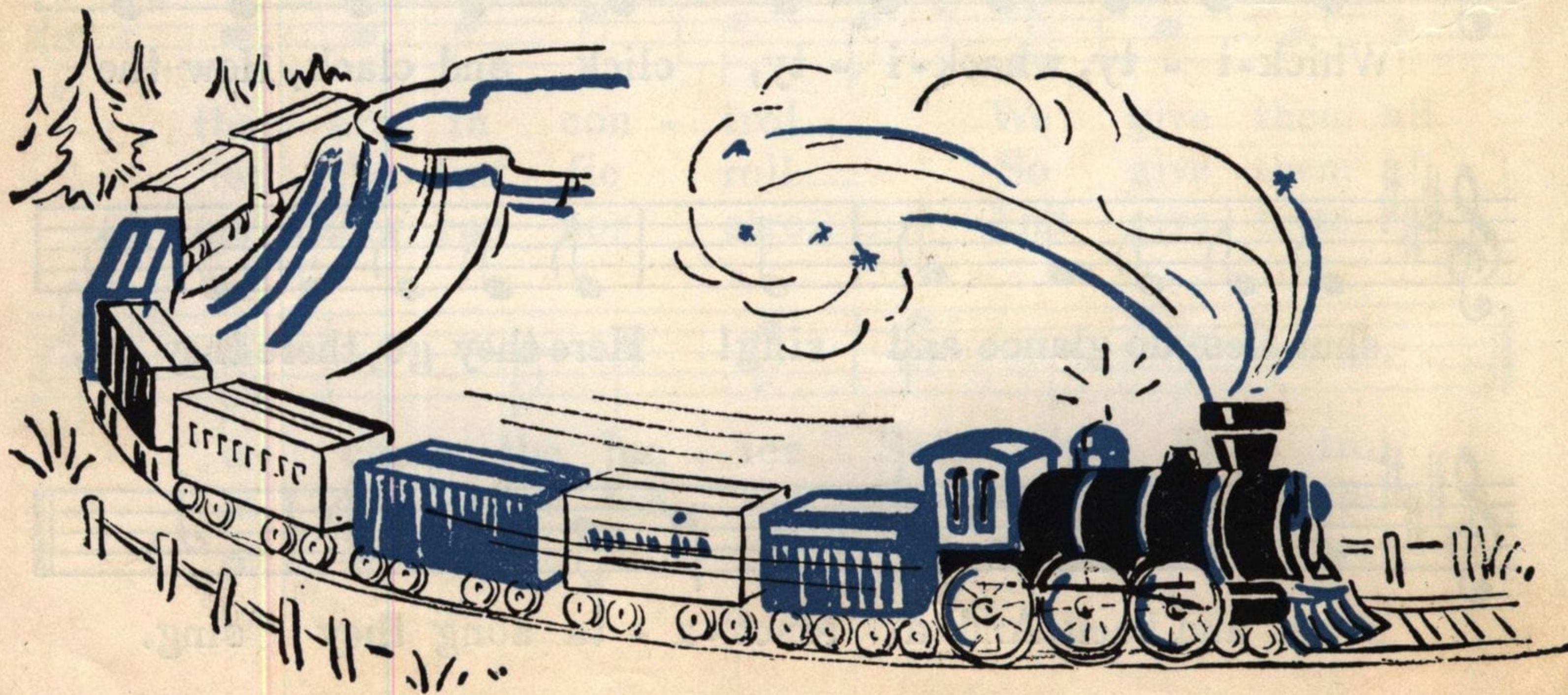
She'll be com-ing'round the moun-tain when she comes;-  
 She'll be driv-ing six white hors-es when she comes;-  
 She'll be haul-ing sev-en coach-es when she comes;-



She'll be puff-ing and a-steam-ing And her whis-tle will be  
 Six white hors-es she'll be driv-ing When the lo-cal is ar-  
 Sev-en coach-es she'll be haul-ing And the steam gauge will be



screaming, She'll be com-ing'round the moun-tain when she comes.  
 riv-ing, She'll be driv-ing six white hors-es when she comes.  
 fall-ing; She'll be haul-ing sev-en coach-es when she comes.





# The Forest Ranger

J. Lilian Vandevere

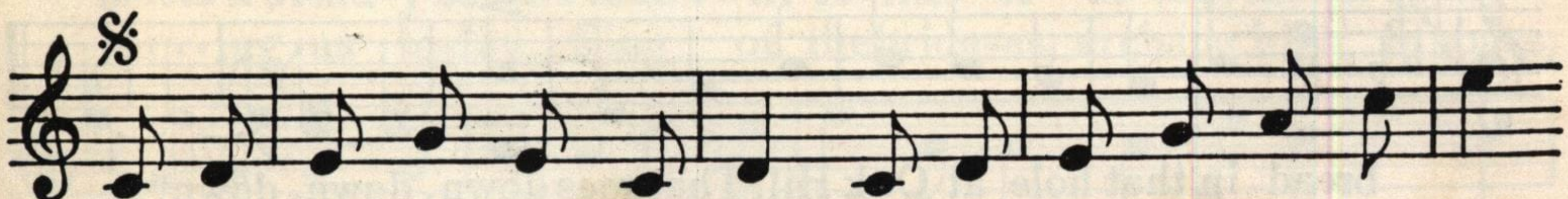
Gladys Pitcher



1. I go rid - ing on the trail When the morn - ing sky is pale,  
2. I'm a friend of bird and deer, And I watch them, year by year,



While be - yond and high a - bove me I can see an ea - gle sail.  
And I feed the for - est crea - tures when the win - ter days are here.



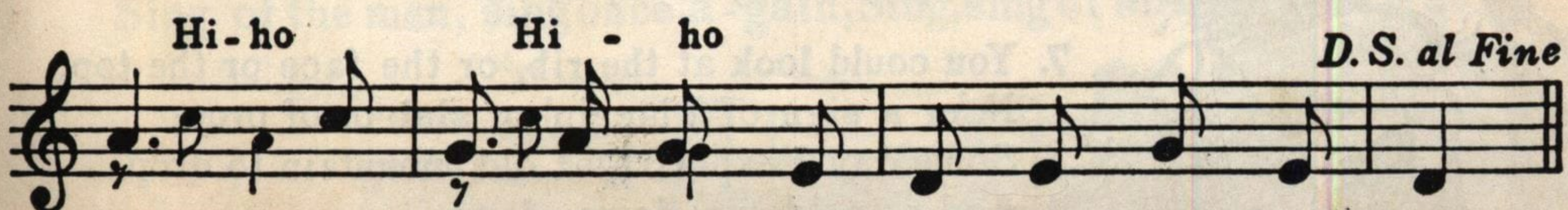
La - zy mist be - gins to roll, While I'm rid - ing on pa - trol  
D.S. In the game pre - serve and park, I'm on guard from dawn till dark,  
(1.) While my pin - to jogs a - long You can hear my jol - ly song -  
(2.) To my pin - to's eas - y swing You are sure to hear me sing -



With an eye a - lert for an - y sort of dan - ger.  
And I keep a kind - ly eye on ev - 'ry stran - ger.  
It's a hap - py life to be a for - est ran - ger.  
It's a hap - py life to be a for - est ran - ger.



Down hill, a - long a stream, Old Paint and I will go, Past  
The elk and griz - zly bear Are safe in my do - main. The



lakes that lie and dream, And moun - tains capped with snow.  
birds and wa - ter fowl Shall have their share of grain.



# Down, Down, Down

Improvised by William Keating

Pennsylvania Coal Miner's Song



1. With your kind at - ten - tion a song I will trill, All\_

2. I\_ went to Oak Hill and I asked for a job, A\_



ye who must toil with a pick or a drill, And work for your  
mule for to drive or a gang-way to rob; The boss said, "Come



bread in that hole at Oak Hill That goes down, down, down. —  
out, Bill, and fol - low the mob That goes down, down, down? —

3. The lampman, he squints through the windie at me,  
"What's your name? What's your age? What's your  
number?" says he.

"Bill Keating; I'm thirty; my check's twenty-three;  
Mark that down, down, down?"

4. I asked them what tools I would need in the place.  
"Very few," said the boss, with a grin on his face;  
"One number six shovel and very small space,  
While you're down, down, down?"

5. With a note from the boss, to the shaft I made haste,  
Saluted the topman, in line took my place,  
Sayin', "Gimme a cage, for I've no time to waste,  
Let me down, down, down?"

6. I groped in the gangway, they gave me a scoop.  
The "out" was just fired, muck heaped to the roof.  
I stooped and I scooped till my back looped the loop,  
Stoopin' down, down, down.

7. You could look at the rib, or the face or the top,  
Ne'er a sign of a laggin' or slab or of prop;  
Some day I expect that old mountain to drop  
And come down, down, down.





# Sing of Steel

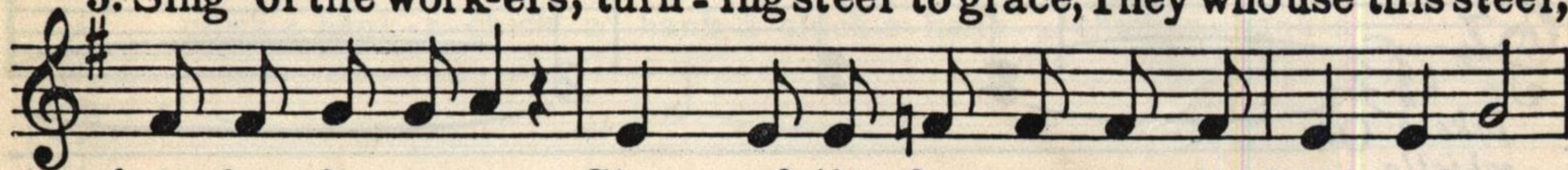
J. Lilian Vandevere

Gladys Pitcher

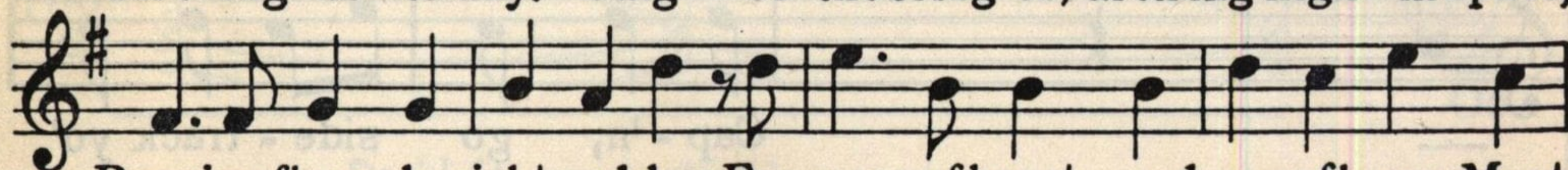
*Vigorouso*



1. Sing of the min - er, bring-ing out the ore, And of men on boats,
2. Sing of the steel-mill, light-ing up the sky, Where the mol-ten ore
3. Sing of the work-ers, turn - ing steel to grace, They whouse this steel,



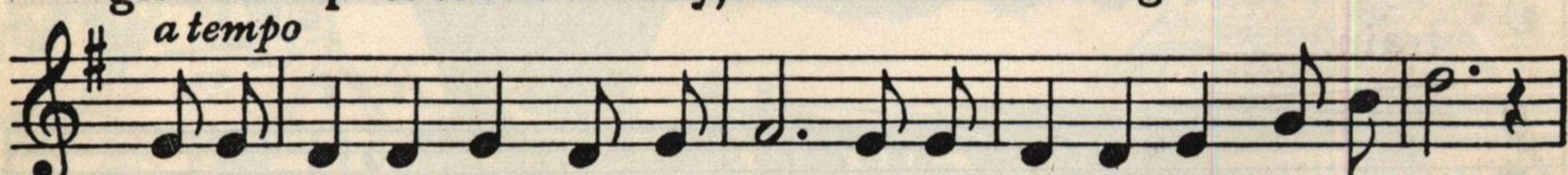
bear-ing it a-way. Sing of the fur-nace with its heat and roar,  
meets a stead-y blast. Flames will re-fine it as they mount up high,  
serv-ing us to-day. Sing of the bridg-es, arch-ing high in space;



Burn-ing fierce-ly, night and day. For men of heart and men of brawn Must  
Leav-ing red-hot steel at last. Then men of strength and men of skill Will  
Sing the railroad's shin-ing way. Men strong of nerve and keen of eye Swing



la-bor from the dawn till dawn, That a gal-lant ship may have a keel.  
shape it in the roll-ing mill For a fine ma-chine or whirl-ing wheel.  
gird-ers up to touch the sky; 'Tis a work of strength and art and zeal.



Let a lust-y song ring a - long, Let a lust-y song ring a - long.



Sing of the mine, sing of the mill, Sing, sing of steel!  
Sing of the flame, sing of the mill, Sing, sing of steel!  
Sing of the men, sing once a - gain, Sing, sing of steel!





Traditional

# Chick-a-Hank-a

Railroad Work Song  
Arranged by Gladys Pitcher

*Spoken under the breath, by a few* chick-a - hank-a - chick-a -

Cap-'n, go side - track yo' train;

*p* Like a whistle Oo

hank-a - chick-a - hank-a - chick-a - hank-a

Cap - 'n, go side - track yo'

*mf* Oo

chick-a - hank-a - chick-a - hank-a - chick-a - hank-a - chick-a -

train.

hank-a chick-a - hank-a - chick-a - hank-a

Num - ber three in line A - com-in' in on

Oo



chick-a - hank-a - chick-a - hank-a

time. Cap - 'n, go side - track yo'

Oo

chick-a-hank-a-chick-a - hank-a-chick-a-hank-a-chick-a - hank-a

train.

Oo.

David Stevens wrote this second verse:

Cap'n, go sidetrack yo' train; (repeat)  
 Let dat special pass,  
 She's comin' mighty fas';  
 Cap'n, go sidetrack yo' train.

Would you like to write some more verses?





# The Lone Star Trail

Traditional

Cowboy Song



1. I— start-ed on the trail\_ on— June twen-ty-third,
2. I'm\_ up— in the morn-in' be - fore day - light
3. It's\_ ba-con and\_ beans most ev - 'ry— day;
4. My\_ feet are in the stir-rups and my rope is on the side,
5. With my knees in the sad-dle and my seat in the sky,



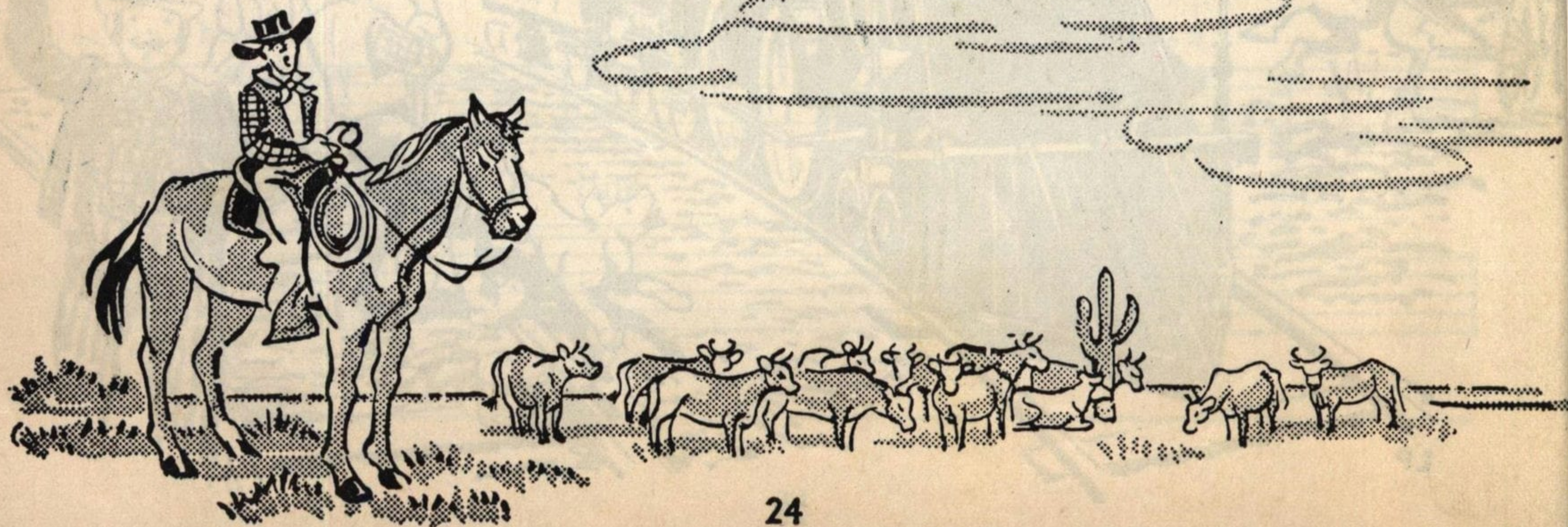
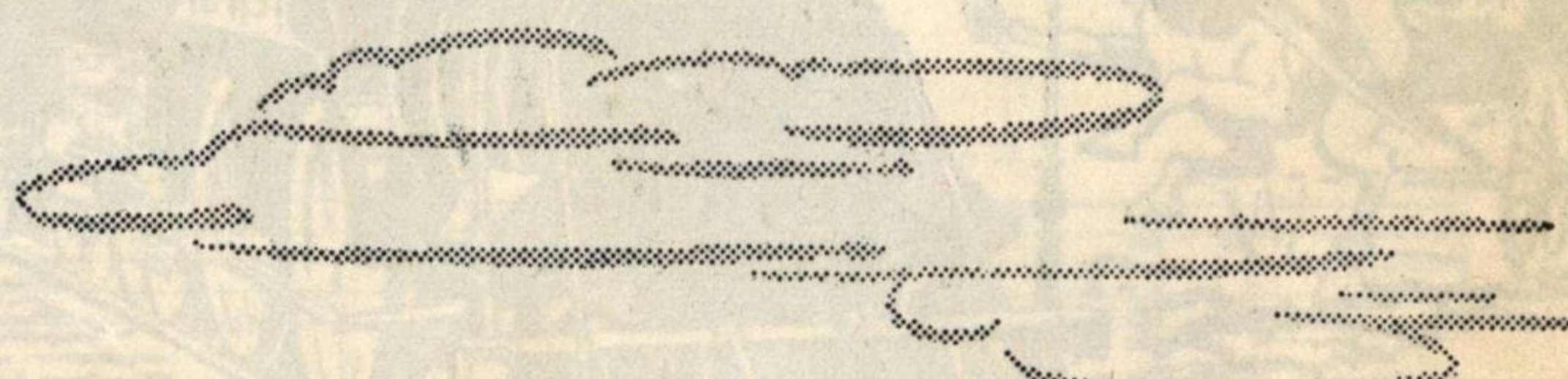
I been punch-in' Tex-as cat - tle on the Lone Star Trail,  
And be - fore I'm a - sleep-in' the\_ moon shines bright,  
I'd as soon be a - eat - in' some prai - rie\_ hay,  
Just\_ show me a horse\_ that\_ I can't ride,  
I'll be punch - in'\_ cows\_ in the sweet by and by,



Sing-in' ki - yi yip-pi yap-pi yah, yap-pi yah, Sing-in'



ki - yi yip-pi yap-pi yah.—





# A Cotton Song

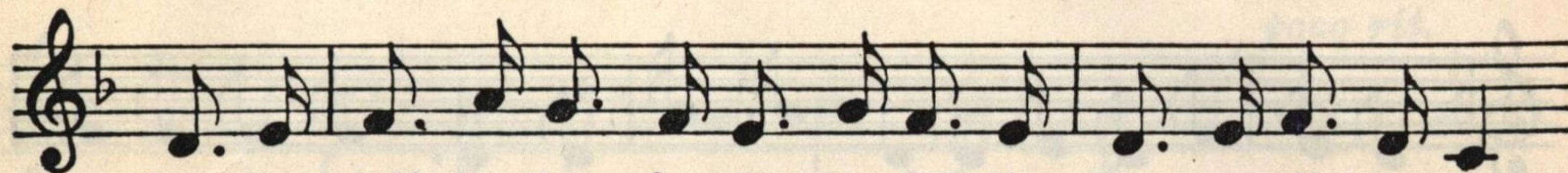
Jane Landon

Harvey W. Loomis

*Con moto*



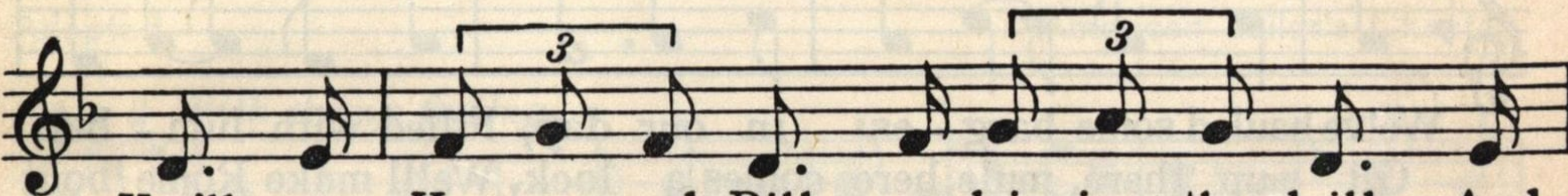
1. In the cot-ton field the la-zy mule is jog-ging to and fro,  
2. Now the fam-i-ly is bus-y in the cot-ton, chopping weeds,



For the fall is time for plow-ing, so it's turn an-oth-er row.  
For it's "once a week, and once a row" the grow-ing cot-ton needs.



Then when A-pril rain is fall-ing and the sun-ny days be-gin,  
Then from Au-gust to No-vem-ber are the cot-ton pick-ing days,



You'll see Har-ry and Bill are driv-ing the drill, And  
For the cot-ton is right, the cot-ton is white, And

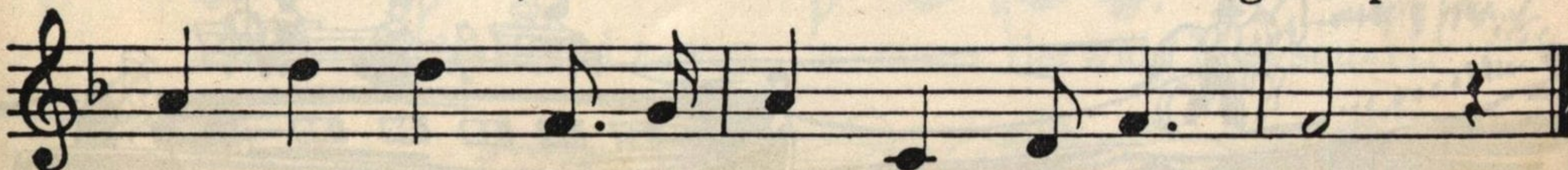
## REFRAIN



cot-ton seeds go in. Oh, the snow-white cot-ton, oh! Oh, the  
no one rests or plays. Oh, the snow-white cot-ton, oh! Oh, the



snow-white cot-ton, oh! We will thank the men who plow and  
snow-white cot-ton, oh! Thank the folk who sing and pick the



plant the seed Of the snow-white cot-ton, oh!  
long, long rows Of the snow-white cot-ton, oh!

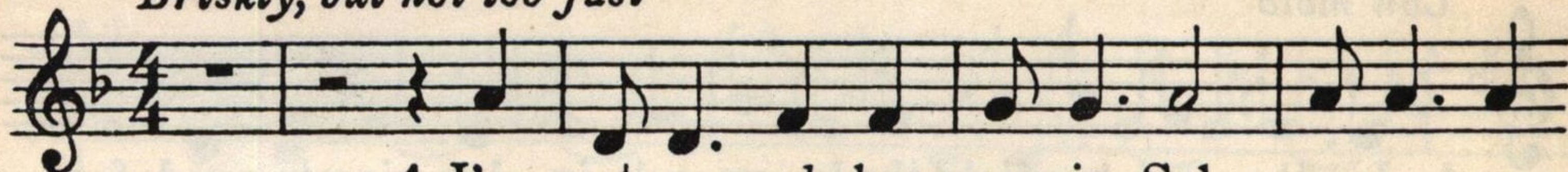


# The Erie Canal

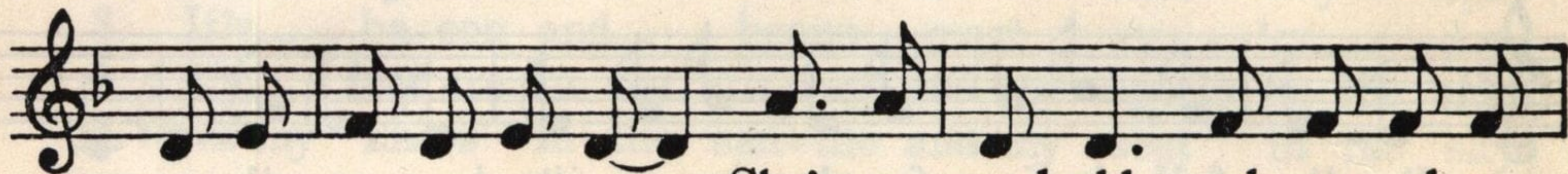
Traditional

American Folk Song

*Briskly, but not too fast*



1. I've got a mule, her name is Sal, Fif-teen miles  
2. We bet-ter get a - long our way,



on the E-rie Can-al,— She's a good old work-er and a  
'Cause you bet your life I'd nev-er



good old pal, Fif-teen miles on the E-rie Can-al.—  
part with Sal,



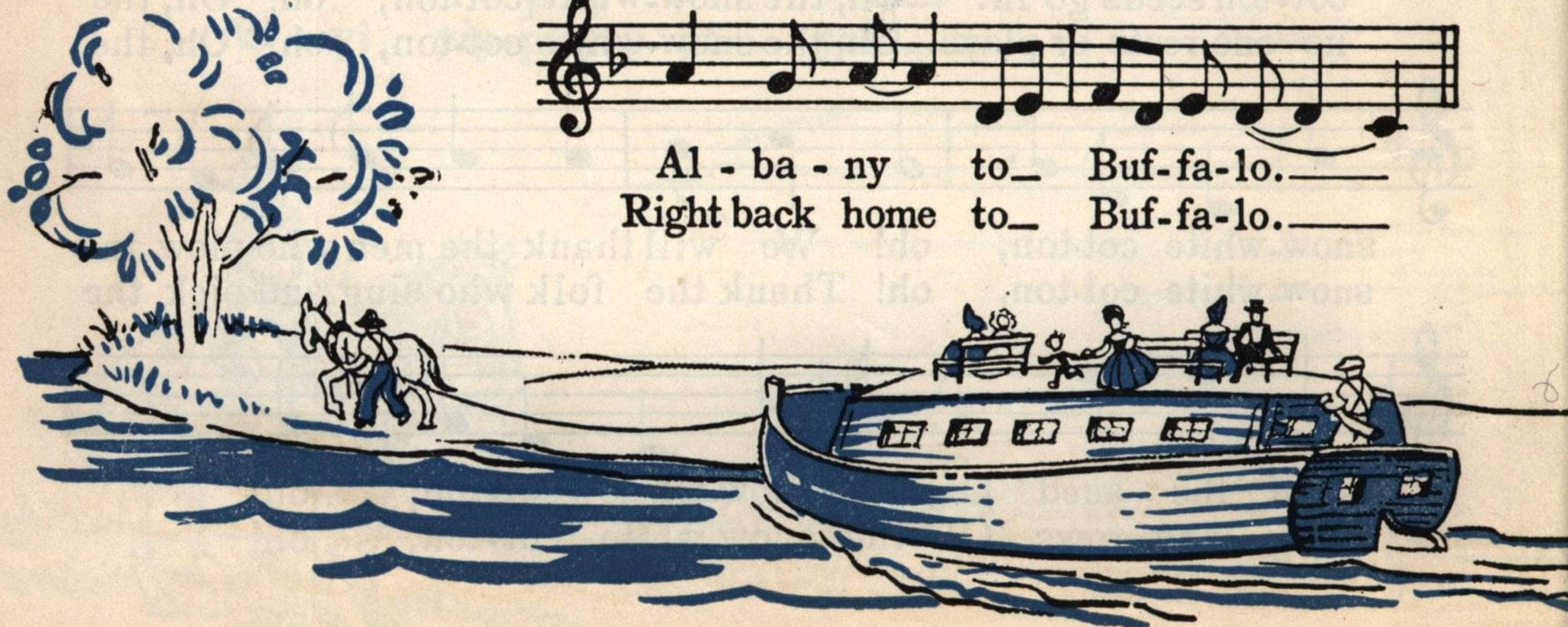
We've hauled some barg-es in our day, Filled with lum-ber,  
Git up there, mule, here comes a lock, We'll make Rome 'bout



coal and hay, And we know ev-'ry inch of the way From  
six o'-clock,— One more trip and back we'll go—



Al-ba-ny to— Buf-fa-lo.—  
Right back home to— Buf-fa-lo.—





**REFRAIN**



Low bridge, ev - 'ry-bod - y down! Low bridge, for we're  
 go - ing thro' a town. And you'll al - ways know your neigh-bor,  
 You'll al - ways know your pal, If you ev - er  
 nav - i - gat - ed on the E - rie Can - al. —

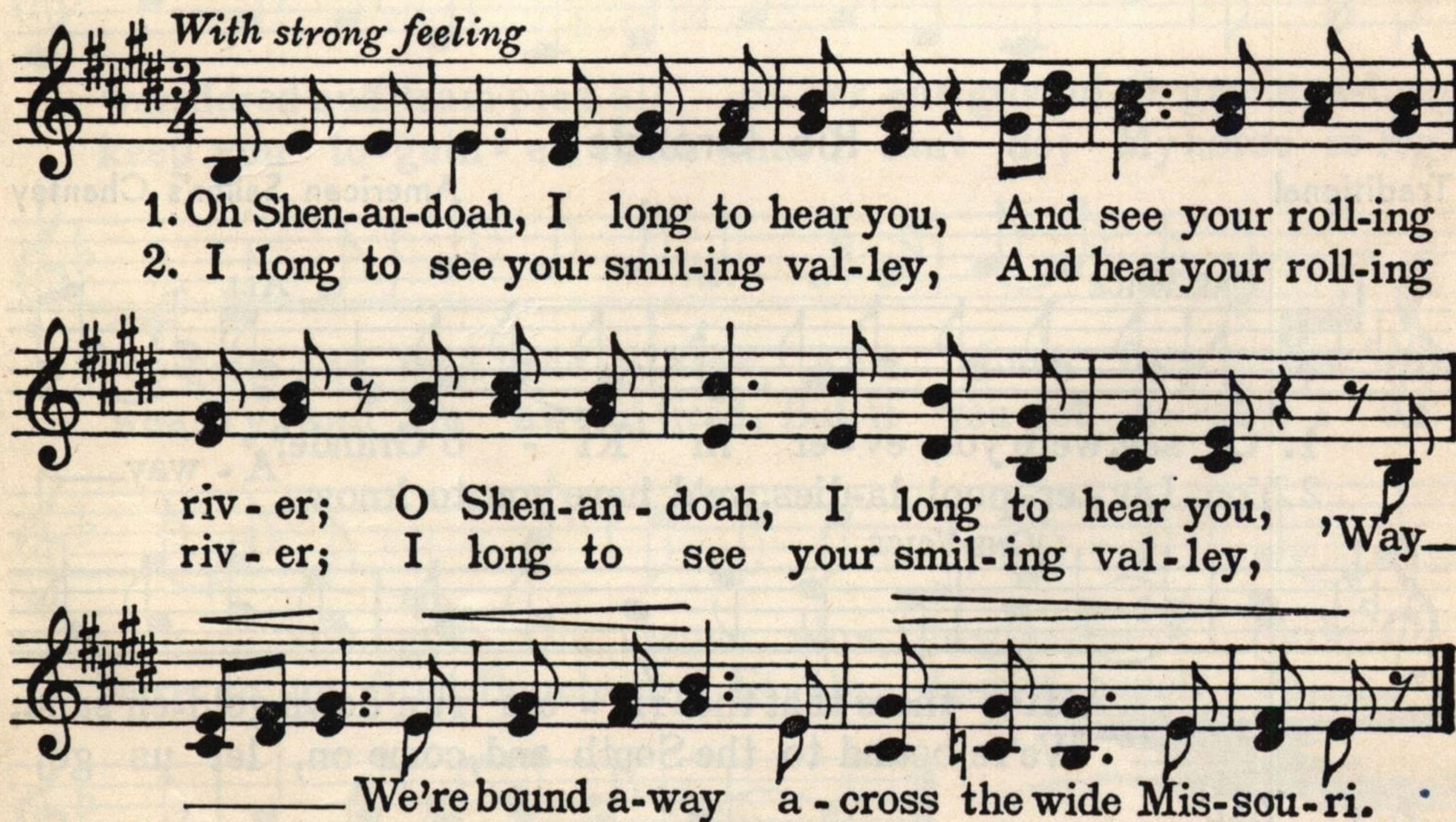
*poco rit.*  
*rit.*

## Shenandoah

Adapted

American Sailor's Chantey

*With strong feeling*



1. Oh Shen-an-doah, I long to hear you, And see your roll-ing  
 2. I long to see your smil-ing val-ley, And hear your roll-ing  
 riv - er; O Shen-an - doah, I long to hear you, 'Way—  
 riv - er; I long to see your smil-ing val-ley,  
 ——— We're bound a-way a - cross the wide Mis-sou-ri.





# John Henry

Traditional

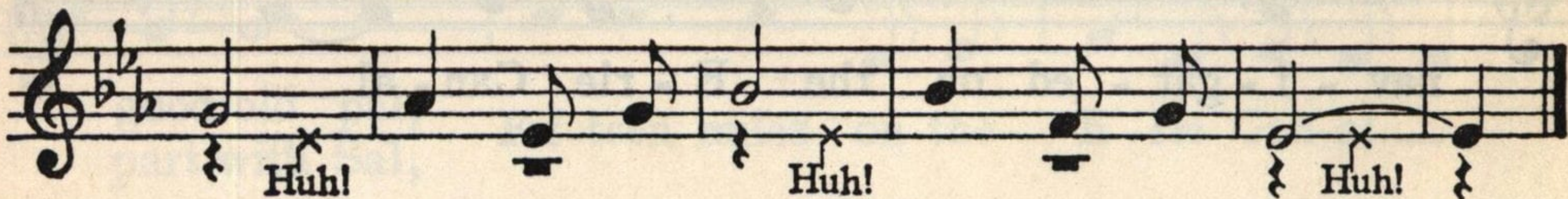
Negro Work Song



1. Th'aint no ham - mer on dis moun - tain Ring like  
2. If I beat you to de bot - tom, Let her



mine, boys, ring like mine. — Th'aint no ham - mer on dis  
be, boys, let her be. — Dis ole ham - mer kill John



moun - tain Ring like mine, boys, ring like mine. —  
Hen - ry, 'Twont kill me, boys, 'twont kill me. —

# Rio Grande

Traditional

American Sailor's Chantey



1. O say, were you ev - er in Ri - o Grande? A - way —  
2. Yon Liv - er - pool la - dies, we'd have you to know,



Ri - o! — It's there that the riv - ers run down gold - en sand,  
We're bound to the South and, come on, let us go,



And we're bound for the Ri - o Grande. And a - way — to





Ri-o!— Oh,— you Ri-o! So fare you well, my



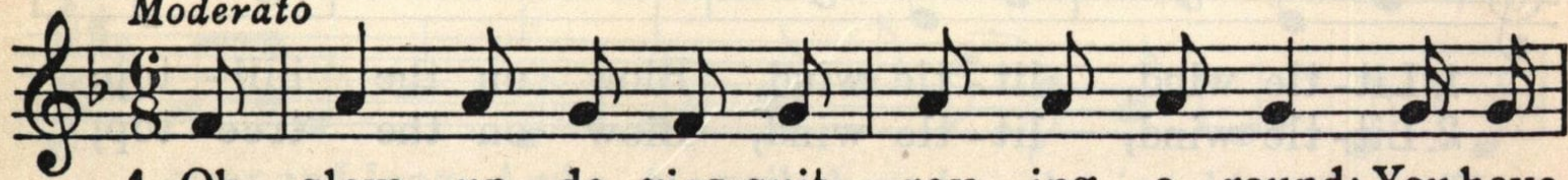
bon-nie young girl, For we're bound for the Ri-o Grande.

### Night-Herding Song

Traditional

Cowboy Song

*Moderato*



1. Oh, slow up, do-gies, quit rov-ing a-round; You have  
2. I've cir-cle-herd-ed and night-herd-ed, too, But to



wan-dered and tram-pled all o-ver the ground. O graze a-long,  
keep you to-geth-er, that's what I can't do; My horse is leg-



do-gies, and feed kind-a slow, And don't for-ev-er be  
wea-ry, and I'm aw-ful tired, But if you get a-way, I am



on— the go. Oh, move slow, do-gies, move slow,—  
sure to get fired. Bunch up, lit-tle do-gies, bunch up,—



Hi-o, hi-o, hi-o!—





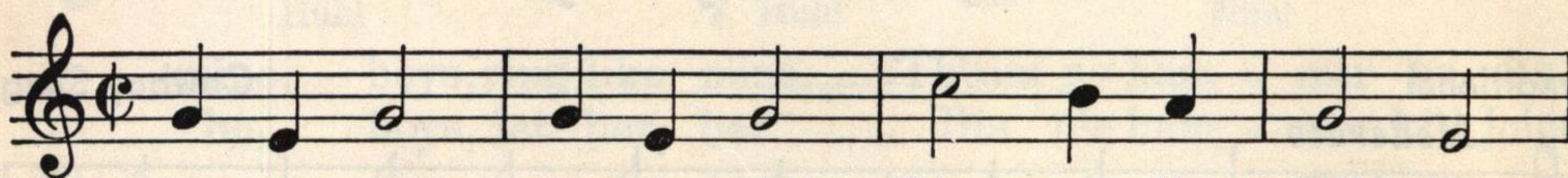


# THE GREAT OUT-OF-DOORS

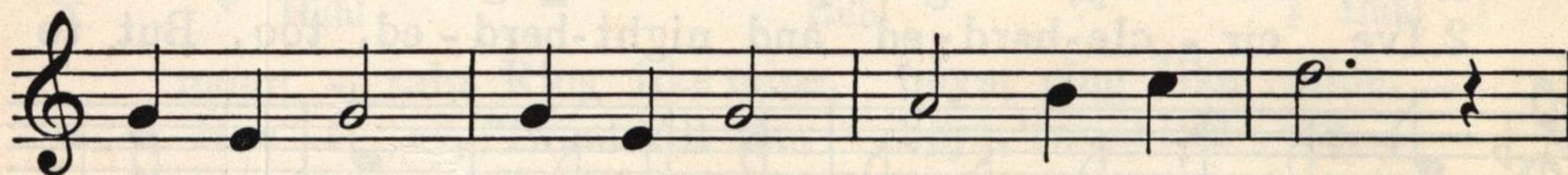
## Little Wind

F. A. R.

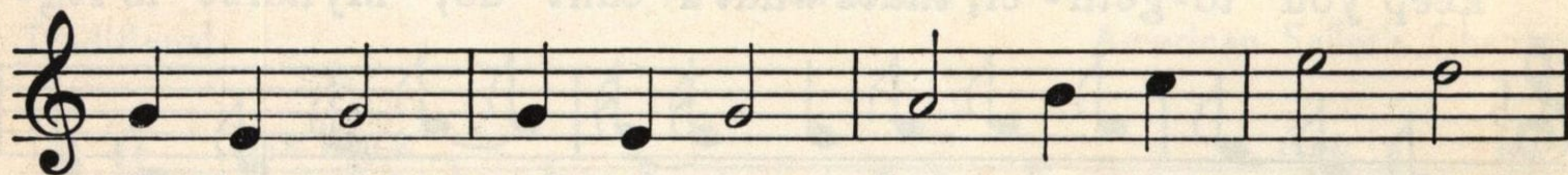
Floy A. Rossman



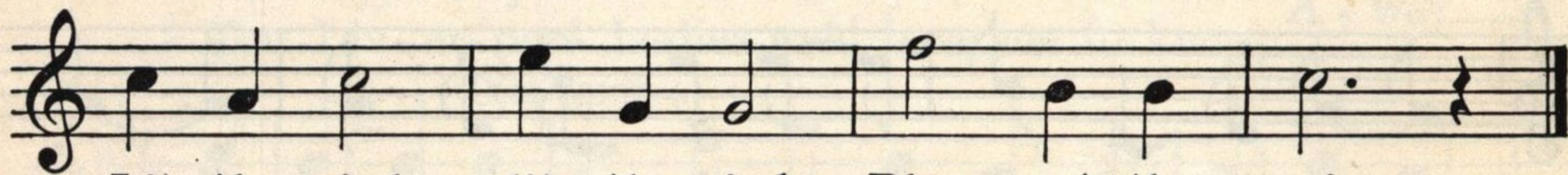
1. Lit - tle wind, lit - tle wind, Blow on the hill - top;  
2. Lit - tle wind, lit - tle wind, Blow on the tree - top;



Lit - tle wind, lit - tle wind, Blow on the plain;  
Lit - tle wind, lit - tle wind, Blow on the flow'r;



Lit - tle wind, lit - tle wind, Blow in the sun - shine;  
Lit - tle wind, lit - tle wind, Blow off the cloud - cap;



Lit - tle wind, lit - tle wind, Blow out the rain.  
Lit - tle wind, lit - tle wind, Blow off the show'r.

Do these words sing themselves?

Blow, wind, blow, —

Go, mill, go —





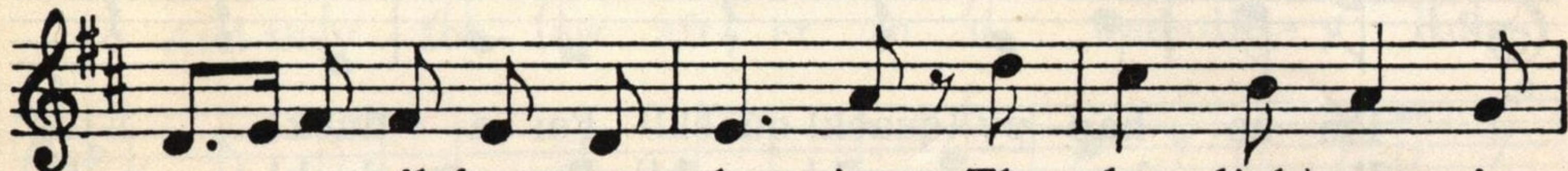
## O Robin, Come

Helen Call

Mary Root Kern



1. O rob - in, come and sing your song, The  
2. The brooks are danc - ing down the hill, And



puss - y wil - lows are show - ing. The day - light now is  
green is o - ver the mead - ow. The fields, a - stir from



clear and long, And A - pril her bu - gle is blow - ing. The  
win - t'ry chill, Lie dap - pled with sun - and shad - ow. The



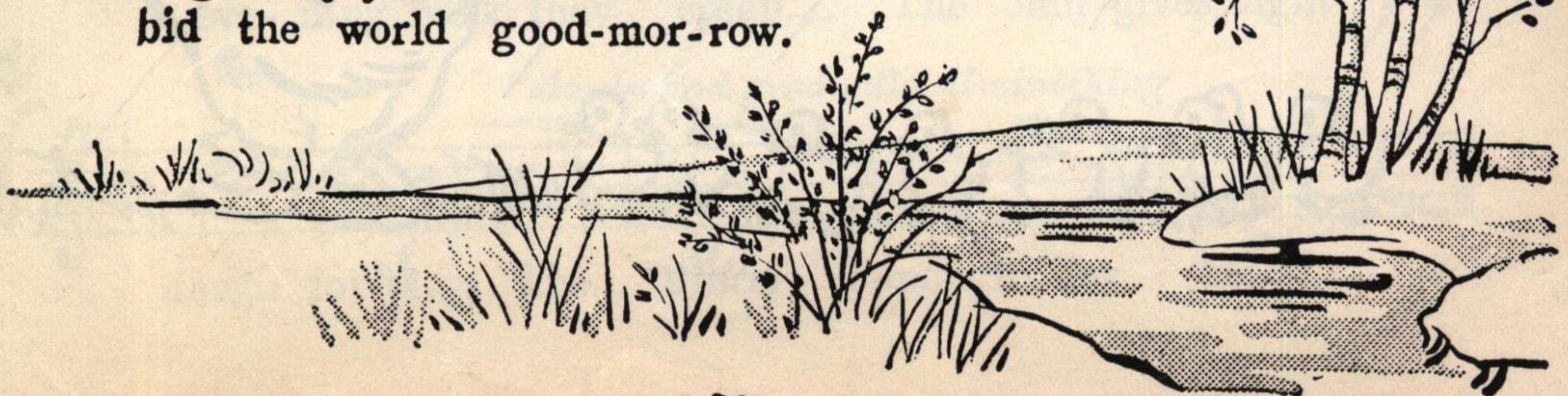
ma - ple spray with red is gay, The wil - low a sun - ny  
lit - tle lamb - kins leap and spring, For gone is the win - ter



yel - low. So rob - in a - wing, Fly here and sing Your  
sor - row. We wel - come the spring, So come and sing To



song so joy - ful and mel - low.  
bid the world good - mor - row.





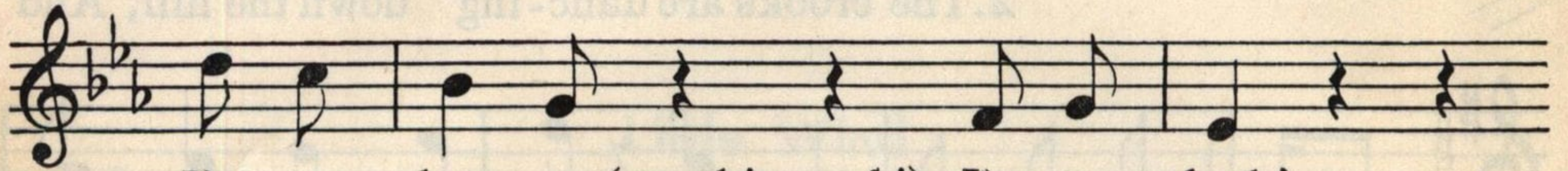
# I'm a Duck

F. A. R.

Floy A. Rossman



1. When the sky is cloud-y and the rain pit-pats,  
2. I am ver-y use-ful in the barn-yard life,



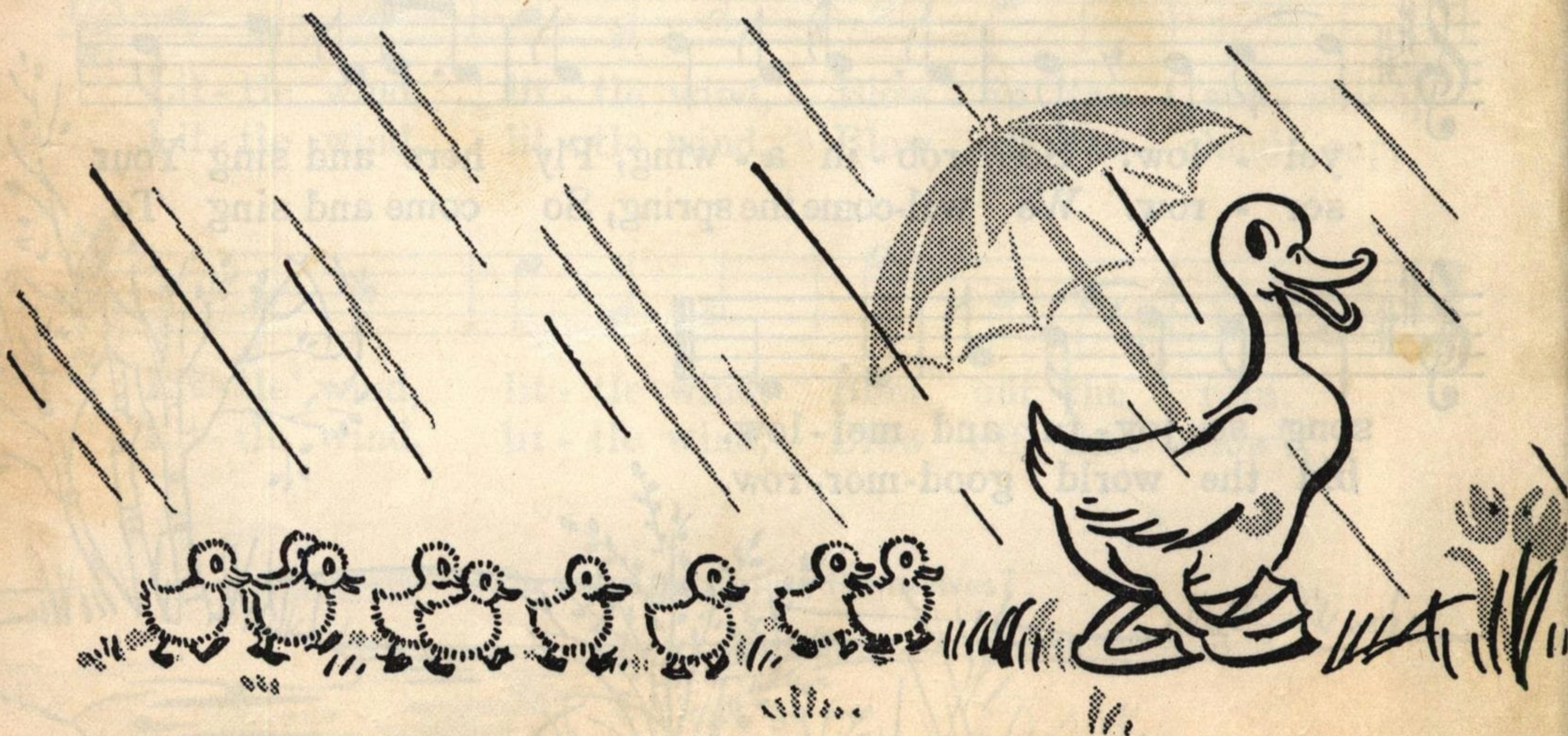
I'm so hap-py (quack! quack!) I'm a duck!  
I'm so hap-py (quack! quack!) I'm a duck!



I sing my song with a quack! quack! quack!  
I give my down to the farm-er's wife,



I'm so hap-py (quack! quack!) I'm a duck!  
I'm so hap-py (quack! quack!) I'm a duck!







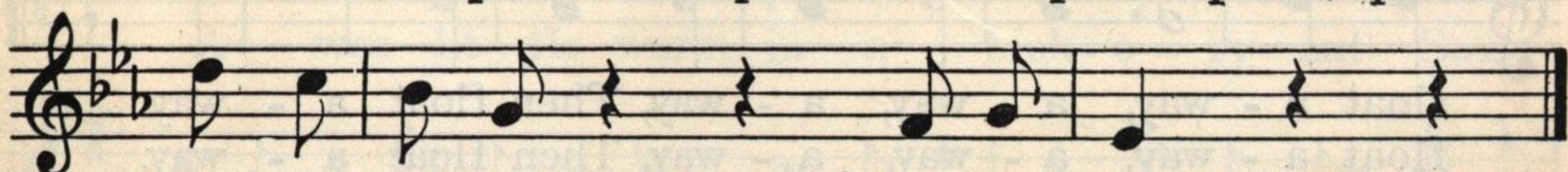
I — try to march as the sol - diers go,  
I — raise my brood of my down - y nine,



But I on - ly wad - dle in a wad - dle - y row,  
And they fol - low aft - er in a wad - dle - y line,



And I keep the step with a quack! quack! quack!  
But we keep the step with a quack! quack! quack!



I'm so hap - py (quack! quack!) I'm a duck! (quack! quack!)  
We're so hap - py (quack! quack!) we are ducks! (quack! quack!)

## Day and Night

Alys Bentley

Harvey W. Loomis

*Slowly and expressively*

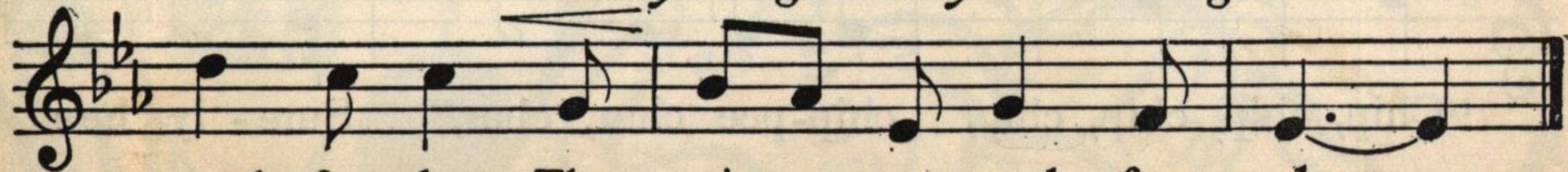


By day the shad - ows slip a - way, At



eve - ning back they creep. — The sun gives light e -

*slowly and gradually diminishing*



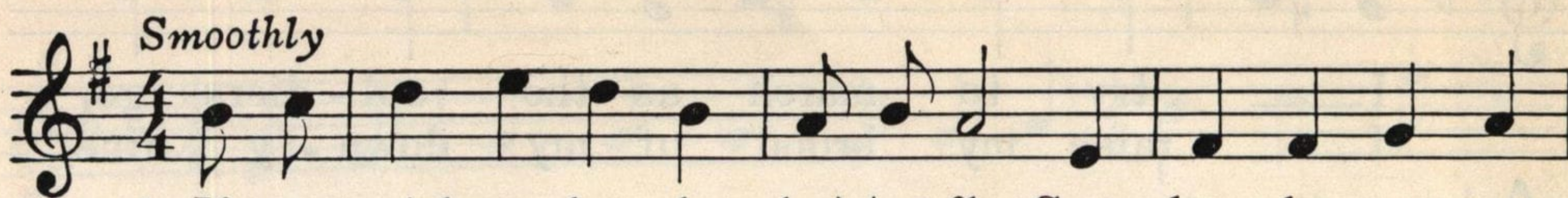
nough for play, The stars, e - nough for sleep. —



# About a Butterfly

J. L. V.

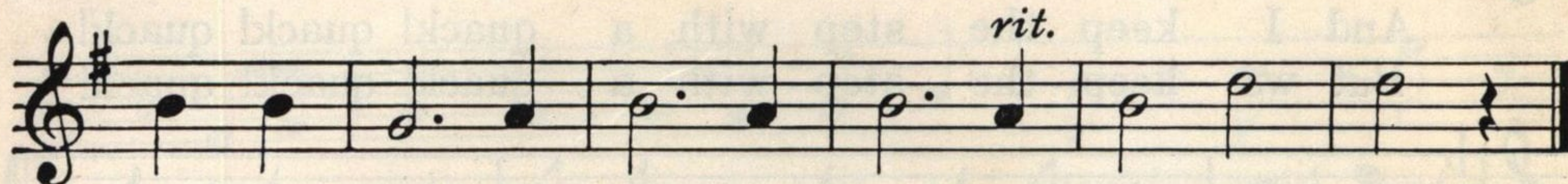
Samuel Drake



1. If you watch a love-ly but-ter-fly, Some love-ly sum-mer  
2. Nev-er catch a love-ly but-ter-fly, Don't try to make it



day, It will spread its wings and flut-ter by, Then light-ly  
stay. Let it spread its wings and flut-ter by, Then light-ly



float a - way, a - way, a - way, Then float a - way.  
float a - way, a - way, a - way, Then float a - way.

# Squirrel Town

Anonymous

Robert W. Gibb



Oh, come, let us go to the wood-land, A - way o-ver



mead-ows we'll roam. Oh, come let us go to the



wood-land Where squir-rels have built their home.



"Chip, chip, chip, chip, chip-pee chur, chur," Sure - ly he's



say- ing "Good morn - ing, sir." Chip, chip, chip, chip,

Chip-pee chur, chur, "I wish you good morn-ing, sir."

## In a Hickory Nut

James Whitcomb Riley

Victor Pierpont

A wee lit - tle worm in a hick - o - ry nut Sang

hap-py as hap-py could be, "Oh, I live in the heart of a

*Faster*  
whole round world, And it all be-longs to me"—





## The Rose Was Sad

Translated by Ruth Harrison

Robert Franz

*Quietly*

Hum \_\_\_\_\_ The rose was sad, as

droop-ing she fad-ed. "Don't cry, dear rose," the sing-er

whis-pered, "For in my song shall you live for - ev - er."

Hum \_\_\_\_\_ Hum \_\_\_\_\_

Detailed description: The musical score is written on four staves in 4/4 time with a key signature of three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The melody is simple and lyrical. The first staff begins with a 'Hum' line and continues with the lyrics 'The rose was sad, as'. The second staff continues with 'droop-ing she fad-ed. "Don't cry, dear rose," the sing-er'. The third staff continues with 'whis-pered, "For in my song shall you live for - ev - er."'. The fourth staff ends with two 'Hum' lines.

## The First Dandelion

Walt Whitman

Arthur Radleigh

*Moderato*

Sim-ple and fresh and fair,— from win-ter's close e -

merg-ing,— Forth from its sun-ny nook of sheltered grass,

in - no-cent, gold - en, calm as the dawn, The Spring's first

dan-de-li-on shows its face, it shows its trust-ful face.—

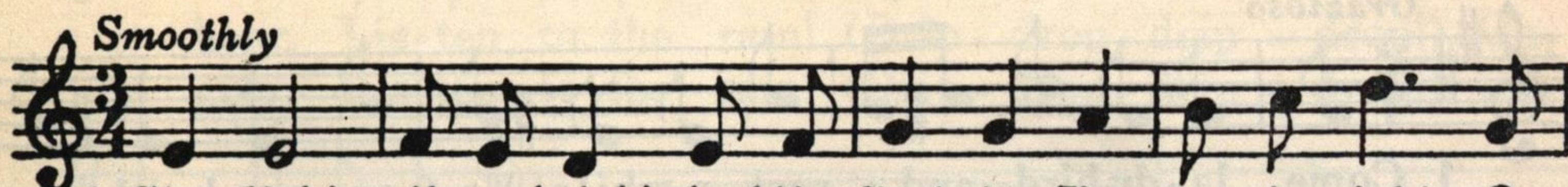
Detailed description: The musical score is written on four staves in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat (F). The tempo is marked 'Moderato'. The melody is light and cheerful. The first staff begins with the lyrics 'Sim-ple and fresh and fair,— from win-ter's close e -'. The second staff continues with 'merg-ing,— Forth from its sun-ny nook of sheltered grass,'. The third staff continues with 'in - no-cent, gold - en, calm as the dawn, The Spring's first'. The fourth staff ends with 'dan-de-li-on shows its face, it shows its trust-ful face.—'. There are triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of three notes in the first two staves.



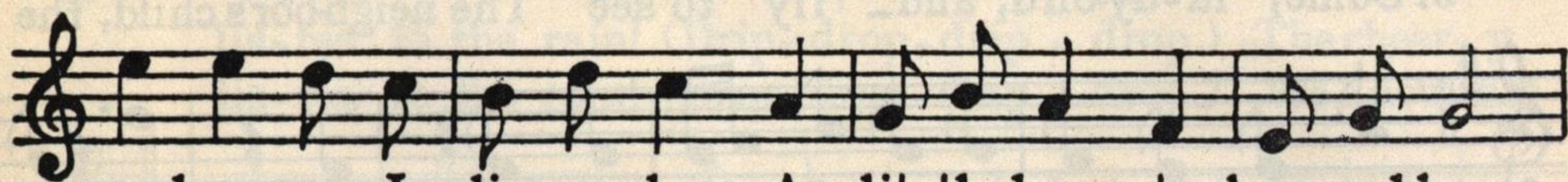
# The First Star

Paul Hastings

Ignace Paderewski  
in "Melodie"



1. Star-light, sil-ver bright, And the first star I've seen to-night, O  
2. Star-light, sil-ver bright, And the first star I've seen to-night, Up-



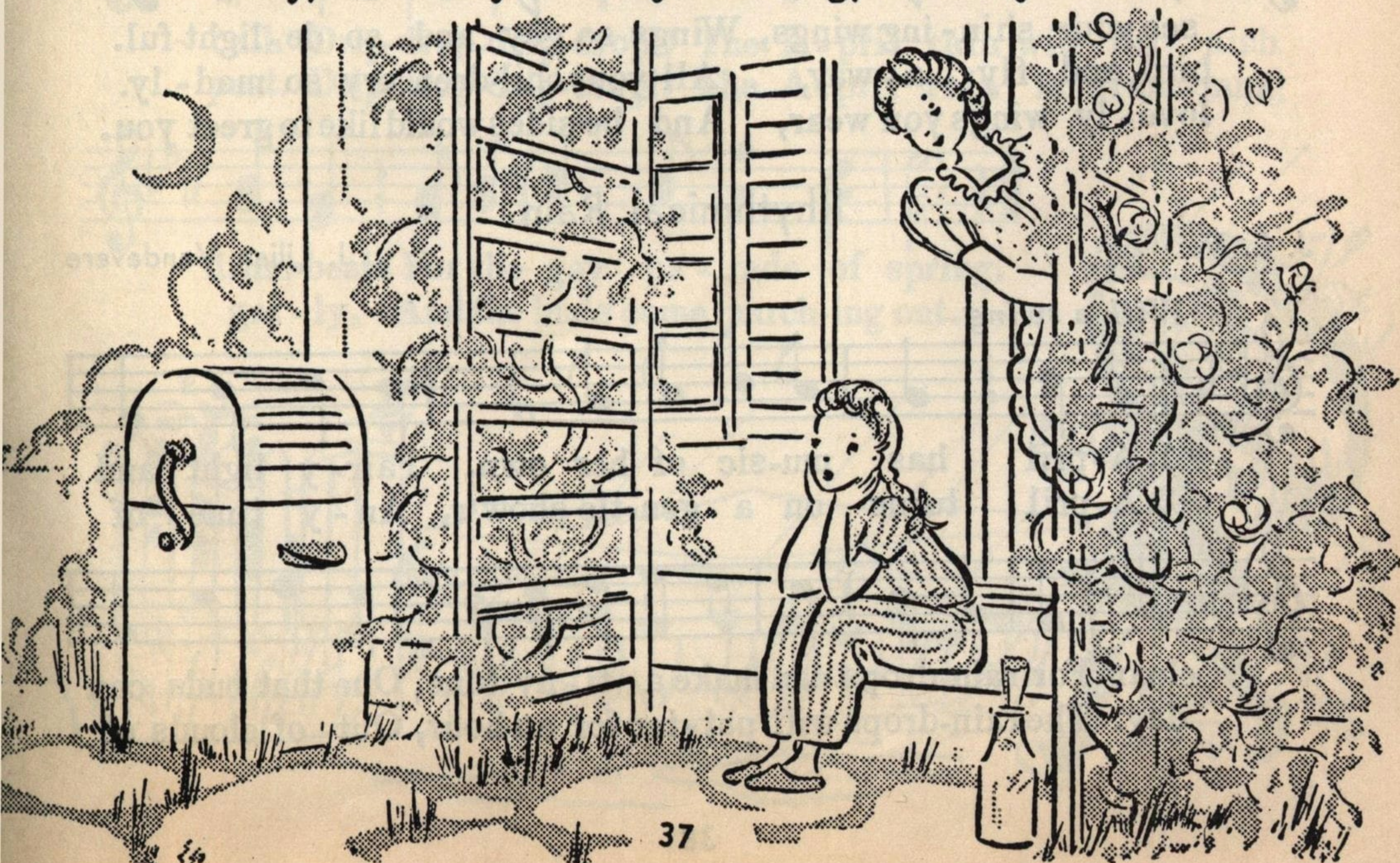
send me, as I lie a-sleep, A lit-tle dream to have and keep,  
on me will you kind-ly beam And let me have my lit-tle dream,



have and keep. Bright star, sil-ver star, Tho' the vi-sions you  
lit-tle dream. Bright ray, sil-ver ray, Tho' I know you are



send a-far Will fade when we are wak-ing, Let mine come true!  
far a-way, I'll love you ev'-ry eve-ning, Make my wish true!





# Ladybird

Translated by J. Lilian Vandevere

Robert Schumann



1. Come, la-dy-bird, and\_ rest a-while Up - on my hand, up-
2. Come, la-dy-bird, and\_ fly a-way. Your house it burns, your
3. Come, la-dy-bird, and\_ fly to see The neighbor's child, the



on my hand, For I'll do noth-ing fright-ful, No, noth-ing  
chil-dren cry, So sad-ly, oh, so\_ sad - ly, Cry, cry, so  
neighbor's child, For she will not mis-treat you, No, not mis-



fright-ful. I'll do to you no dread-ful things; I would on-ly  
sad - ly. The wick-ed spi-der spins to-day; Hur-ry, la - dy  
treat you. No trou-ble shall be - fall you there, She would see the

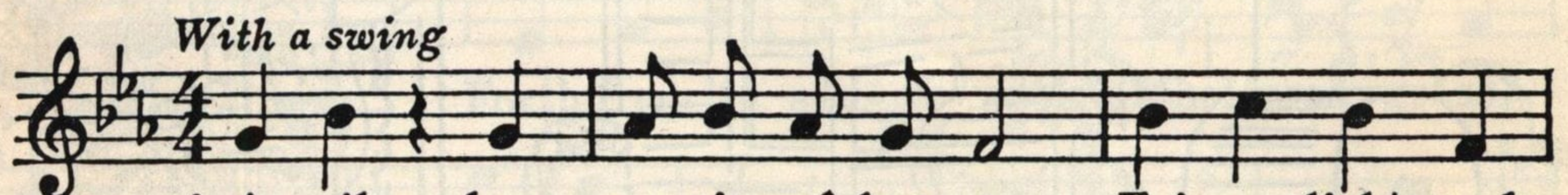


see your shin-ing wings, Wings so gay and so de-light-ful.  
bird, and fly a - way, All your chil-dren cry so mad - ly.  
love - ly wings you wear, And be-sides would like to greet you.

## Rhythmical Rain

J. L. V.

J. Lilian Vandevere



1. A-pril has mu-sic of her own, Fair-y light and
2. A-pril turns on a gen-tle show'r, An - y time of



clear For rain-drops can make a ti - ny tune, One that buds can  
day. The rain-drops will pat-ter for an hour, Out of clouds of





hear. Lis-ten to the rain! (Drip - drop - drip - drop!) Oh,  
grey. Lis-ten to the rain! (Drip - drop - drip - drop!) Oh,



lis-ten to the rain! (Drip - drop - drip - drop.) The cheer-y  
lis-ten to the rain! (Drip - drop - drip - drop.) We know that



rob-in is glad for the tune, it helps him to sing.  
sun-shine will soon come a-gain, so no one can pout.



Blos-soms hear it fall. (Drip-drop-drip-drop!) They ans-er to the  
Hear the stead-y beat, (Drip-drop-drip-drop!) That show-ers all re-



call. (Drip-drop-drip-drop!) The A-pril rain will fur nish  
peat. (Drip-drop-drip-drop!) The A-pril rain is drum-ming



drum-beats For the gay pa - rade of spring.  
gai - ly, And the buds come march-ing out.



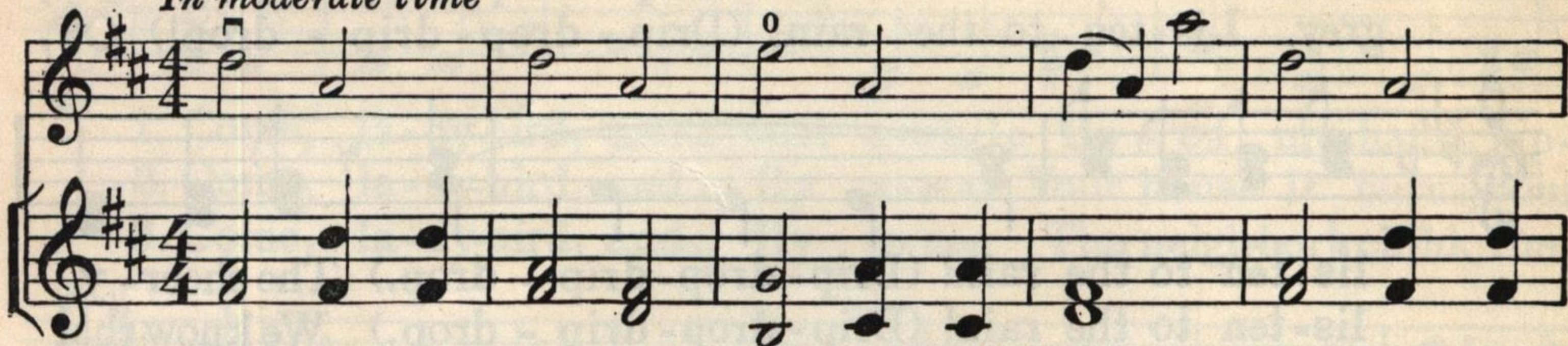


# The South Wind

## Sidney Rowe

**Peter W. Dykema**

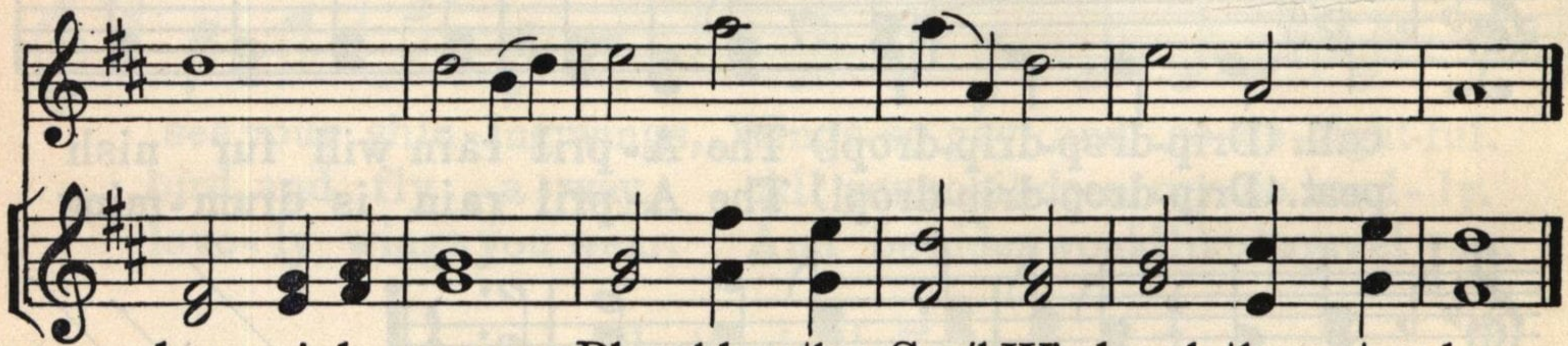
Violin or flute obligato  
*In moderate time*



1. Blow, blow, thou soft wind, fra-grant with balm; Blow from the  
2. Blow, thou at sun-rise, drive gloom a - way; Bring peace and



South-land, home of the palm.      Birds in the tree-top  
hearts-ease    all through the day.      When day is o - ver,



drow-si-ly peep; Blow, blow, thou South Wind, rock them to sleep.  
stay in thy flight; Guard us in slum-ber, all through the night.

# Weather Signs

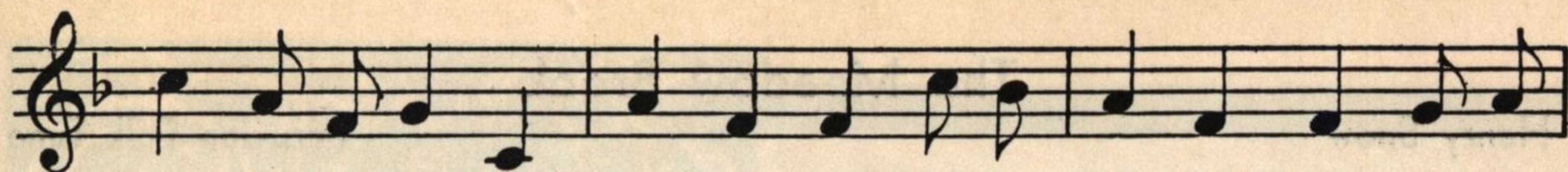
## Traditional

# English Folk Song



If the ev-'ning's red and the morn-ing's gray, It's a





sign of a bon-nie, bon-nie day. If the ev-'ning's gray and the



morn-ing's red, The ewe and the lamb will go wet to bed.

## I Know a Bank

Shakespeare (abridged)

Charles E. Horn (abridged)

*Moderato*



1. I know a bank where-on the wild thyme grows,

2. I know a bank where-on the wild thyme grows,



I know a bank where-on the wild thyme grows, Where  
With sweet musk ros - es and with eg - lan - tine; There



ox-slips and the nod-ding vio-let blows, Where ox-slips  
sleeps Ti - ta - nia some-time of the night, Lulled in these



and the nod-ding vio-let blows; I know a bank where-  
flow'rs with danc-es and de-light; I know a bank where-



on the wild thyme grows, — the wild thyme grows.  
on the wild thyme grows, — the wild thyme grows.

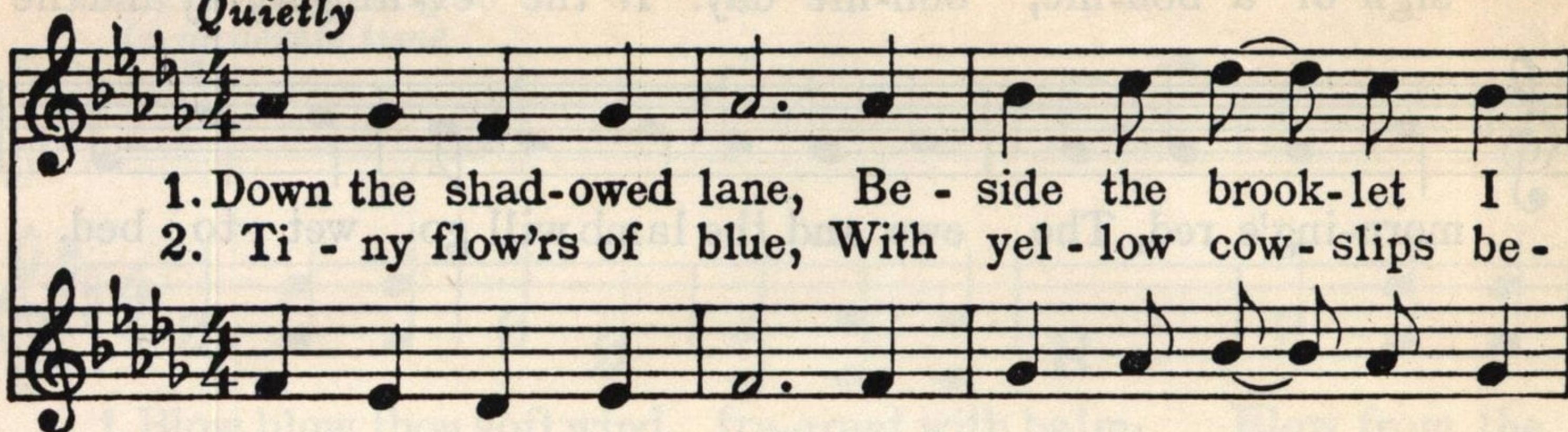


# The Meadow Brook

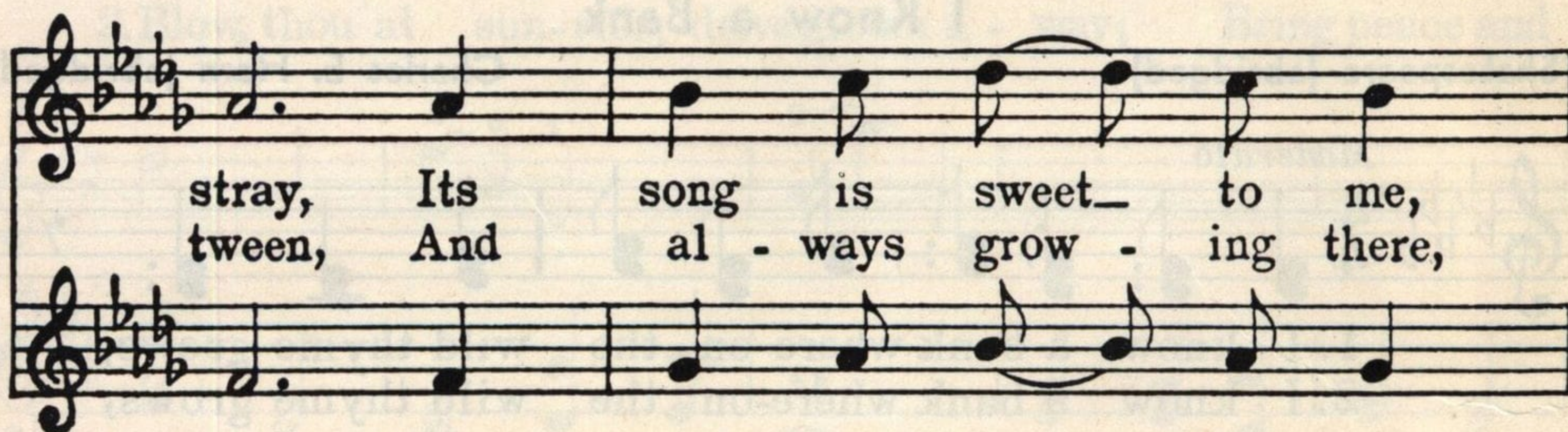
Henry Snow

Peruvian Folk Tune

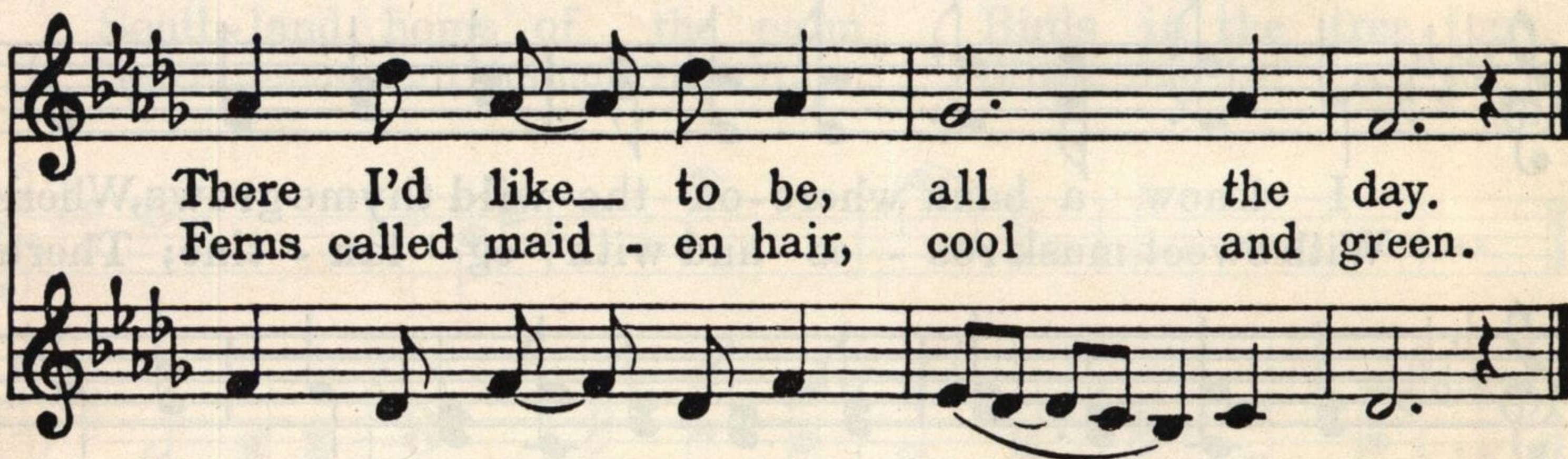
*Quietly*



1. Down the shad-owed lane, Be - side the brook-let I  
2. Ti - ny flow'rs of blue, With yel - low cow - slips be -



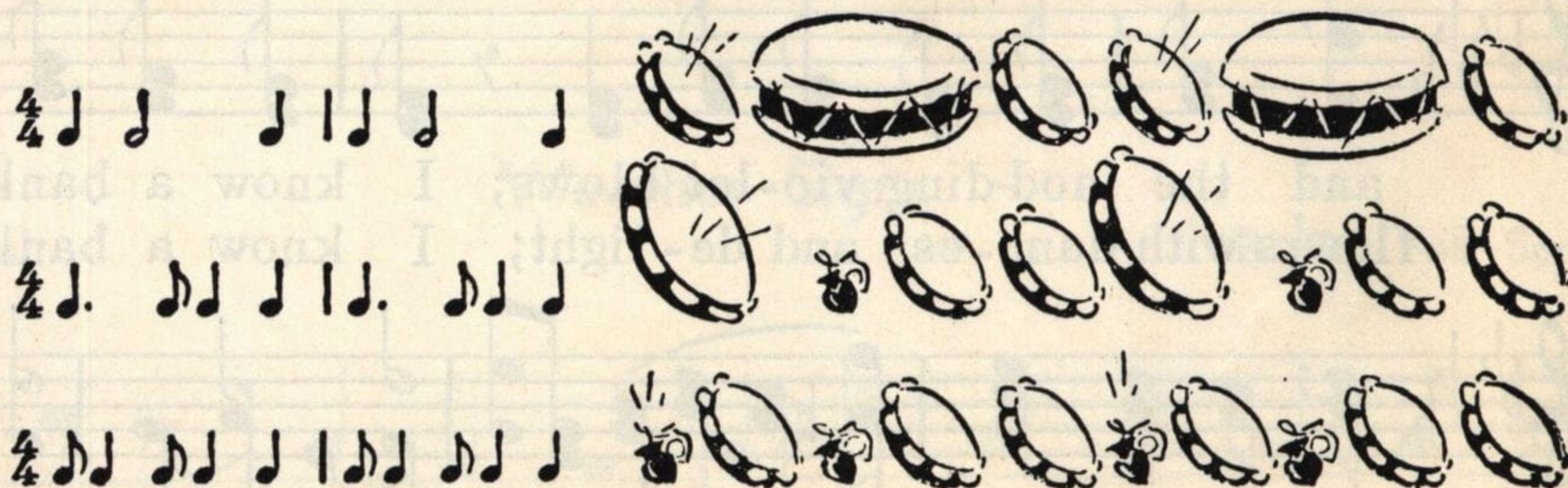
stray, Its song is sweet\_ to me,  
tween, And al - ways grow - ing there,



There I'd like\_ to be, all the day.  
Ferns called maid - en hair, cool and green.



**TUNEFUL TIM SAYS:** Here are some rhythms you often hear. They are very much used, especially in Latin-American music. Can some of you tap them, or play them on tambourines, castanets or drums, while others count steadily in fours?



The first row shows a 4/4 rhythm: quarter, quarter, eighth, eighth, quarter, quarter, quarter, quarter. The second row shows a 4/4 rhythm: quarter, quarter, quarter, quarter, quarter, quarter, quarter, quarter. The third row shows a 4/4 rhythm: quarter, quarter, quarter, quarter, quarter, quarter, quarter, quarter.

Try playing these rhythms to accompany this song.



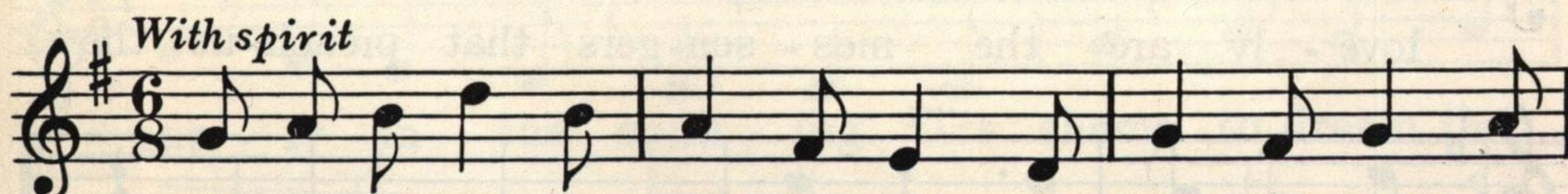


## THE JOY OF SONG

### Join In!

Agnes Ainsley

Avery Wynne



1. Give us a song to make us strong For all the work be-  
2. Give us a song for sun-ny days And one for storm-y



fore us; Give us a song to set the pace And  
weath-er; Give us a song that says "Chin up! We'll



join the rous-ing cho-rus. Sing! This is the time to start;  
march a-long to-geth-er!" Sing! Ev-'ry one likes a song;



Sing! Tak-ing a joy-ful part; Sing! Out of a  
Sing! Car-ry the tune a-long; Sing! Mak-ing it



hap-py heart, Lift up your voice and sing!—  
clear and strong, Lift up your voice and sing!—



# How Lovely Are the Messengers

Isaiah

Felix Mendelssohn

*Andante con moto*

How love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that  
preach us the gos - pel of peace, How  
love - ly are the mes - sen - gers that preach us the  
gos - pel of peace, the gos - pel of peace.

## Sing a Song

Alice Powell Hodgdon

Old Tune

1. Sing a song to start the day, (Hum) \_\_\_\_\_  
2. Play will come when work is done, (Hum) \_\_\_\_\_

Sing a song of work and play, (Hum) \_\_\_\_\_  
Sing a song of hay - ing fun, (Hum) \_\_\_\_\_

Here is a descant for some of us to sing.

DESCANT

1. 2.



# Morning Song

Anonymous

Old English Tune

*With motion*

*mp*



The sun is ris - ing out of bed, And in the East the



sky is red; Then up and wake, each sleep - y head, So



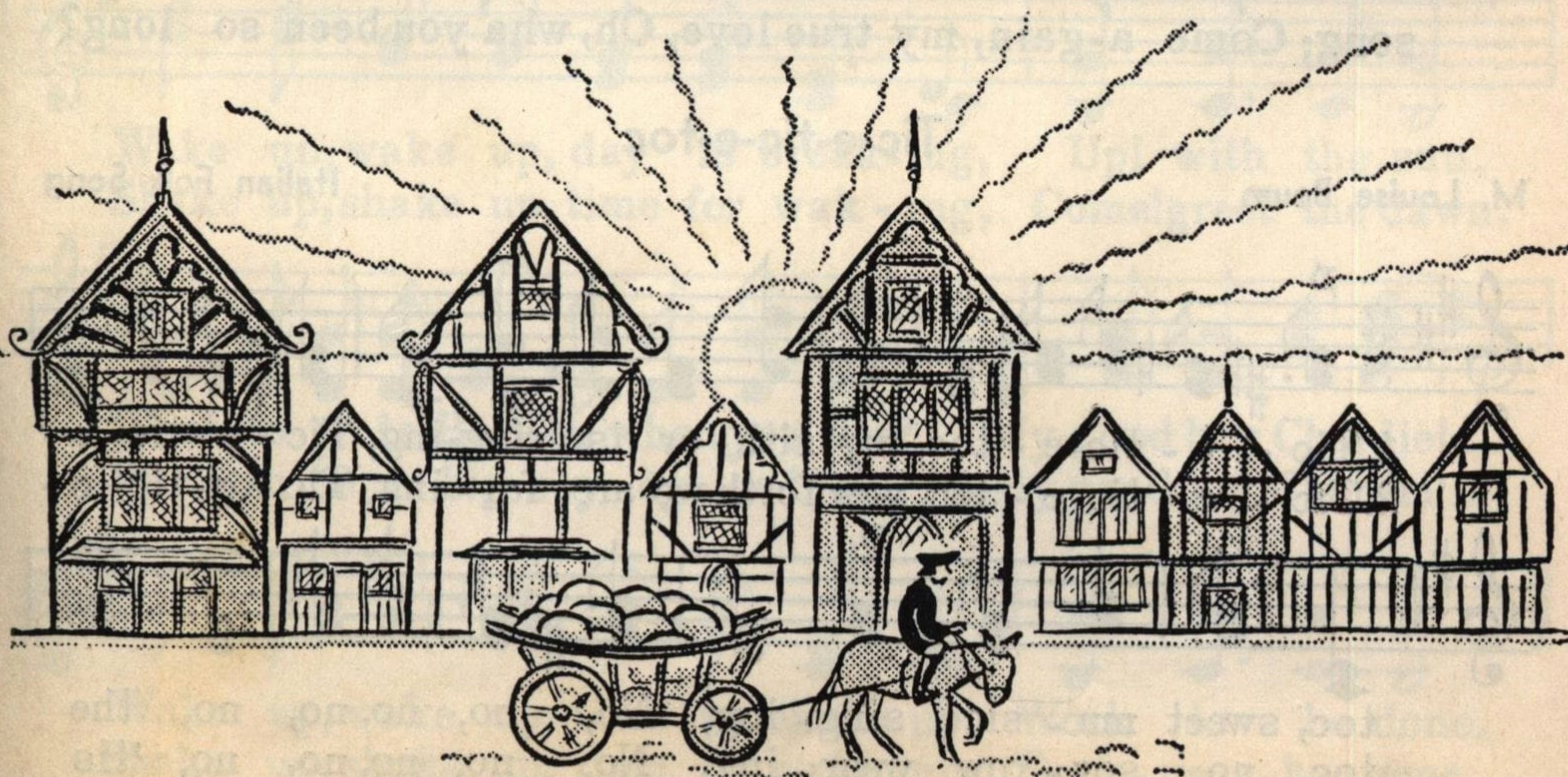
ear - ly in the morn - ing. 'Tis shame to dream the



hours a - way When all the world is bright with day, And



na - ture calls to work and play So ear - ly in the morn - ing.





# Ring, Ring the Banjo

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen Collins Foster



1. The time is nev - er drear - y If a fel - low nev - er  
— come a - gain, Su - san - na, By the gas - light of the  
2. Oh, nev - er count the bub - bles While there's wa - ter in the  
— beau - ties of cre - a - tion Will — nev - er lose their



groans; The — la - dies nev - er wea - ry With the rat - tle of the  
moon, We'll tum the old pi - an - na When the ban - jo's out o'  
spring; A — fel - low has no trou - bles While he's got this song to  
charm, While I roam the old plan - ta - tion With my true love on my



bones. Then

— tune.

sing. The

arm.

Ring, ring the ban - jo! I like that good old



song; Come a - gain, my true love, Oh, wha' you been so long?

## Tic-e-tic-e-toc

M. Louise Baum

Italian Folk Song



1. Tic - e - tic - e - toc, my zith - er is ring - ing, Tic - e - tic - e -  
2. Tic - e - tic - e - toc, now forth we are far - ing, Tic - e - tic - e -



toc, sweet mu - sic sing - ing, No, no, no, no, no, the  
toc, no sor - row wear - ing, No, no, no, no, no, 'tis





world may pass by, — Friends for- ev- er, my zith- er and I.  
fol- ly to sigh, Live for mu- sic, my zith- er and I.



Tra la la la la la la la la la

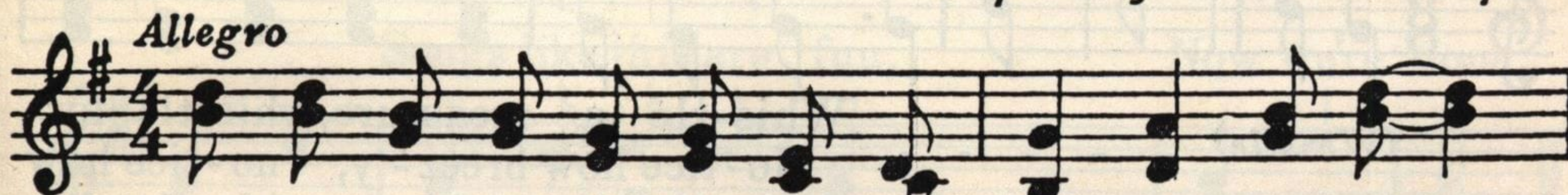


Tra la la la la la la la tic tic tic tic tic.

## Wake Up, Day Is Breaking

Traditional

Adapted from a Negro Folk Song  
by George Frederick McKay



1. Wake up, wake up, day is break- ing, My boy Char- lie! —  
2. Shake up, shake up, time for wak- ing, My boy Char- lie! —



Wake up, wake up, day is break- ing, Up! with the sun.  
Shake up, shake up, time for wak- ing, Come! greet the dawn.



Want to go to Heav- en when you die? My good boy Char- lie! —  
Want to be a big boy by and by? My good boy Char- lie! —



Wake up, wake up, time to shake up, Work to be done.  
Shake up, shake up, time to wake up, Dark- ness has gone.



## Sing Together (Round)

Traditional

Traditional

**I**



Sing, sing to - geth - er, mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly sing;

**II**



Sing, sing to - geth - er, mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly sing;

**III**



Sing, sing, sing, sing!

## Why Not Whistle?

Clinton Cole

French Tune

*Gaily*



(Whistle) - - - - - Whis-tle a meas-ure, whis-tle for  
No-tice how breez-y, no-tice how

D.C. (Whistle) - - - - - Whis-tle it gai - ly, whis-tle it



pleas-ure. (Whistle) - - - - - Whis-tle a  
eas - y. Whis-tle a  
dai - ly. (Whistle) - - - - - Whis-tle, for

*Fine*



tune to keep you gay.  
tune for ev - 'ry day. When it is drear - y, you can be  
mu - sic lifts the heart.



cheer-y, Try a tune to make things bright, Why be com-plain-ing



*D. C. al Fine*



When it is rain-ing? That's the time a whis-tle is right.

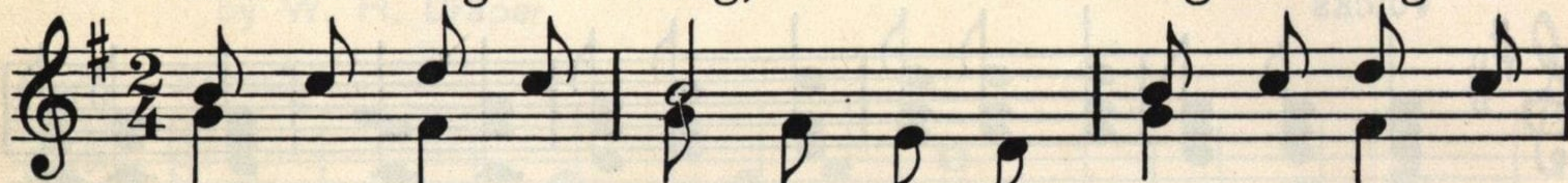
## Come and Sing!

J. L.

Jane Landon

Come and sing a song,

Ring - a - ding a -



Come, a song that's mer-ry, Ring - ding -

dong.



dong-down-der-ry. Songs al-ways end well When voic-es

Songs like this are fun,

Now we're done.



blend well. Songs like this are fun, But now we're done.





# Somewhere a Child is Singing

P. W. D.

Peter W. Dykema

Violin(or Flute)



VOICES



Some-where a child in the dawn-ing is sing-ing. Free as a



bird when it wel-comes the day. Ris-ing and fall-ing, on goes the

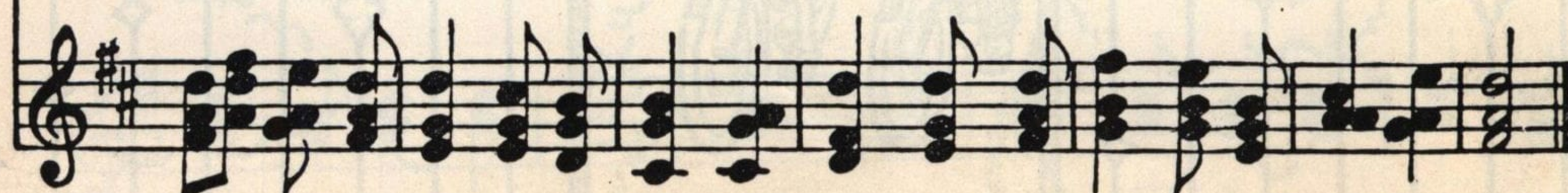


*rit.*

*a tempo*



song, Ring-ing with joy and with hope that is strong. We, too, need



mu-sic to lift us and cheer us, Come then, and sing all our cares a-way.





## WORSHIP AND PRAISE

### All Creatures of Our God and King

Translated from the Hymn of St. Francis  
by W. H. Draper

Cologne, 1623

*Firmly*



*f* 1. All crea-tures of our God and King, Lift up your voice and  
*ff* 2. Thou rush-ing wind that art so strong, Ye clouds that sail in  
*p* 3. Thou flow-ing wa-ter, pure and clear, Make mu-sic for thy



with us sing, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia. Thou  
heav'n a - long, O— praise him, O— praise him. Thou  
Lord to hear, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia. *f* Thou



burn-ing sun with gold-en beam, Thou sil-ver moon with  
ris-ing morn in praise re-joice, Ye lights of eve-ning  
fire, so mas-ter-ful and bright, That giv-est man both



soft-er gleam,  
find a voice, O— praise him, O— praise him, Al-le -  
warmth and light,



lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia, Al-le - lu - ia.



# Coronation

Edward Perronet

Oliver Holden

*With dignity*

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate  
 2. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial

fall. Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of—  
 ball, To Him all maj-es-ty—as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of—

all! Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 all! To Him all maj-es-ty—as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.

## Every Time I Feel the Spirit

Traditional

Spiritual

*Moderato*

Ev-'ry time I feel the spir-it mov-in'

in my heart— I will pray. pray. 1. On the moun-tain my Lord  
 2. All a-round me look so

*D.C. al Fine*

spoke, Out His mouth came fire and smoke.  
 shine, Ask the Lord if all was mine.

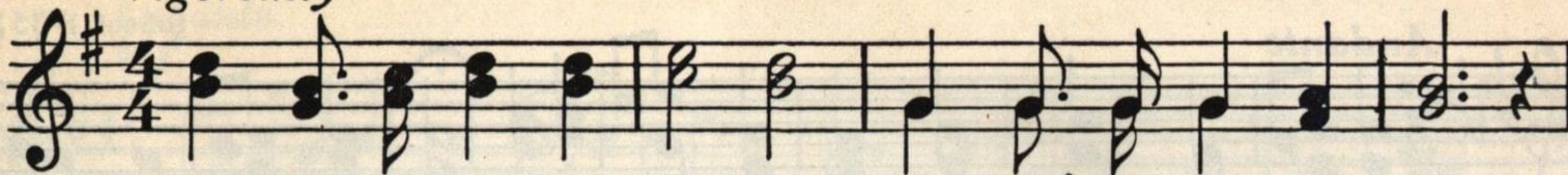


# Work, for the Night Is Coming

Anna L. Coghill

Lowell Mason

*Vigorously*



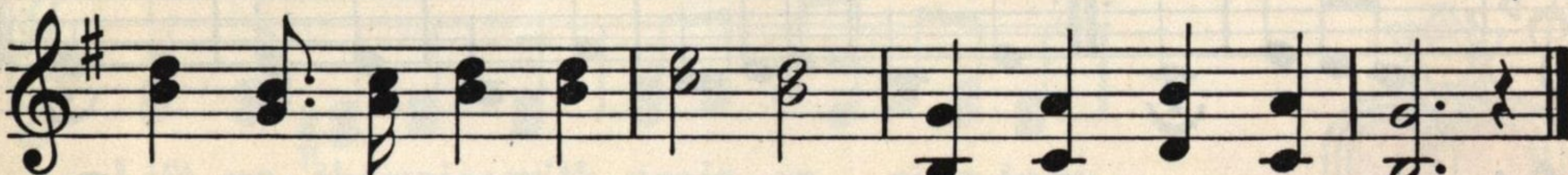
1. Work, for the night is com-ing; Work thro' the morn-ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com-ing; Work thro' the sun-ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com-ing Un-der the sun-set skies;



Work while the dew is spark-ling; Work'mid spring-ing flow'rs.  
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor; Rest comes sure and soon.  
While their bright tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies.



Work while the day grows bright-er Un-der the glow-ing sun;  
Give ev-'ry fly-ing min-ute Some-thing to keep in store;  
Work till the last beam fad-eth, Fad-eth to shine no more;



Work, for the night is com-ing, When man's work is done.  
Work, for the night is com-ing, When man works no more.  
Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

## A CHILD'S PRAYER

Dear God, I thank Thee for the day and night,  
Both for the darkness and the light.  
I thank Thee for the shining sun,  
That watches over us while we have fun.  
I thank Thee for the birds that come and sing  
In summer and in spring.  
I thank Thee for the pools where children wade,  
I thank Thee for the trees that give us shade,  
I thank Thee for the moon that shines so bright,  
And for the stars that watch o'er us at night.

— Marilyn Yezner  
St. Louis, Missouri

Aged 9



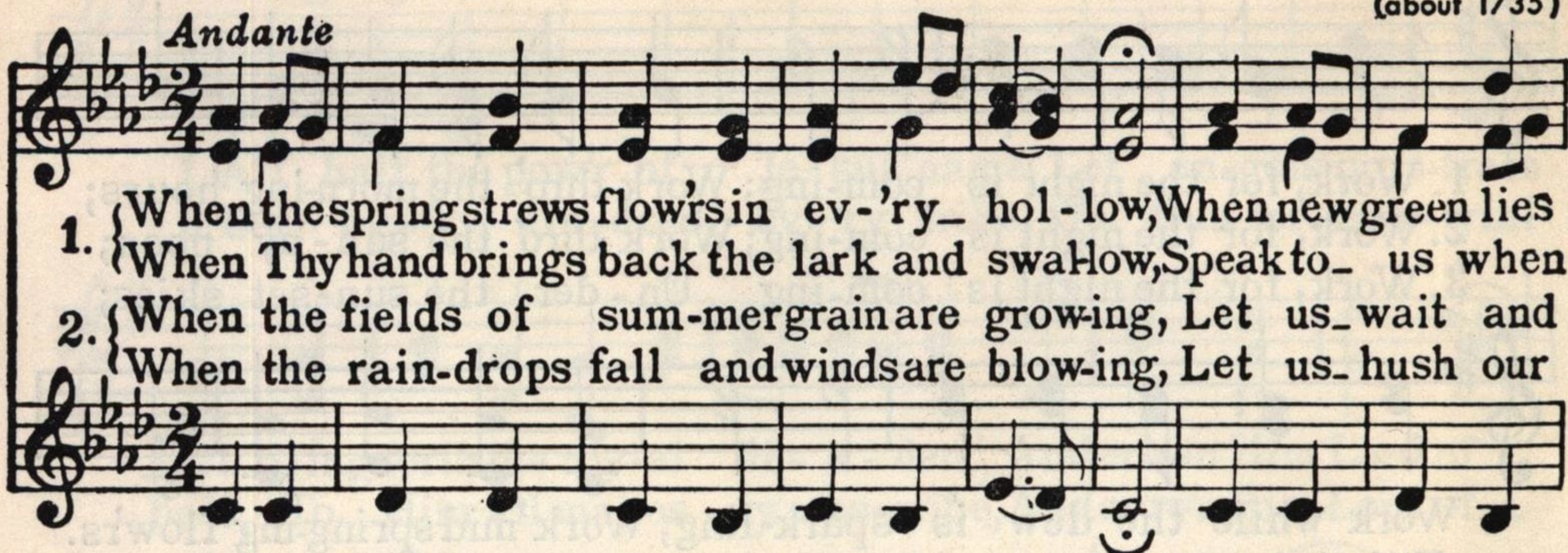


# Through All the Year

J. Lilian Vandevere

Old Chorale  
(about 1735)

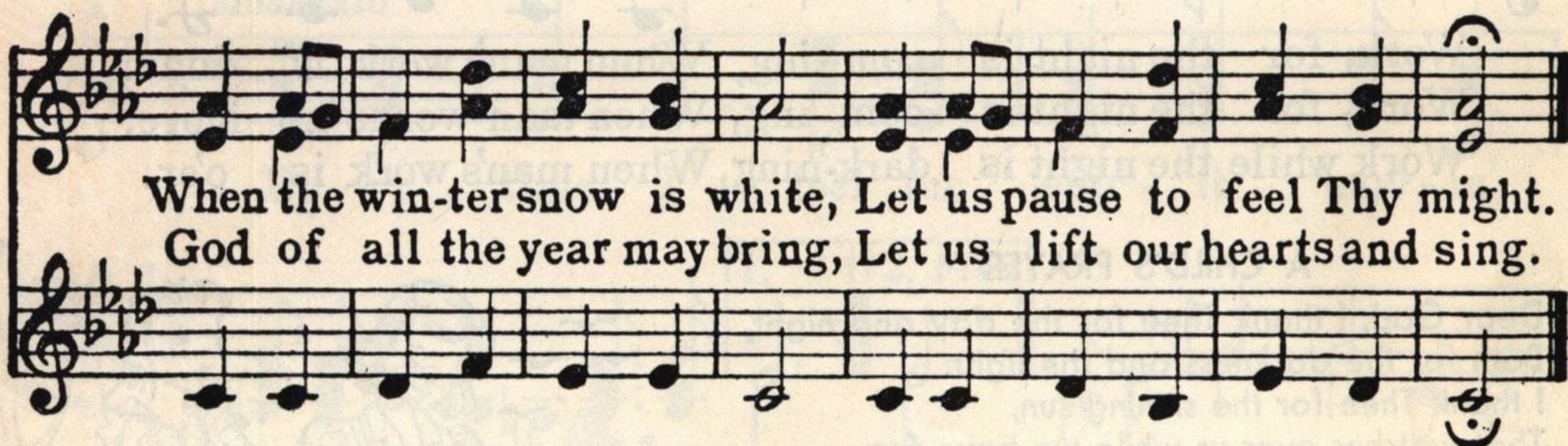
*Andante*



1. When the spring strews flow'rs in ev-'ry\_ hol-low, When new green lies  
When Thy hand brings back the lark and swallow, Speak to\_ us when  
2. When the fields of sum-mer grain are growing, Let us\_ wait and  
When the rain-drops fall and winds are blow-ing, Let us\_ hush our



on the hill, When the gold and scar-let leaves are drift-ing,  
all is still. Let our grate-ful hearts to Thee be lift-ing.  
feel Thee near. Tho' the cir-cling sea-sons may be rang-ing,  
hearts to hear. Let us know Thy love is still un-changing.



When the win-ter snow is white, Let us pause to feel Thy might.  
God of all the year may bring, Let us lift our hearts and sing.

## A PRAYER (Written at Camp)

I feel, dear God, I'd like to pray  
About the things I've seen today,  
The flowers and trees with heads held high,  
The grasses, birds, and blue of sky.  
The wonder of it is so fine  
It doesn't seem that it is mine.  
I've seen some lovely things today.  
I feel, dear God, I'd like to pray.

Aged 12

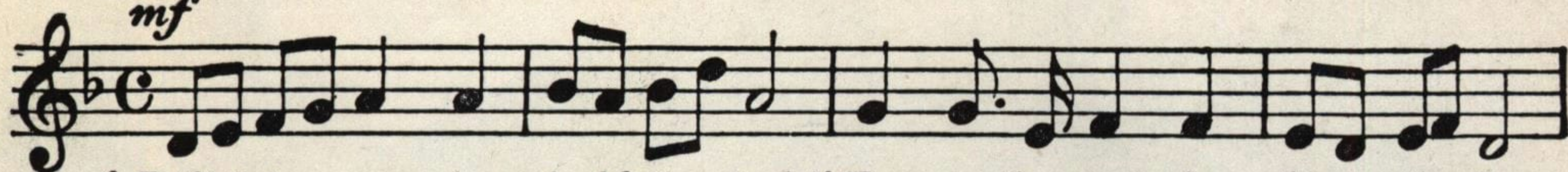
—Doris Jane Dix



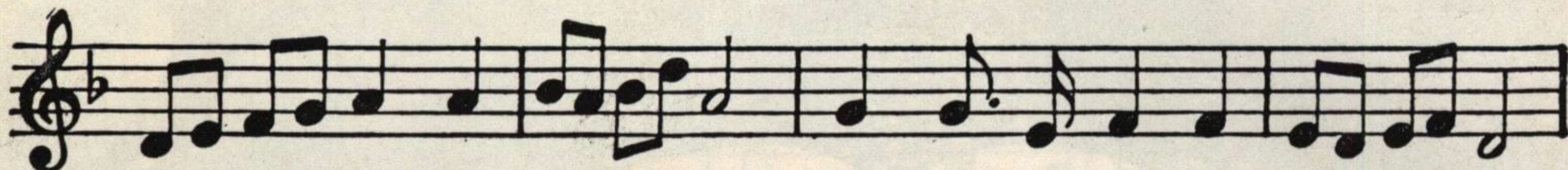
# Song of Hope

Sidney Rowe  
*Andante*  
*mf*

Traditional Hebrew Melody from Palestine



1. Lift thine eyes, be - hold the light! Turn to the east where dawns the day.
2. Let the tear no long-er — fall; Joy shall at-tend us ev - er-more.
3. An-gel Hope, whose snow-white wing Bears ev-'ry heart to realms of love,



Hope and Faith, for - ev - er bright, Guide and pro-ect us on our way.  
Bright-ly gleams our Cit-y wall, Safe is its shel-ter, wide its door.  
O'er our grief thine æ - gis fling, Lead and in-spire us from a - bove.



On-ward, strong and fear-less soul! Yon-der stands the shin-ing goal.



Lift up the voice with prais - es — ring-ing;



Turn to the east where dawns the day.



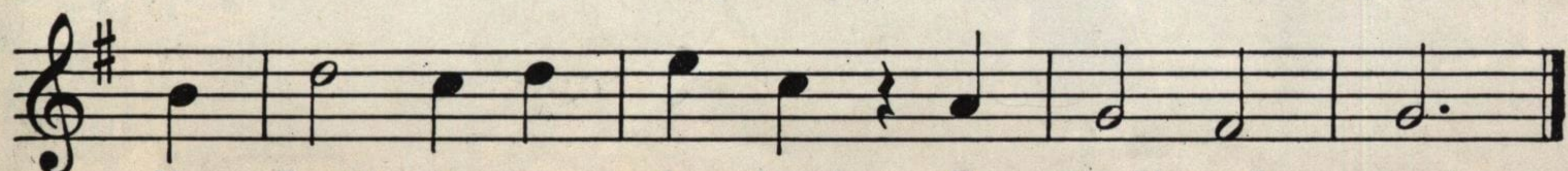
## From the Twenty-third Psalm

The Psalms

J. L. V.



The Lord is my shep-herd, the Lord is my shep-herd,



the Lord is my shep-herd, I shall not want.



# *Songs for Seasons and Special Days*

## I LIKE THE FALL

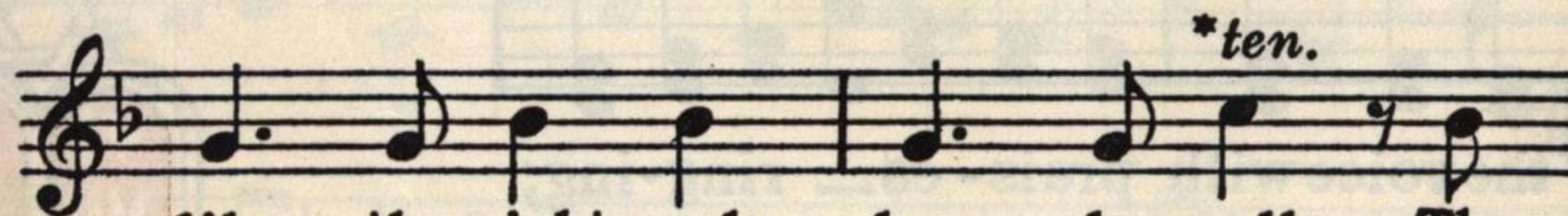
Dixie Willson

Roy Newman

*In moderate time*



1. I like the Fall the mist and all. I  
2. I like to sit and laugh at it, And



like the night-owls lone - ly call, The  
tend my co - sy fire a bit. I



wail-ing sound of wind a-round. I like the Fall.  
like the Fall, the mist and all. I like the Fall.



# Columbus

David Stevens

Spanish Folk Tune

*In moderate time*



1. Co - lum - bus was a sail-or and he could not rest
2. He sailed and sailed but vain-ly looked for signs of land;
3. When hope and strength and for-ti-tude were al-most spent
4. Co - lum - bus thought'twas In - di - a, but he was wrong



Be-cause he thought that In - di - a lay tow'rd the west.  
His crew be-came a dis-con-tent-ed, sul-len band.  
A float-ing branch re-stored his faith and on he went.  
For he had found A - mer - i - ca, now great and strong.



Queen Is - a - bel - la gave him gold for ships and crew,  
But when they cried; "O Ad-mi - ral, for-sake thy quest!"  
A shore-bird at the mast-head set his heart a glow,  
The land where sa-cred Free-dom lives and holds her sway,



And off he sailed in Au-gust, Four-teen nine - ty - two.  
He stern-ly bade them hold their peace, and still sailed west.  
And then the look-out hailed the deck and cried "Land - ho!"  
And that is why we cel - e - brate Co - lum - bus Day.



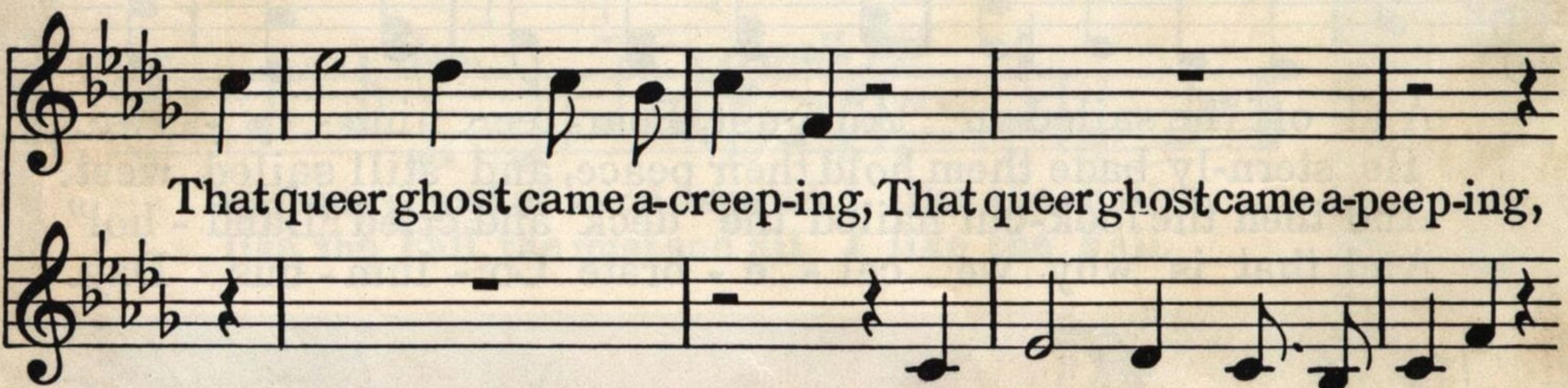
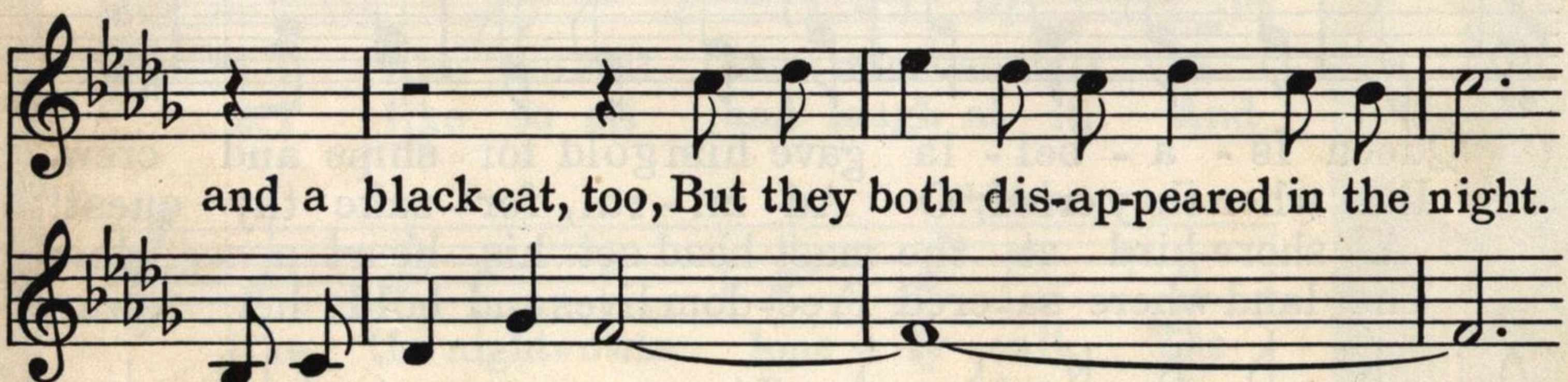
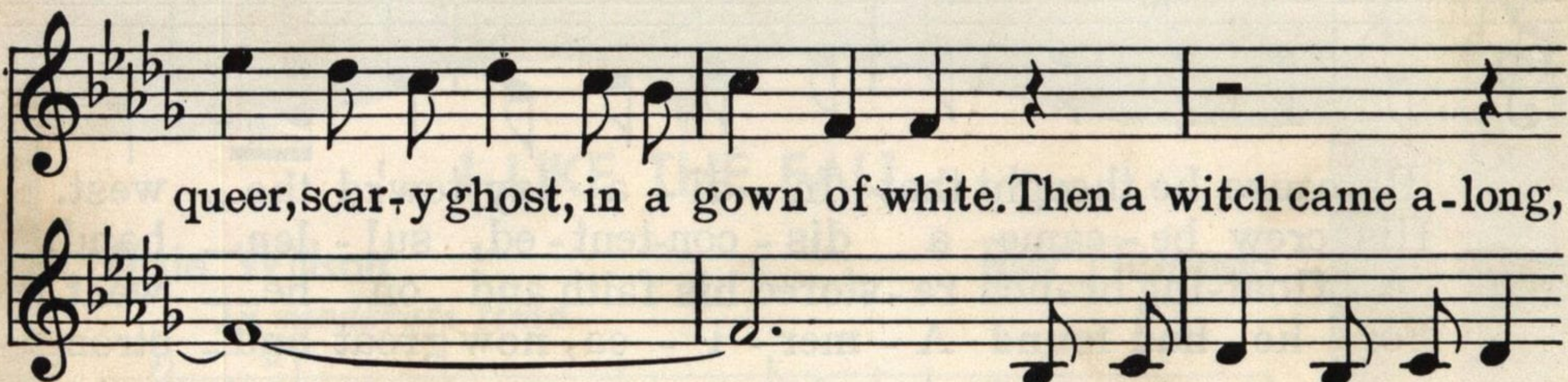
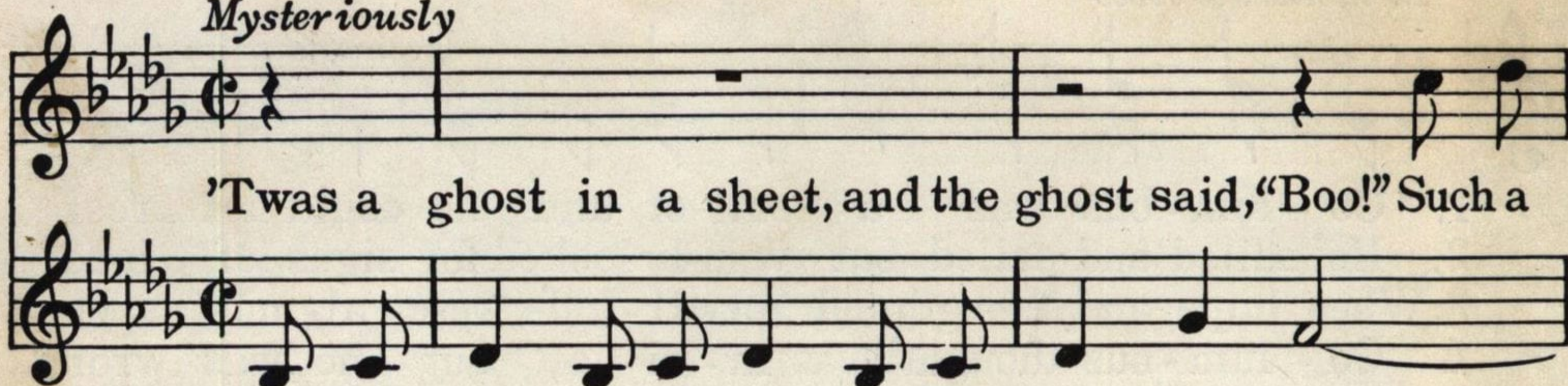


# A Hallowe'en Happening


Clinton Cole

Peter W. Dykema

*Mysteriously*







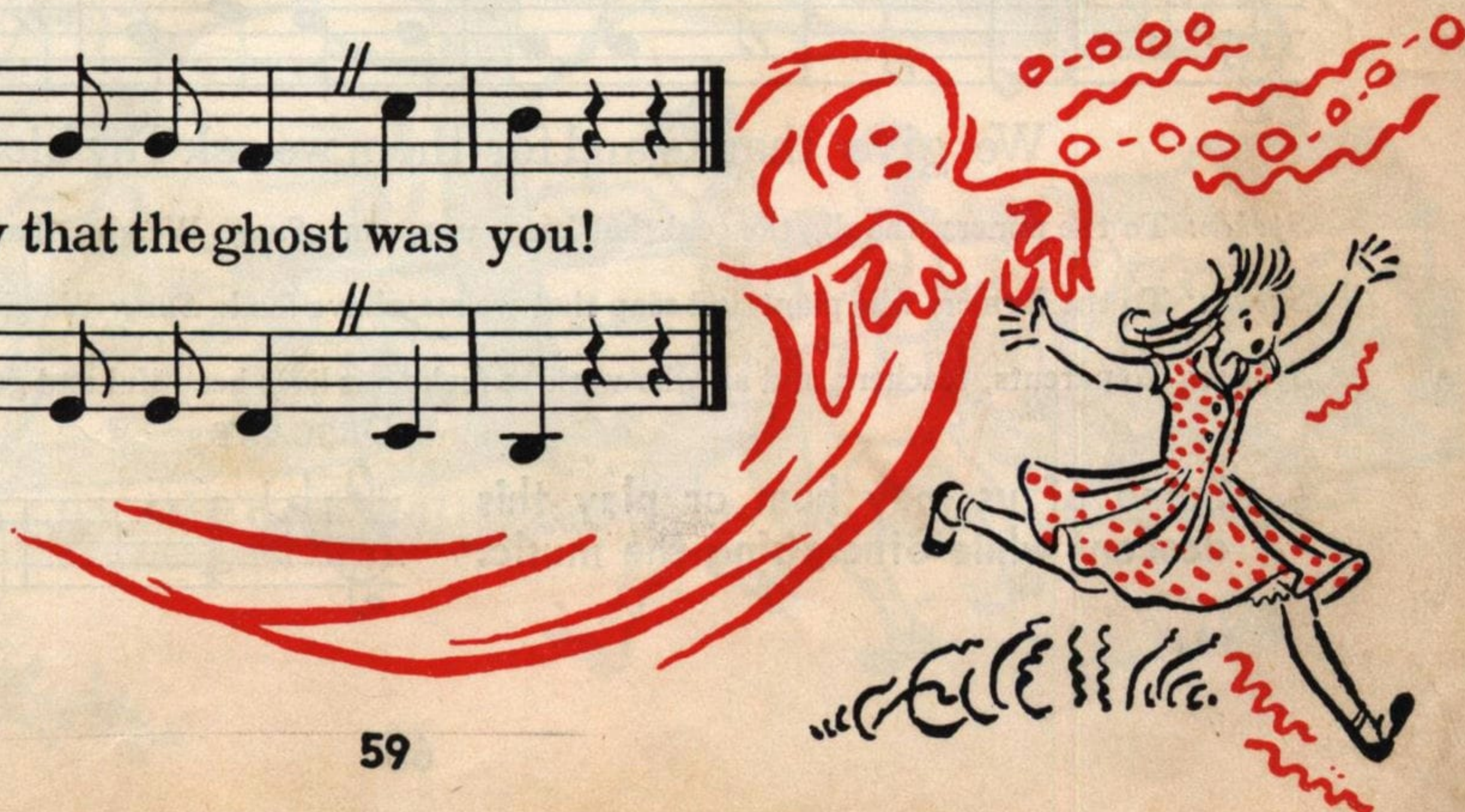
Much queer-er, much near-er, To snatch me, and catch me.

And I quiv-ered and I shiv-ered when the ghost said, "Boo!"

Yes I quiv-ered and I shiv-ered when the ghost said, "Boo!"

'Twas dis-tress-ing to be guess-ing what a ghost might do.

Then I saw that the ghost was you!

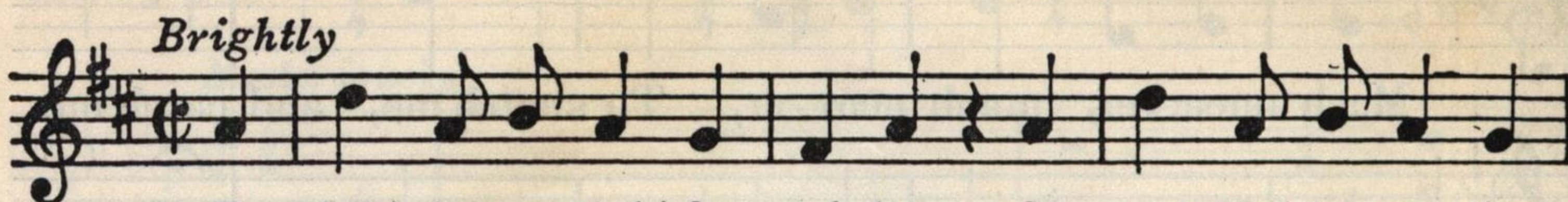




# Hallowe'en

Jane Landon

Harvey W. Loomis



1. To-night is a night for gob-lins; On each Hal-low-e'en they  
2. The gay lit-tle Jack-o'-lan-tern Is there when the fun be-



play. They're sly and spry, Keep-ing al-ways out of sight.  
gins. He's dear and queer, With a smile ex-treme-ly wide;



They fly right by, Like a streak of sil-ver light.  
He'll glow, you know, With a can-dle lit in-side;



And just when you think you have one, They scam-per a-way.  
And all through the pix-ie ca-pers, He sits there and grins.

## We Give Thanks

Stephen Fay

Gladys Pitcher

*Spoken:* To the lumbermen who fell the trees to make timber for our houses:

*Sung:*



We give thanks, and for them we ask Thy bless-ing, Lord.—

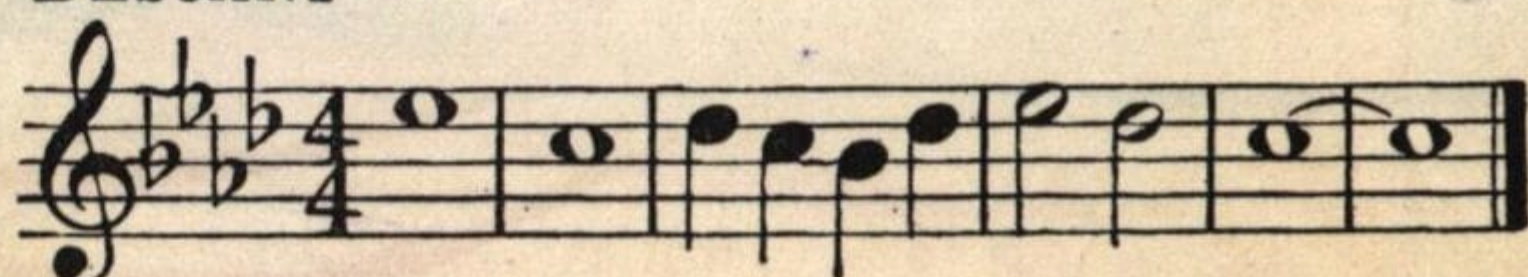
*Spoken:* To the miners who dig the coal that keeps us warm: *Sung:* We give thanks, etc.

*Spoken:* To the farmers who plant and reap that we may have food: *Sung:* We give thanks, etc.

*Spoken:* To parents, teachers, and all who work to make our lives beautiful and good: *Sung:* We give thanks, etc.

### DESCANT

Some of us may hum or play this  
descant while others sing the music.





# Landscape in November

Helen Fitch

Stuart Bliss Hoppin



1. Bon-fires are burn-ing and blue smoke is lift-ing.  
2. Brown fields are emp-ty where green corn was grow-ing.



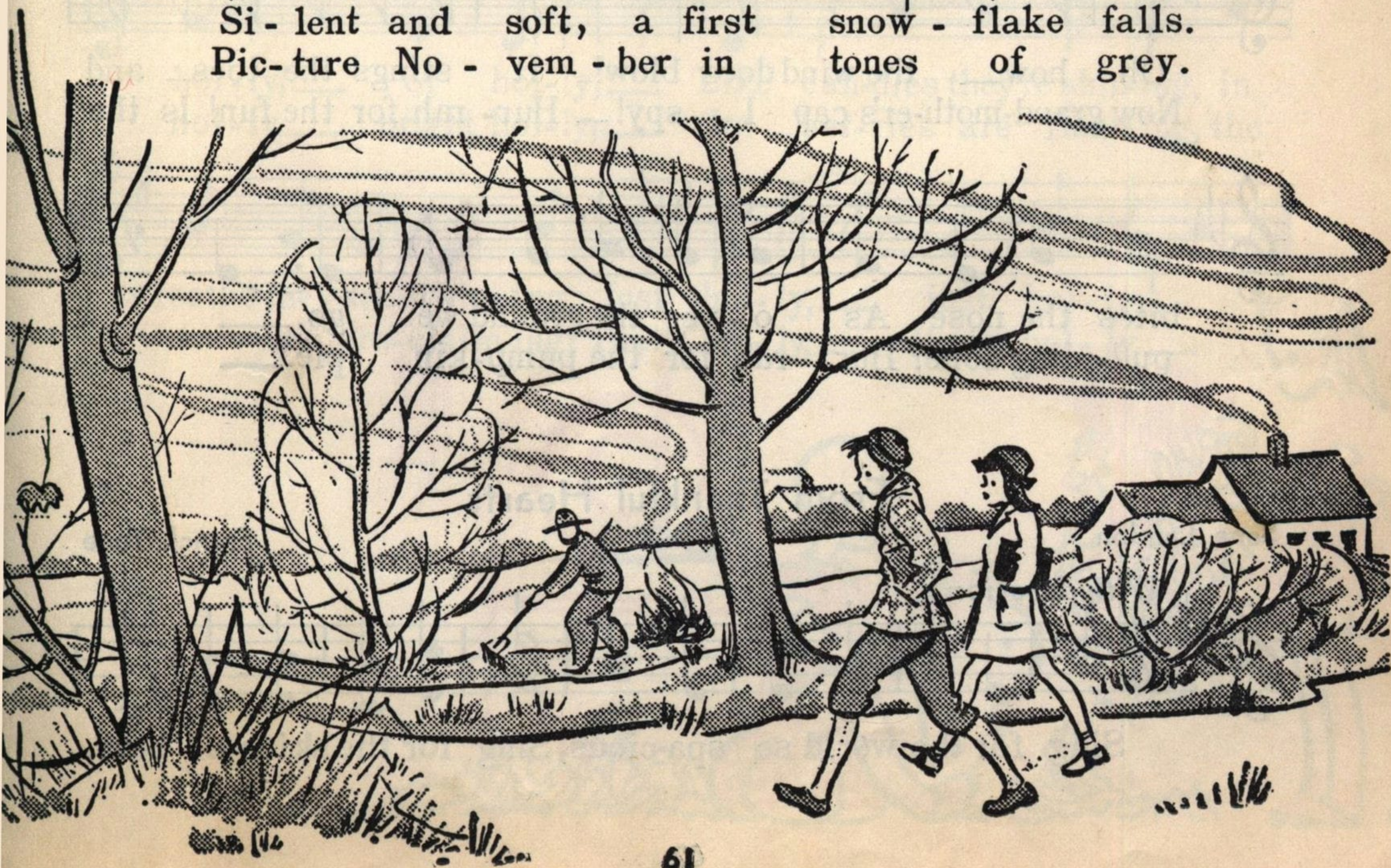
Hear the lone crow as he calls (he calls).  
As-ters have fad-ed a-way (a-way).



Chill wind is ris-ing and grey clouds are drift-ing.  
Lead-en and i-cy the riv-er is flow-ing.



Si-lent and soft, a first snow-flake falls.  
Pic-ture No-vem-ber in tones of grey.





## S. Maria Child

[illegible]

- [illegible]

## From Thankful Hearts

## French Tune

*With devotion*

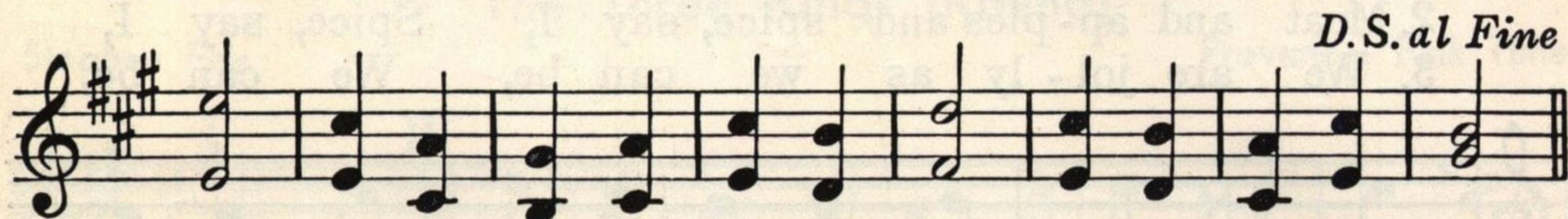
The first staff of music is written on a treble clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), indicating D major or A minor. The time signature is 2/4. The melody begins with a quarter note D4, followed by a quarter note E4, then a half note F#4. This is followed by two measures of chords: a D4-F#4 dyad and an E4-G#4 dyad. The next measure contains a half note chord of D4-F#4. This is followed by another pair of chords: E4-G#4 and F#4-A5. The final measure of the staff shows a half note chord of D4-F#4.

62





Sing for our God is gra-cious, Sing, for His name is Love.  
D.S. Warm was the time of grow-ing, Sing, then a song of praise.



Clear was the time of sow-ing, Ten-der the A-pril days;

## Christmas Holly

Florence R. Kirk

John V. Pearsall



1. Each bright crim-son ber-ry brings mes-sage so mer-ry Of  
2. While car-ols are ring-ing, the chil-dren are bring-ing Bright



hol-ly, — of hol-ly; — Like can-dles they're shin-ing, in  
hol-ly, — bright hol-ly; — Its ber-ries are flam-ing, the



wreaths they are twin-ing, Just hol-ly, — just hol-ly. —  
sea-son pro-claim-ing; That's hol-ly, — that's hol-ly. —





## Our Christmas Pie

Traditional (adapted)

Old English Tune



1. What can be in our Christ-mas Pie, Christ-mas Pie,  
2. Meat and ap-ples and spice, say I, Spice, say I,  
3. We are jol-ly as we can be, We can be,



Christ-mas Pie, What can be in our Christ-mas Pie,  
spice, say I, Meat and ap-ples and spice, say I,  
we can be, We are jol-ly as we can be,

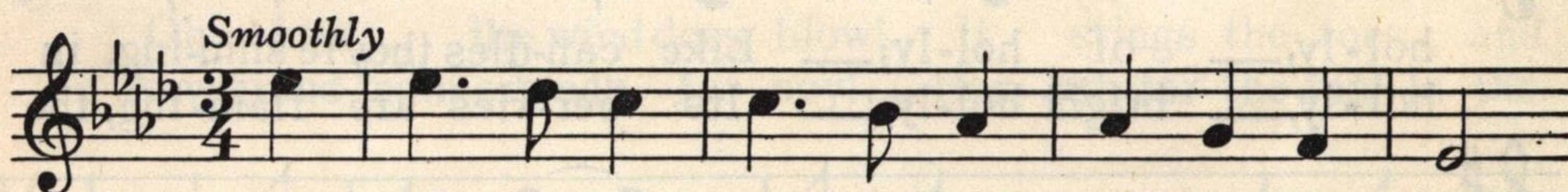


On Christ - mas Day in the morn - ing(?).

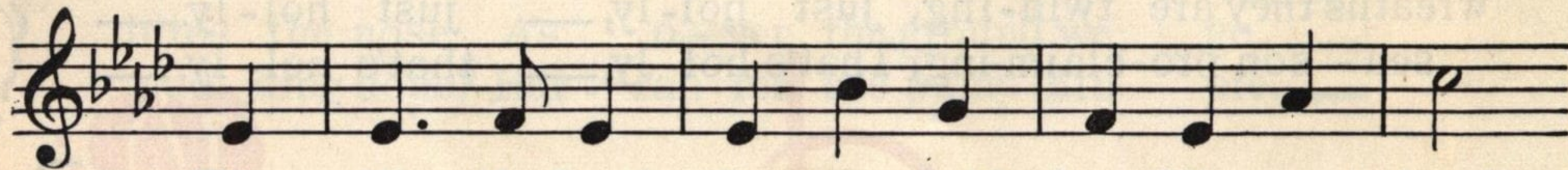
## Away in a Manger

Martin Luther

Old German Tune



1. A - way in a man-ger, no crib for a bed,  
2. The cat-tle are low-ing, the poor ba-by wakes,

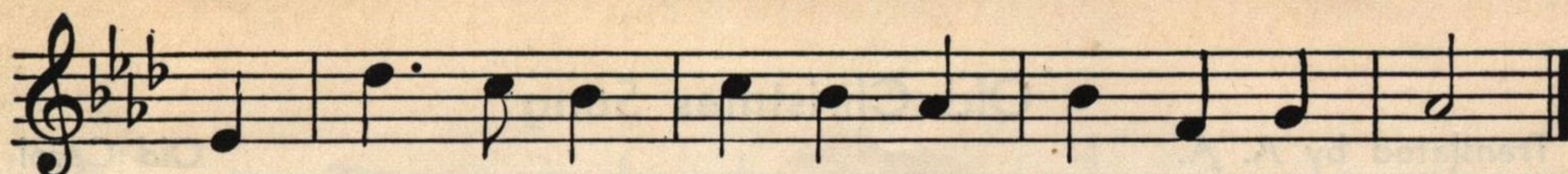


The lit-tle Lord Je-sus laid down His sweet head;  
But lit-tle Lord Je-sus, no cry-ing He makes;



The stars in the sky—looked down where He lay,  
I love Thee, Lord Je-sus, look down from the sky,





The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, a - sleep in the hay.  
And stay by my cra-dle till morn-ing is nigh.

## The Three Kings (Round)

Stephen Fay

Provençal Folk Tune



1. { Once three kings, up - on the break of day, Came proud-ly  
as they rode - I marked the ar-mour bright That shone like  
2. { As they came, - of court-iers rode a score, With pre-cious  
des-ert then, - as on they took their way, There beamed a



rid-ing with a train in brave ar-ray, And  
sil-ver in the \_\_\_\_\_ ear-ly light.  
of-fer-ings of gold-en store; And o'er the  
star\_ that was \_\_\_\_\_ bright as day.

## I Saw Three Ships

Traditional

Old English Carol



1. I saw three ships comes sail-ing in, sail-ing in, sail-ing in.  
2. Oh, they sailed in - to Beth-le - hem, Beth-le - hem, Beth-le - hem.  
3. And all the bells on earth shall ring, earth shall ring, earth shall ring.



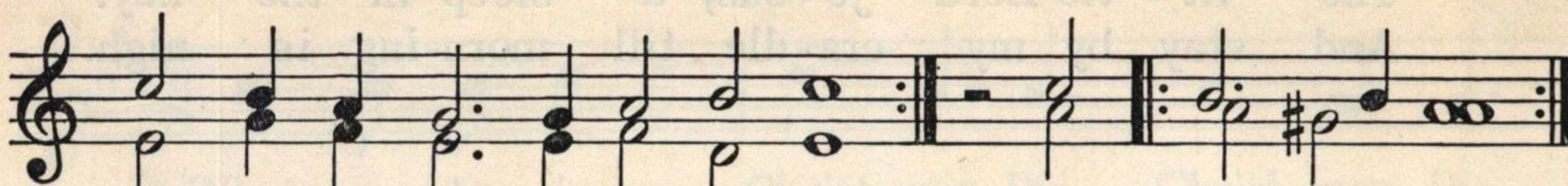
I saw three ships come sail-ing in,  
Oh, they sailed in - to Beth-le - hem, On Christ-mas Day, in the morn-ing.  
And all the bells on earth shall ring,



## Old Christmas Song

Translated by A. A.

Old Carol



1. While by my sheep I lay a-wake, Now joy is mine.  
God's an-gel came, to me he spake.



Joy, joy, joy! Grant us thy bless-ing, Lord, we pray.

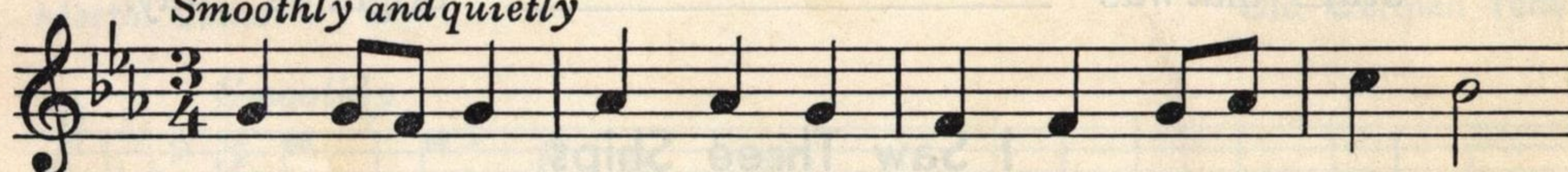
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 2. "Bethlehem seek before the light.<br>There shall a child be born tonight." | 4. When I beheld the Christ Child's face.<br>Scarce could I leave that holy place. |
| 3. "Small though he lies within the stall,<br>He is the Lord to save us all." | 5. Well must I guard this gift divine,<br>Fullness of joy shall then be mine.      |

## Mary's Lullaby

David Stevens

Polish Carol

*Smoothly and quietly*



- |  |
|--|
| 1. Ma-ry—sang soft-ly, that night by the—man-ger:    |
| 2. Ma-ry—sang sweet-ly as shep-herds were kneel-ing: |



"Sleep, sleep, my Babe, I will guard Thee from dan-ger.  
"Sleep, while in heav-en, the joy-bells are peal-ing.



An-gels, bright an-gels their night-watch are keep-ing."  
Sleep Thou, till—dawn o'er the—moun-tain comes peep-ing!"



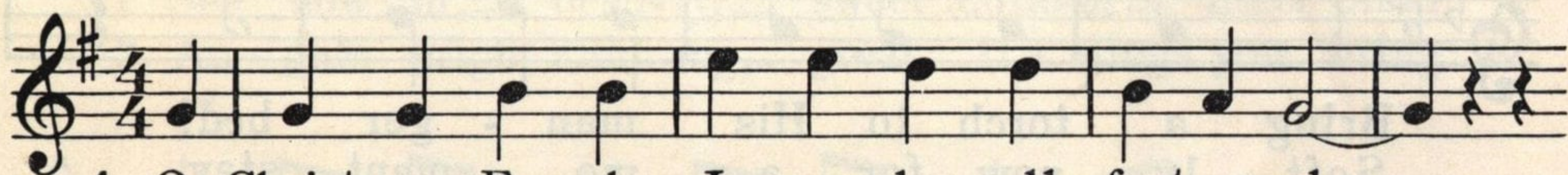


Ma - ry— sang soft - ly while Je - su lay sleep - ing.  
Ma - ry— sang sweet - ly while Je - su lay sleep - ing.

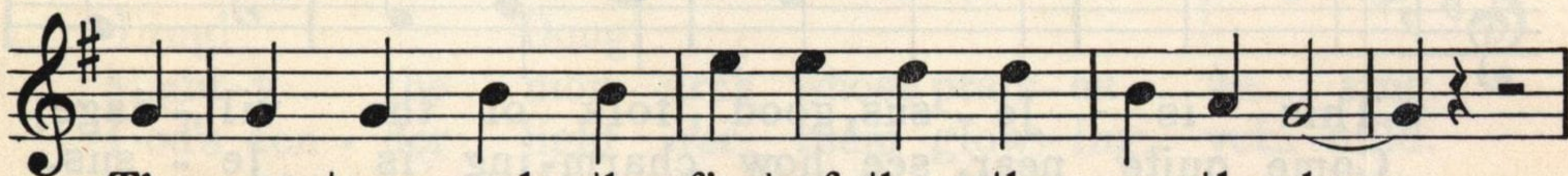
## Carol of the Creatures

J. Lilian Vandevere

German (1460)  
Arranged by G. P.



1. On Christ-mas Eve when Je - sus lay all fast a - sleep—
2. The stur - dy ox be - held the Child in si - lent awe,—
3. The pa - tient don - key wait - ed their, all for to go,—

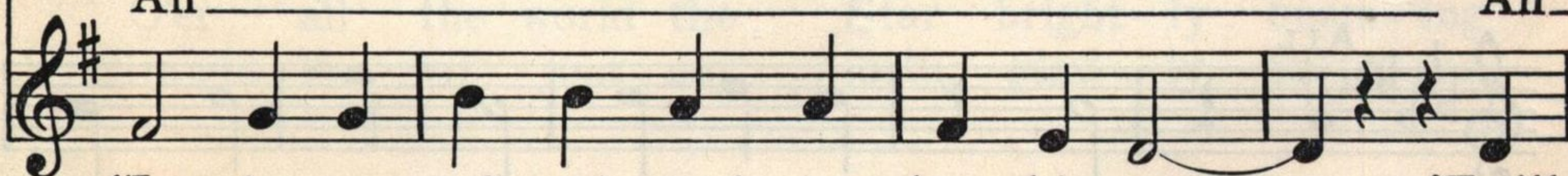


The crea - tures spoke, the first of them the gen - tle sheep.  
And said "I glad - ly of - fer him my bed of straw."  
To car - ry this, the lit - tle Lord, both to and fro.—

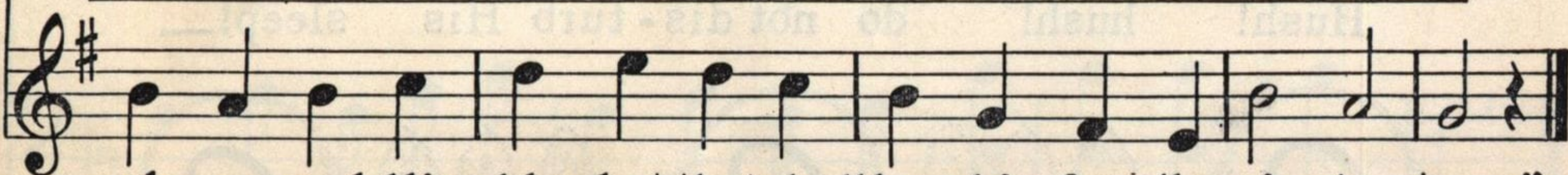


Ah—

Ah—



"I give my soft - est wool to keep him warm.— 'Twill  
Doves, coo - ing gen - tly, spread their snow - y wings.— The  
Thus ev - 'ry crea - ture had a gift to bring.— To



make a swad - dling blan - ket that shall keep him from the win - ter storm."  
faith - ful dog stood guard be - side the slum - ber of the King of Kings.  
show their love and rev - erence for the ba - by who was born their King.



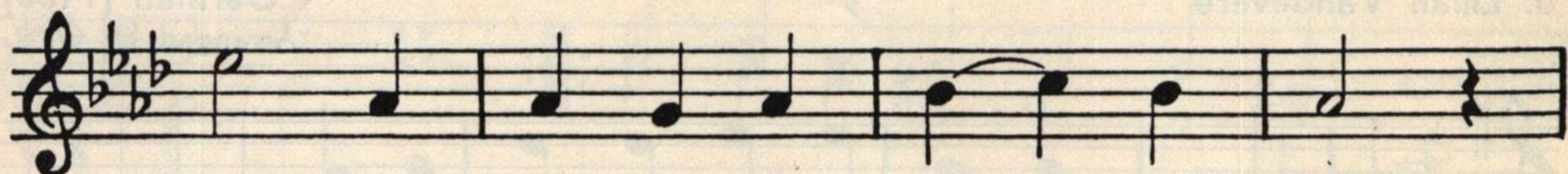
# Bring a Torch, Jeanette, Isabella

Translated by Berta Elsmith

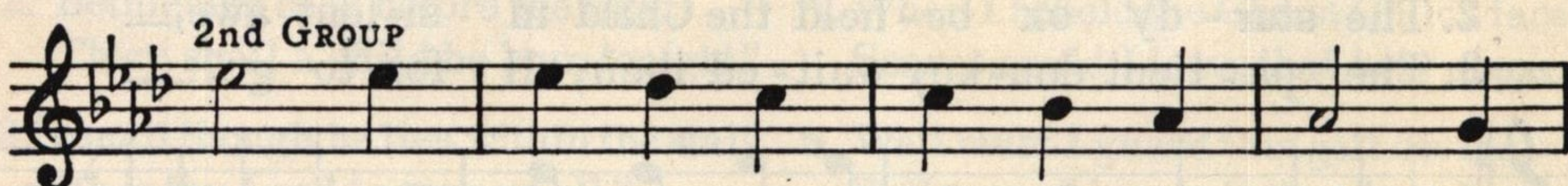
Old French Carol



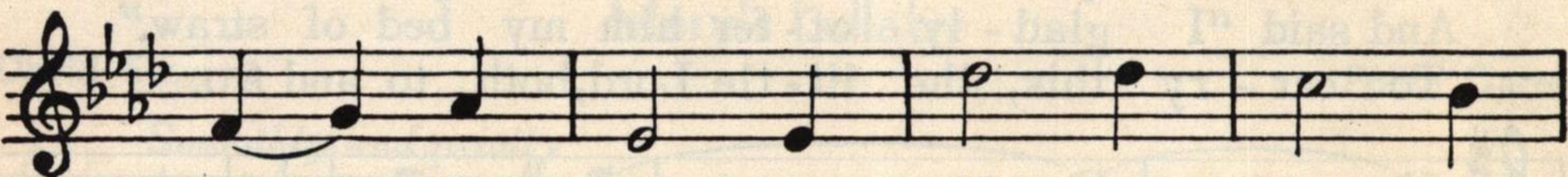
1. Bring a torch,— Jean - ette, Is - a - bel - la,  
2. Soft - ly now,— His bed is so nar - row,



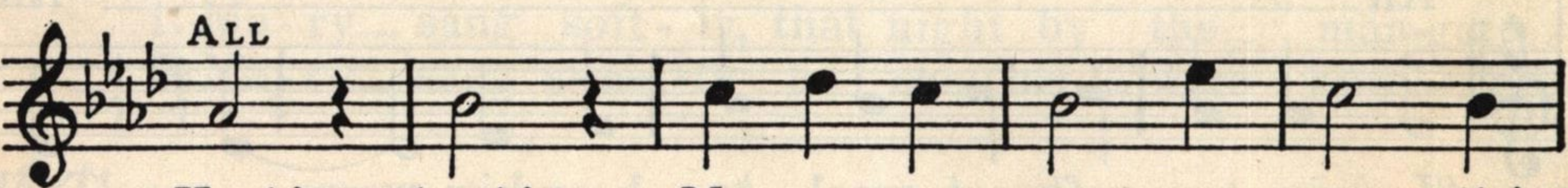
Bring a torch to His man - ger bed!  
Soft - ly now, for a mo - ment stay.



This is Je - sus, good folk of the vil - lage,  
Come quite near, see how charm - ing is Je - sus,



Christ is born, hear Ma - ry's warn - ing:  
See — how white, oh, see how ros - y!



Hush! hush! Ma - ry so sweet, so gen - tle!  
Hush! hush! hush! see, He smiles so sweet - ly,



Hush! hush! love - ly the new - born Child.—  
Hush! hush! do not dis - turb His sleep!—





# Hark, Now, O Shepherds

Cordelia Brooks Fenno

Moravian Melody  
Arranged by Gladys Pitcher

*Allegro moderato*



Ding!

Dong!

1. Hark, now, O — shep-herds, great news do — we — bring!
2. See now in — beau-ty, — sweet Moth-er — and — Child!
3. An - gels bright shin-ing, — great ti - dings you — bring:



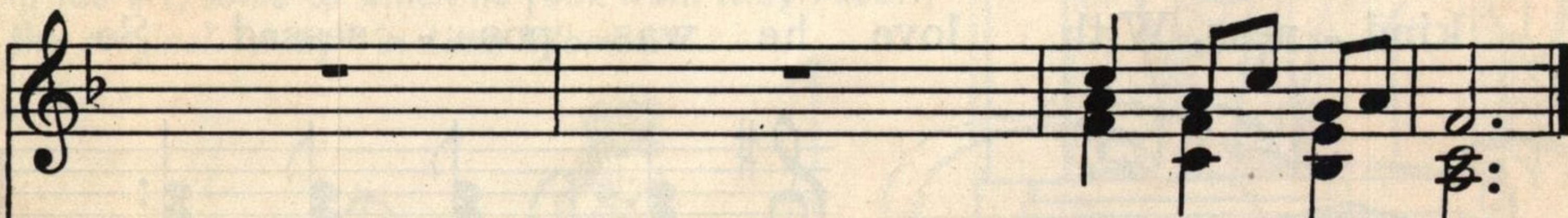
Ding!

Dong!

Might-y — the mon - arch whose prais-es — we — sing.  
God's ten - der light o'er — them glow-ing — yet — mild.  
News of — sweet Ma - ry — and Je - sus — our — King.



Lo! in the man - ger lies Je - sus ho - ly,  
O'er all the world the Star bright-ly beam-ing  
Straight we will jour - ney forth, glad - ly bring-ing



Son of the gen-tle maid, Ma-ry, low - ly, Shep-herds re - joice.  
Soft sheds its lov-ing rays gent-ly stream-ing, Shep-herds re - joice.  
All our de-vo-tion, fer-vent-ly sing-ing, Christ now — is — born!





# About Abe Lincoln

G. F. McK.

George Frederick McKay



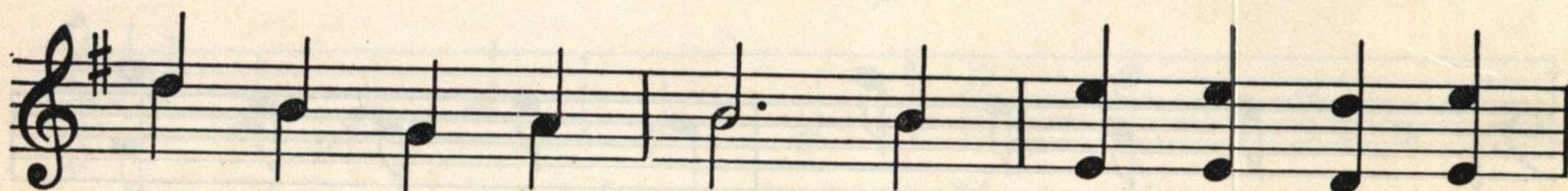
1. Young Abe Lin-coln was lean and strong; He was hon-est the  
2. Young Abe Lin-coln loved soil and sun; He loved laugh-ter and



whole day long; Young Abe Lin-coln de - serves a song, For  
he loved fun; He loved work-ing till work was done, For



he loved all God's crea-tures. The wea-ry and op-pressed, The  
he knew right and du - ty.



hum - ble and dis - tressed, From deep with - in came



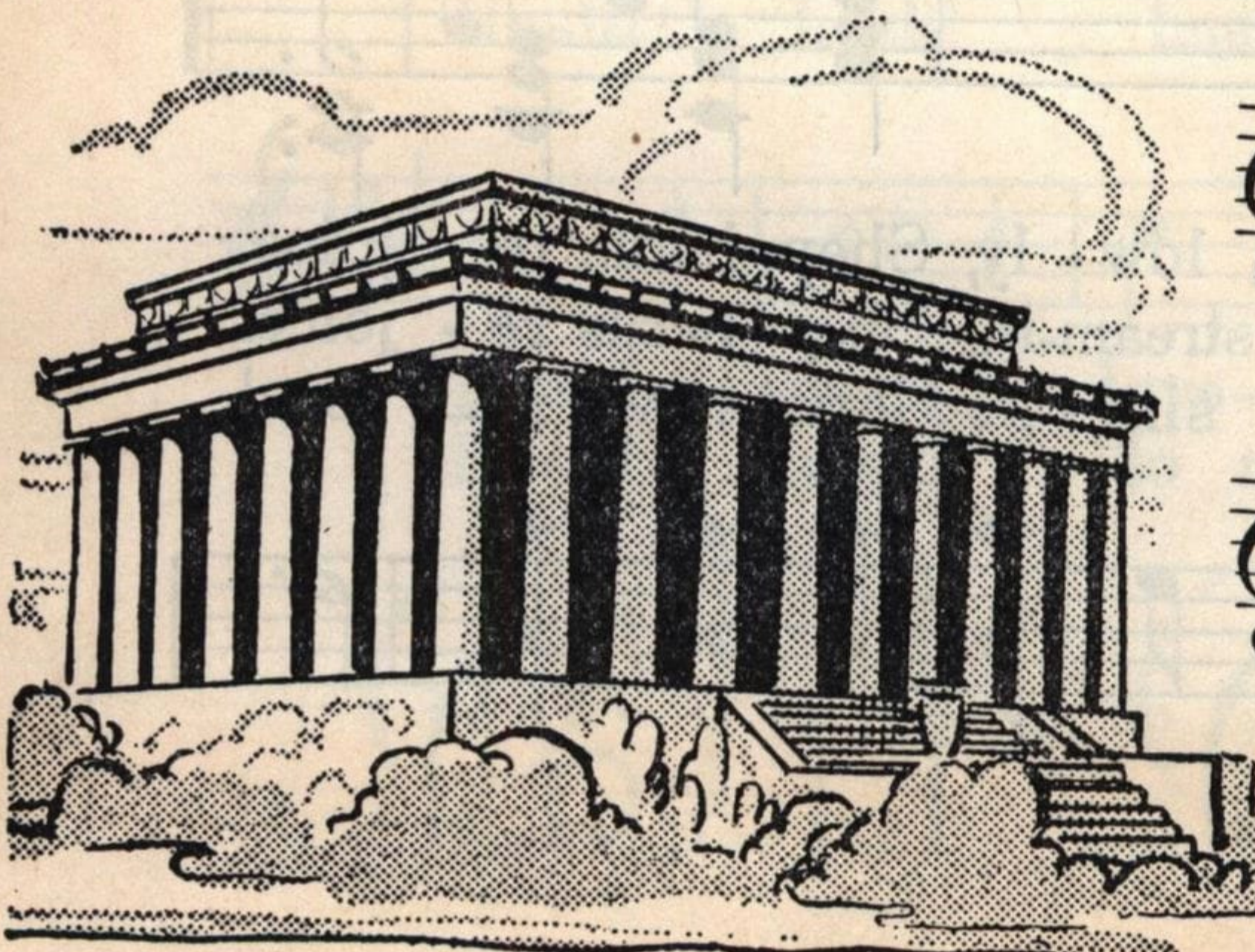
kind - ness, With love he was pos - sessed. So



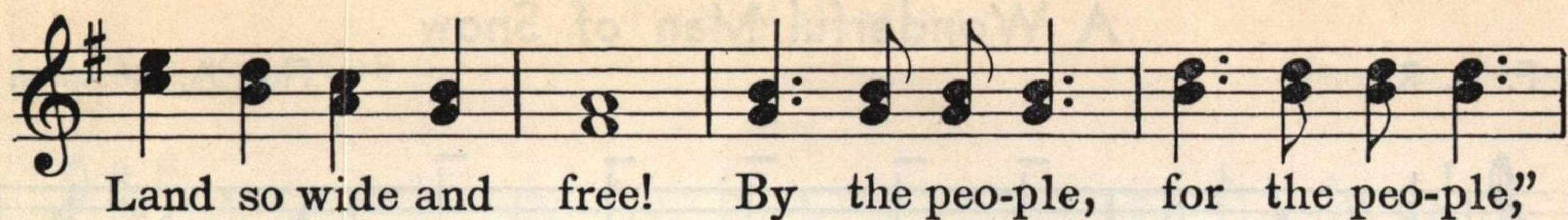
"of the peo - ple,



by the peo - ple,"







Land so wide and free! By the peo-ple, for the peo-ple,"



Kept for you and me. God's pre-cious free-dom for - ev - er - more!



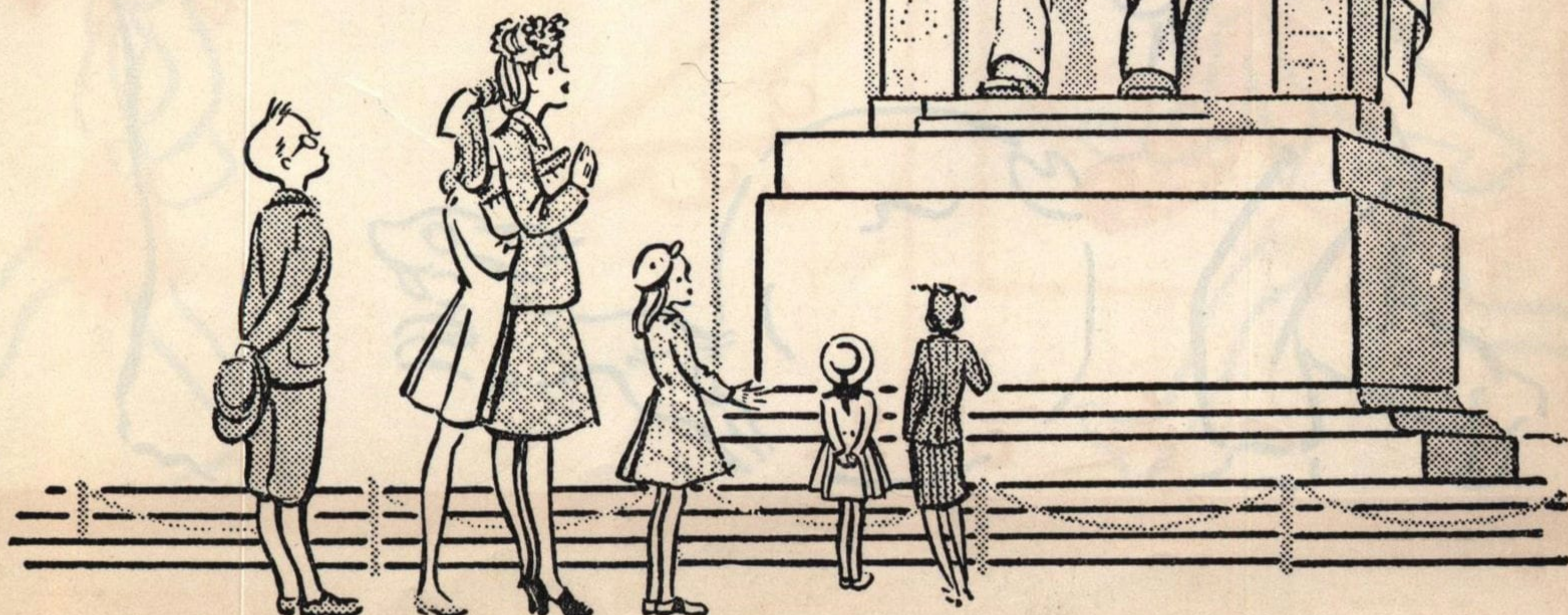
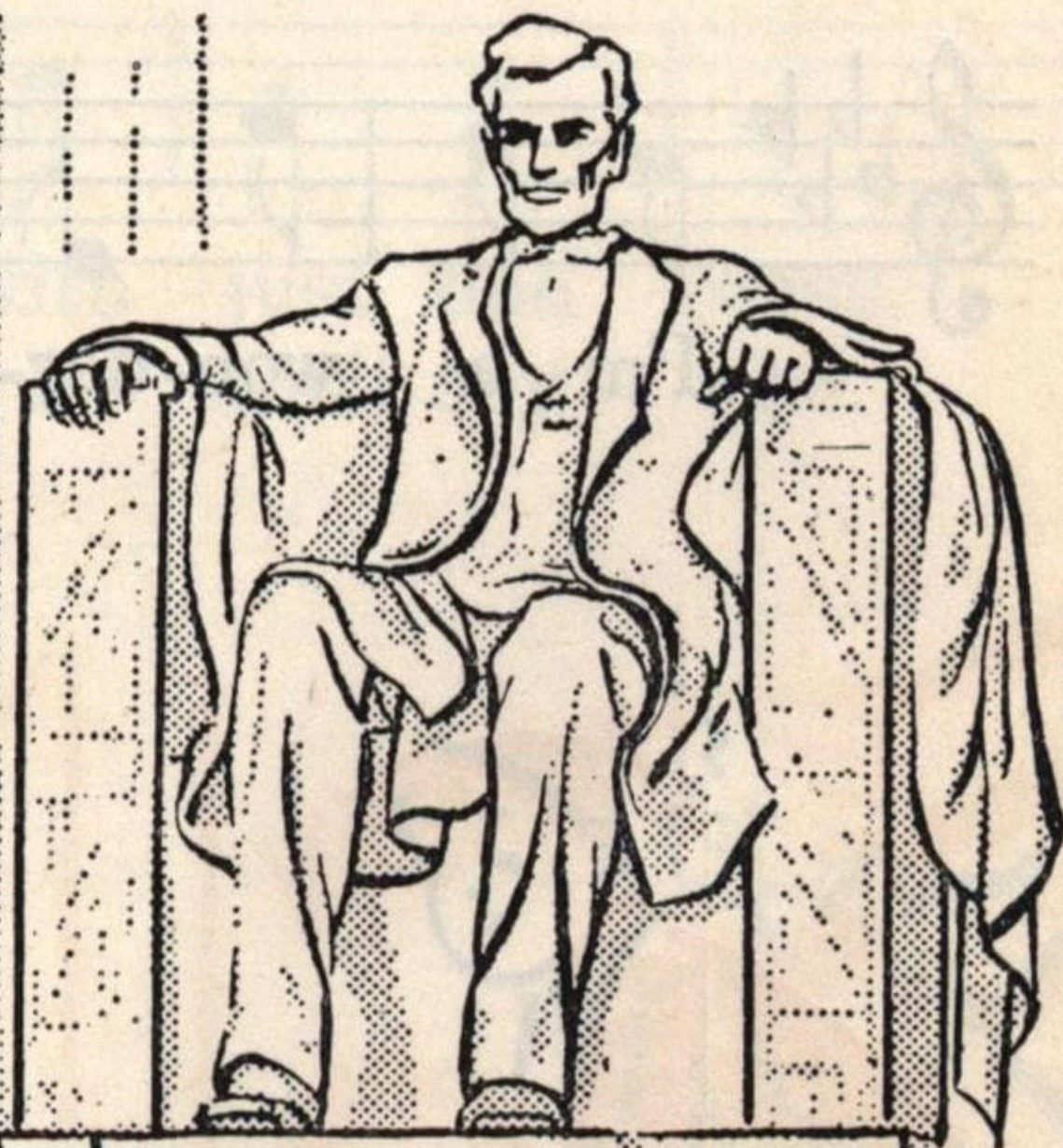
The wea-ry and op-pressed, The hum-ble and dis-tressed And  
While still our ban-ner waves O'er land where none are slaves, His



all our chil-dren's chil - dren Shall call his mem-'ry blest.  
spir-it hov-ers, brood-ing, O'er con - se - crat - ed graves.

This beautiful statue of Abraham Lincoln was carved out of pure white marble by Daniel Chester French (1850-1931), for the Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D. C.

French was a great American sculptor. His first work, done while in his early twenties, was the famous "Minute Man" which stands in Concord, Massachusetts, and which was made after only a few lessons in the art, some of which he took from May Alcott, the original "Amy" in *Little Women*.





# A Wonderful Man of Snow

F. A. R.

Floy A. Rossman



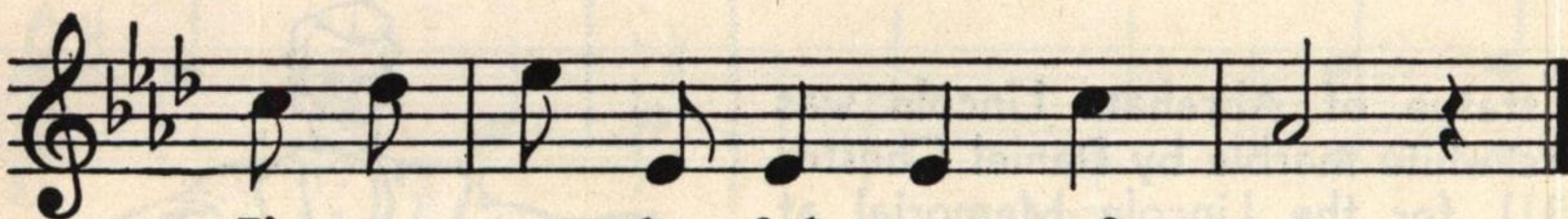
1. I'm a great big man of snow, With a  
2. I have two black coals for eyes, And a



broom-stick gun, ho, ho! I was rolled down the hill With a  
pipe that is a prize. With a pan for a hat And a



laugh and a spill, I'm a won-der-ful man of snow, ho, ho,  
coat and cra-vat,



I'm a won-der-ful man of snow.





## Two Valentines

J. Lilian Vandevere

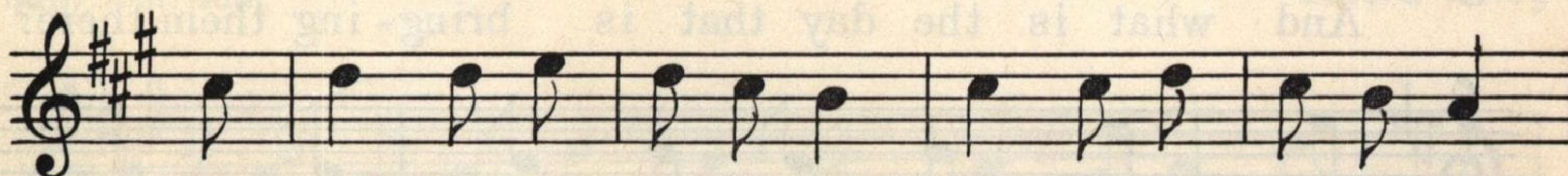
Mary de Haven



1. Sing hey! for a val-en-tine, Gay lit-tle val-en-tine,  
2. Sing heigh! for a val-en-tine, I sent a val-en-tine,



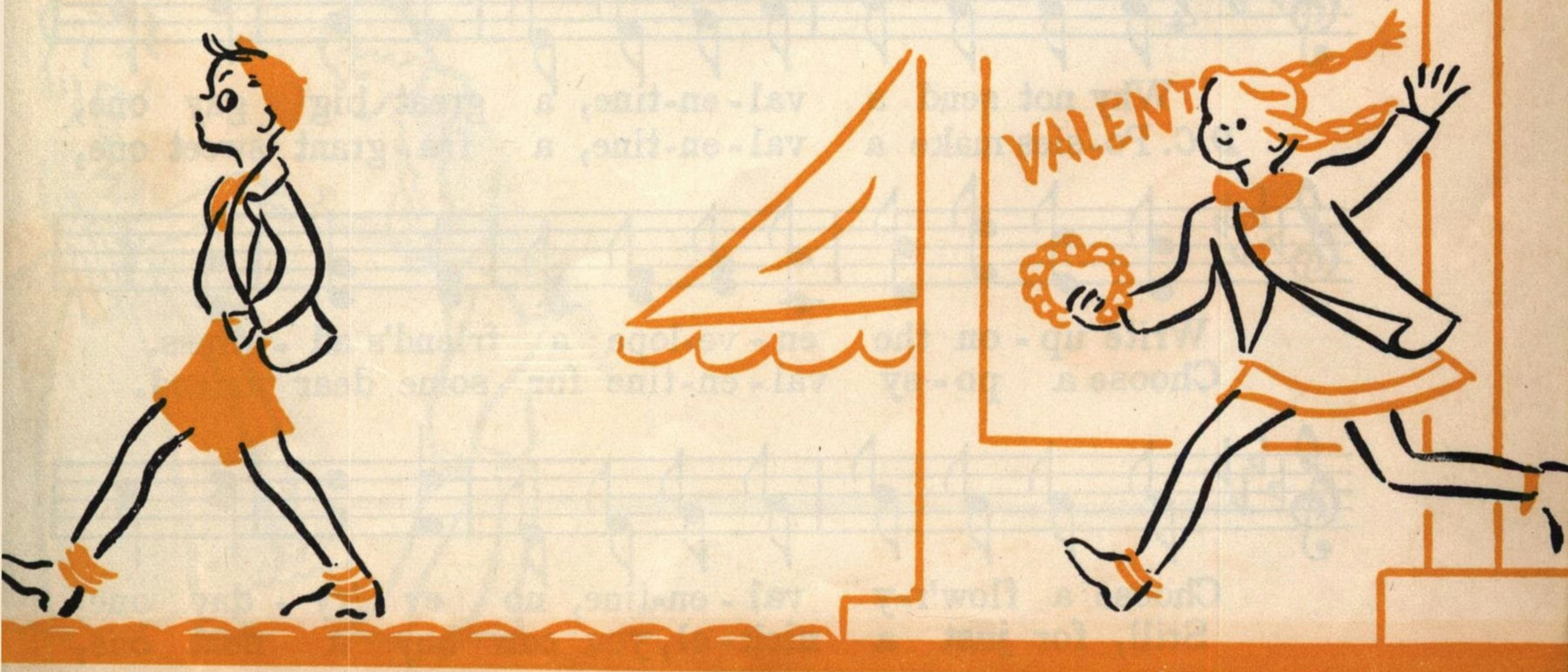
One that real-ly has my name and my ad - dress.  
One that said "A val-en-tine from me to you?"



Sing heigh! for a val-en-tine, My lit-tle val-en-tine,  
Sing ho! for a val-en-tine, Oh, for a val-en-tine,



I can tell you where it's from with just one guess.  
Some-one got the one I sent, I won't say who.



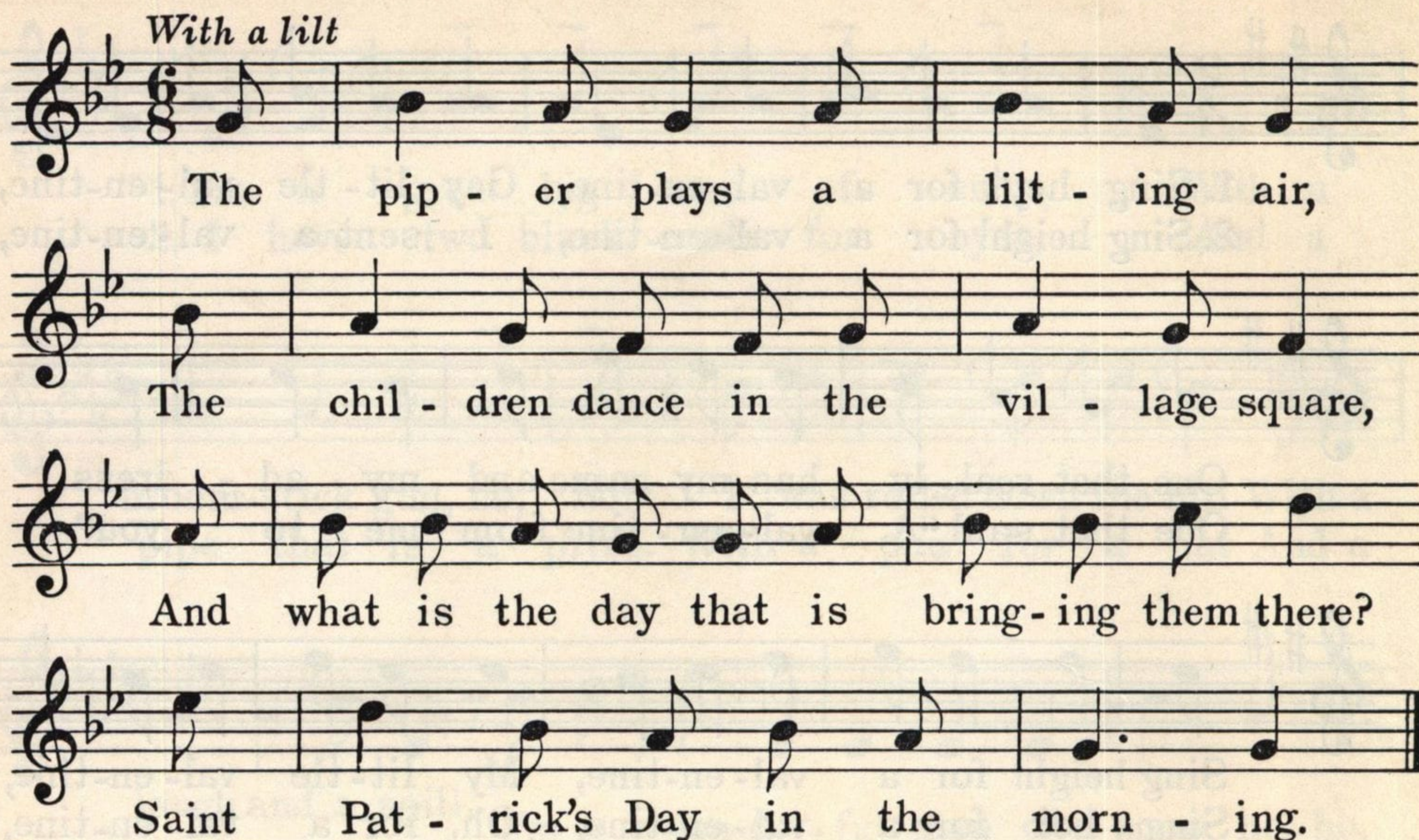


## Saint Patrick's Day

Mary de Haven

Gladys Pitcher

*With a lilt*



The pip - er plays a lilt - ing air,  
The chil - dren dance in the vil - lage square,  
And what is the day that is bring - ing them there?  
Saint Pat - rick's Day in the morn - ing.

## February Fourteenth

Mary de Haven

French Folk Tune (adapted)



Why not send a val - en - tine, a great big gay one,  
D.C. Po - sies make a val - en - tine, a fra - grant sweet one,  
Write up - on the en - ve - lope a friend's ad - dress.  
Choose a po - sy val - en - tine for some dear friend.  
Choose a flow'r - y val - en - tine, no ev - 'ry - day one,  
Still, for just a nick - el, you can buy a neat one,





Nev - er, nev - er sign your name, but let her guess.  
Just as nice a val - en - tine as one need send.

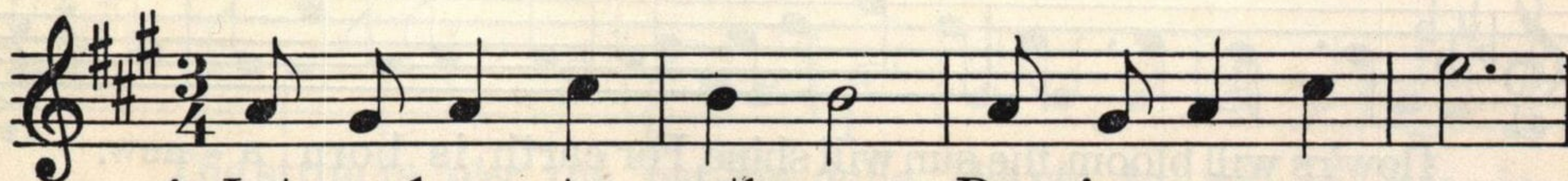


Can - dy in a box, with a big red bow, Is a treat I know.

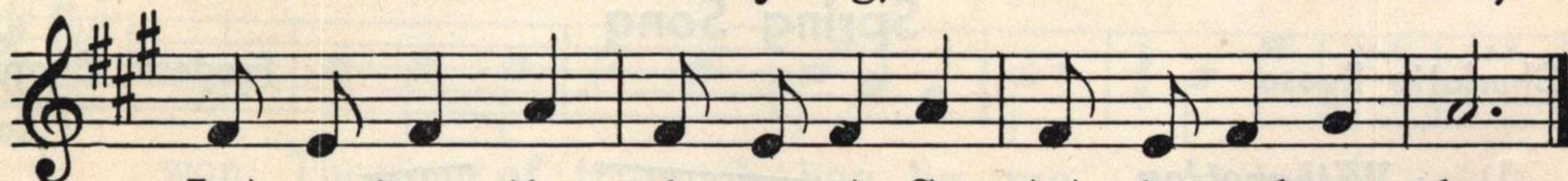
## A Stately Dance

Ruth Harrison

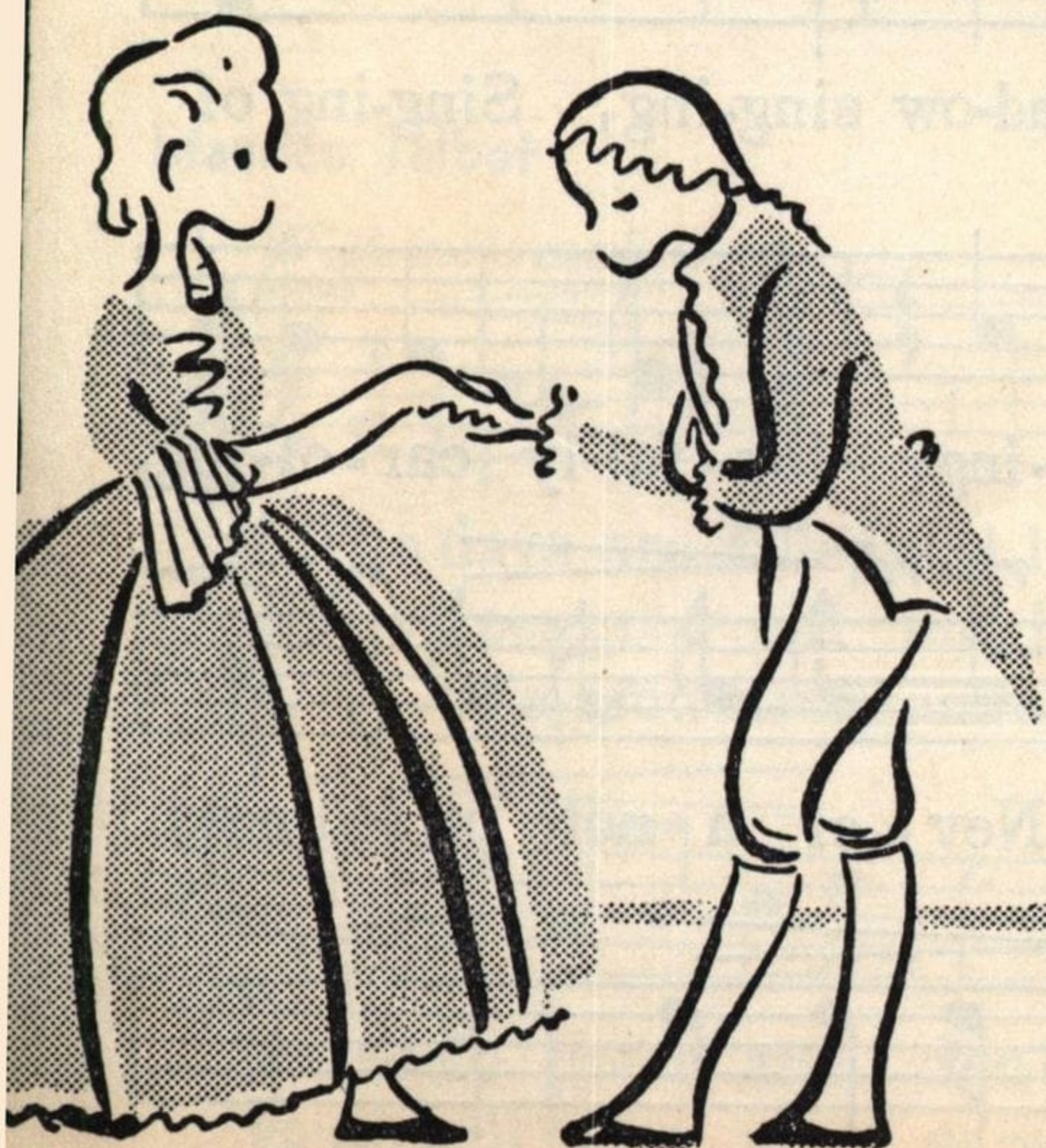
Edvard Grieg



1. Let us dance to - geth - er, Bow - ing as we go,  
2. Crin - o - lines a - sway - ing, Mu - sic soft and low,



Let us dance the min - u - et, So state - ly and so slow.  
When we dance the min - u - et, By light of can - dle - glow.





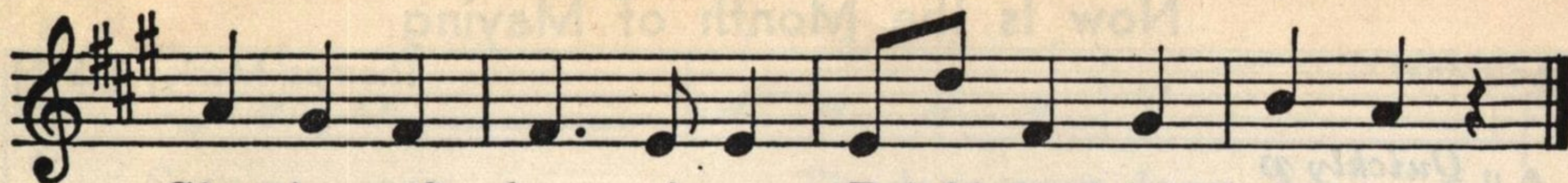
## First Spring Days

Ruth Harrison

Franz Peter Schubert







Sing-ing of hap - pi-ness, Bright greet-ings bring-ing.

## The Strife Is O'er

From the Latin, Tr. F. Potts (1861)

Arranged from Palestrina (1515-1594)



Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia! Al-le - lu - ia!



The strife is o'er, the bat-tle done, The vic-to-ry of life is

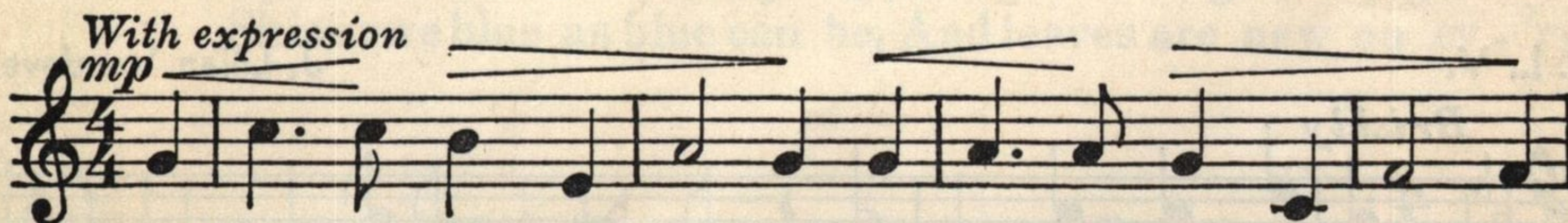


won; The song of tri-umph has be-gun. Al-le - lu - ia!

## Arbor Day

Maurice Talbot

Robert Schumann



1. The days are filled with beau-ty When gen-tle Spring is here; The  
2. The trees grow old and life-less, In time they pass a - way, But  
3. O tree, grow strong and state-ly Be-neath the sun's warm ray, Till



leaves so green and ten-der, On many a tree ap - pear.  
youth will bring new sap-lings To plant on Ar-bor Day.  
all who come and rest here Shall bless our Ar-bor Day.



# Now Is the Month of Maying

## Traditional

Thomas Morley (1595)

*Quickly p*

Handwritten musical notation on a single staff. The notation is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo and dynamics are marked 'Quickly p'. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, ending with a quarter rest.

1. Now is the month of May-ing, When mer-ry lads are play-ing.
2. The Spring, clad all in glad-ness, Doth laugh at Win-ter's sad-ness.
3. Fye, then, why sit we mus-ing, Sweet youth's de-lights re-fus-ing?

- Each with his bon - ny lass, A - danc - ing on the grass.  
And to the bag-pipe's sound, The nymphs tread out their ground.  
Say, dain - ty nymphs and speak, Shall we play bar - ley break?

*mf* *cresc.* *f* (repeat, softly)

Fa la la la la Fa la la la la la la la la la la.

## May Again!

J. L. V.

**J. Lilian Vandevere**

*Briskly*



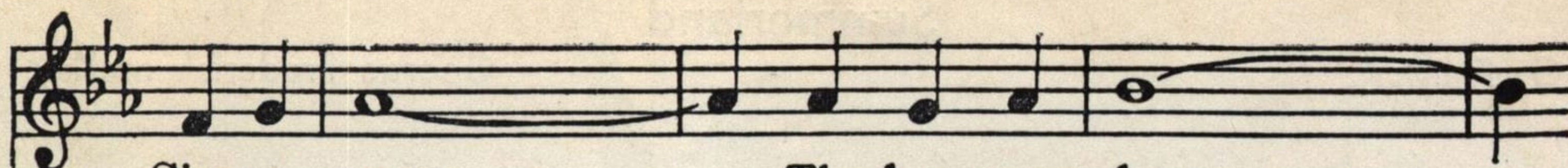
The first staff of music is written on a five-line staff with a treble clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The tempo marking 'Briskly' is written above the staff. The melody begins with a quarter note on G4, followed by a quarter note on A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, including a triplet of eighth notes (G4, A4, B4) and a quarter note on C5. The staff ends with a double bar line.

1. Come out, come down the lane! There's a gay lit-tle breeze that calls a-  
2. A-long the cit - y street Mer - ry hand-or-gan tunes be - gin to

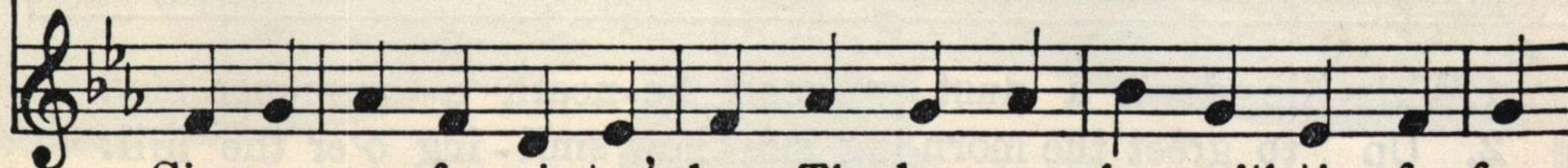
A single staff of handwritten musical notation. The staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody consists of several measures of music, featuring a mix of quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes, as well as rests. The handwriting is fluid and characteristic of 19th-century musical notation.

way, And aft-er A-pril rain, What is fair as a day in May?  
float In time with children's feet, With a gay lit-tlespring-time note.

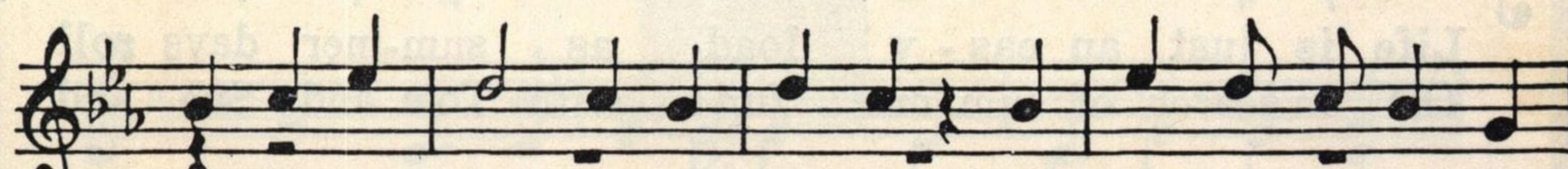




Sing a song, \_\_\_\_\_ The days grow long, \_\_\_\_\_  
Rob-ins call \_\_\_\_\_ Whenshad-ows fall, \_\_\_\_\_



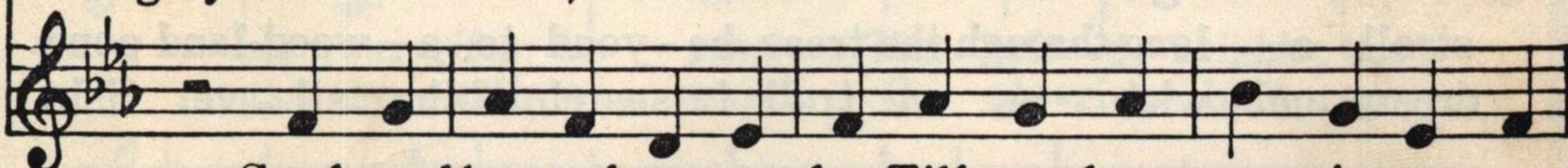
Sing a song, for win-ter's done; The days grow long, with time for fun.  
Rob-ins call a-cross the town Whenshad-ows fall, then nes-tle down.



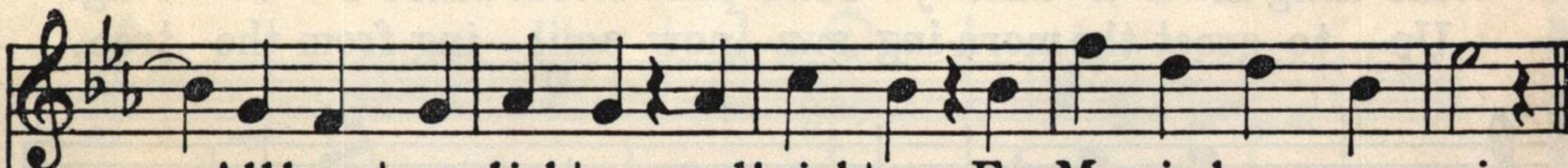
And you may hear in the or-chard the lilt of a bub-ling  
The or-chard boughs now are ros-y that once were a som-ber



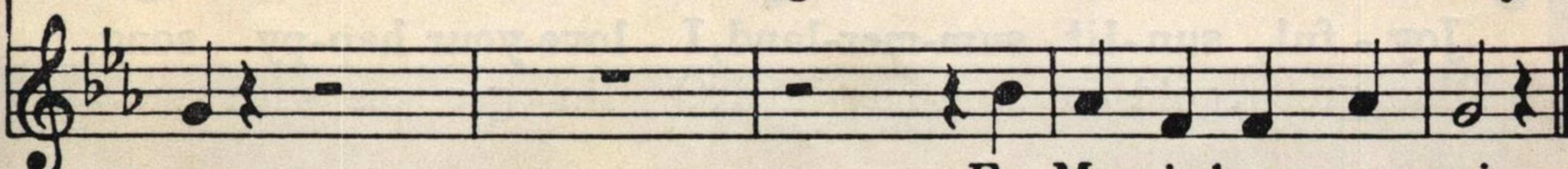
wren. Spade and hoe \_\_\_\_\_ Till gar-dens grow. \_\_\_\_\_  
grey. Skies are blue, \_\_\_\_\_ And leaves are new. \_\_\_\_\_



Spade and hoe each sun-ny day, Till gar-dens grow in green ar-  
Skies are blue as blue can be, And leaves are new on ev-'ry



— All hearts are light-er, and bright-er, For May is here a - gain.  
— Out-doors in-vites us, de-lights us, For all the world loves May.



ray,  
tree,

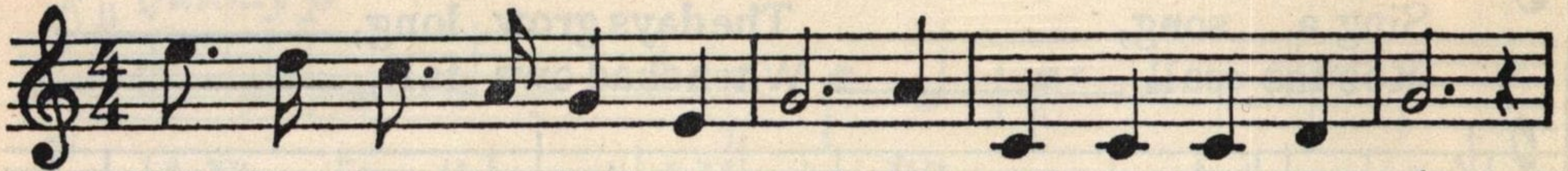
For May is here a - gain.  
For all the world loves May.



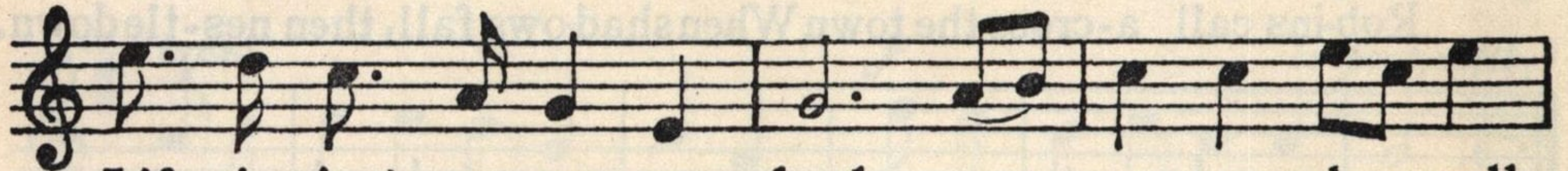
## Summerland

G. F. McK.

George Frederick McKay



1. Whis-tling down a dust-y road be-neath a sum-mer sky.
2. Up to greet the morn-ing sun now smil-ing o'er the hill.



Life is just an eas-y load as sum-mer days roll  
Off in search of sum-mer fun with Tom and Sue and



by. We'll sit and dream be-side a pleas-ant stream. We'll  
Bill. We'll row our boat a-cross the qui-et lake. We'll



stroll a-long through the trees be-yond to a wood-land pond.  
dream and wish as we troll in search of the sil-ver fish.



Whis-tling down a dust-y road past fields where I be-long.  
Up to greet the morn-ing sun now smil-ing from the tree.



Joy-ful, sun-lit sum-mer-land, I love your hap-py song.  
Blue, green, gold-en sum-mer-land, O lin-ger on with me.

If you like, after singing this song, whistle it all  
the way through, or only the last four measures.





## O GREAT AMERICA

Margery Armitage

Gladys Pitcher



1. O great A - mer-i - ca! My coun-try, fair and  
2. O great A - mer-i - ca! My coun-try, o - cean



free! Each day is o - ver - flow - ing With  
bound! If on - ly all your gifts to me Could



all your gifts to me. The loft - y heights, the  
span the earth a - round. O glo-rious land, go

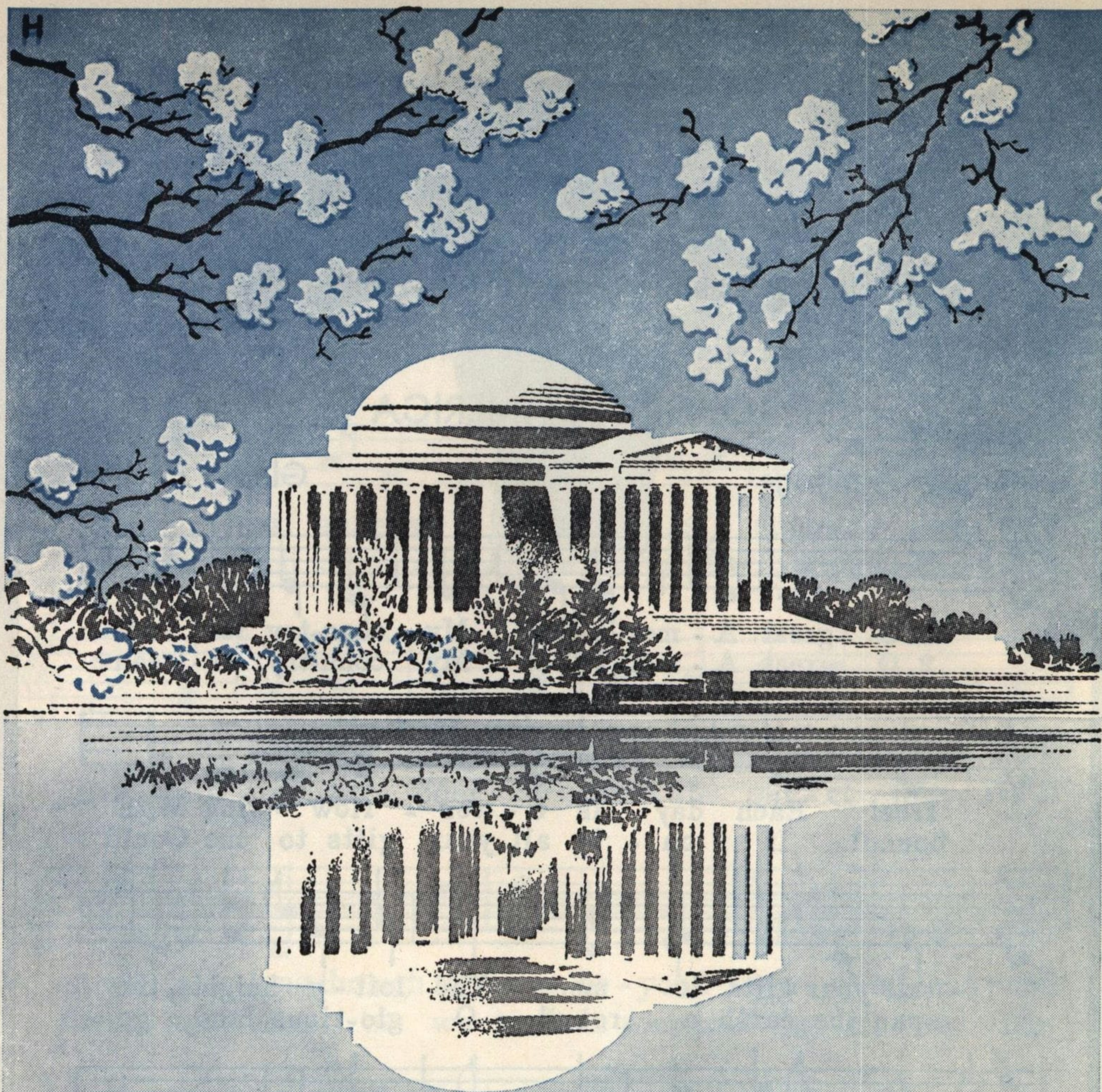


fields of grain, the plains that riv - ers part, And  
forth in quest of hearts that ache to - night, And



Oh! the high - est gift of all, your Freedom in my heart!  
tell those hearts that Freedom's torch shall nev - er dim its light!





I HAVE SWORN UPON THE ALTAR OF  
GOD  
ETERNAL HOSTILITY  
AGAINST EVERY FORM OF TYRANNY  
OVER THE MIND OF MAN

—*Thomas Jefferson*



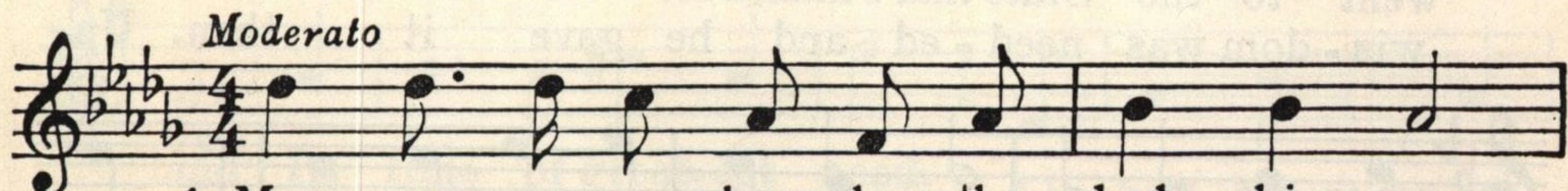


## WE SING OF AMERICA

### Invocation

Pierson Underwood

Lawrence Perry



1. May we re-mem-ber, when the dark skies war,  
2. May we re-mem-ber, when the storm-winds old  
3. Let none for-get the boy in log - fire glow,



Loud tho' the thun-der at our door-ways knock, The  
Blow chill in street or al - ley, glen or gorge, The  
Watch-ing in shad-ows, while the night fell blind, The



gleam of faith, once kin - dled clear— a star From  
spark of cour - age, struck from steel and cold, In  
shape of free-dom, loom - ing large and slow, With



stone, at Ply-mouth Rock.  
snow at Val-ley— Forge.

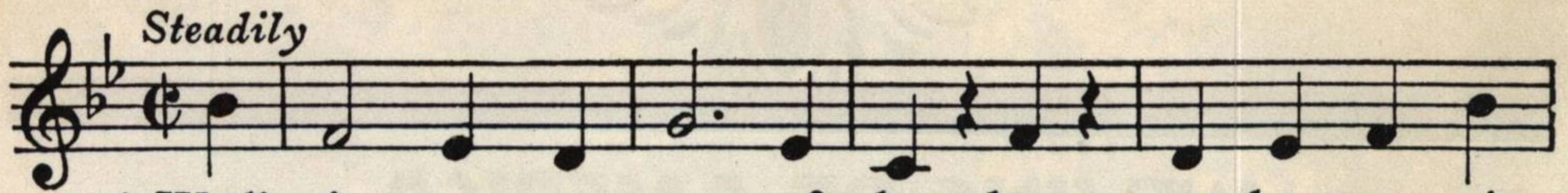
hope for all man - kind.



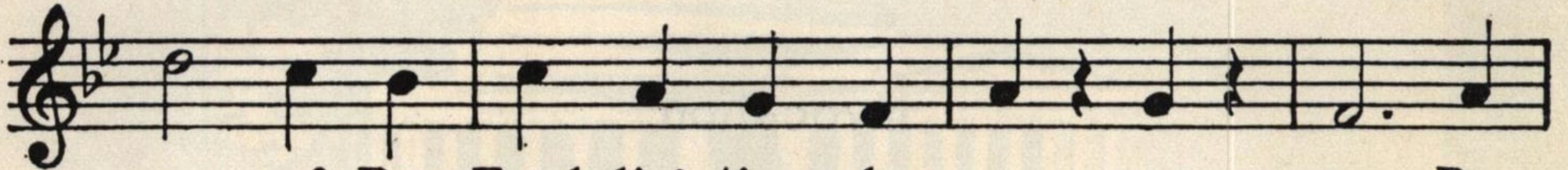
# Good Old Ben

David Stevens

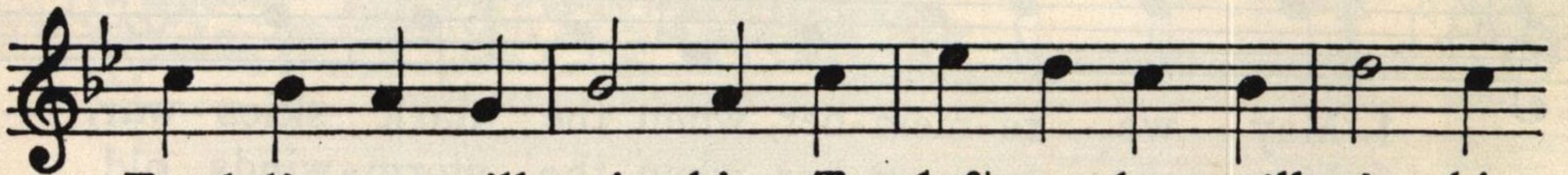
Bernard Rogers



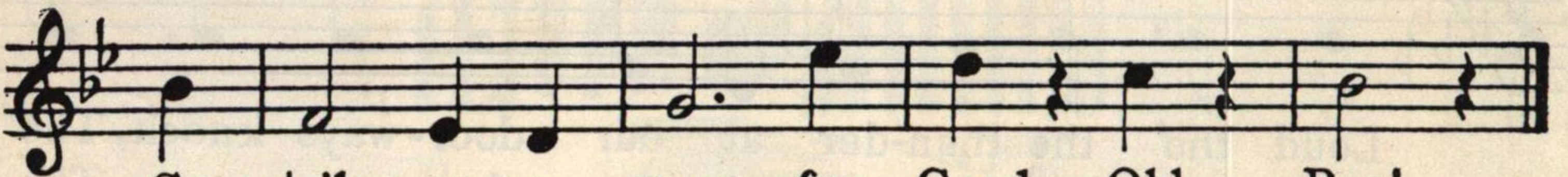
1. We'll sing you a song of days long passed a - way, A  
2. A poor lad was he and lived in Bos-ton town, Then  
3. When storm clouds were dark he stood by Wash-ing-ton, His



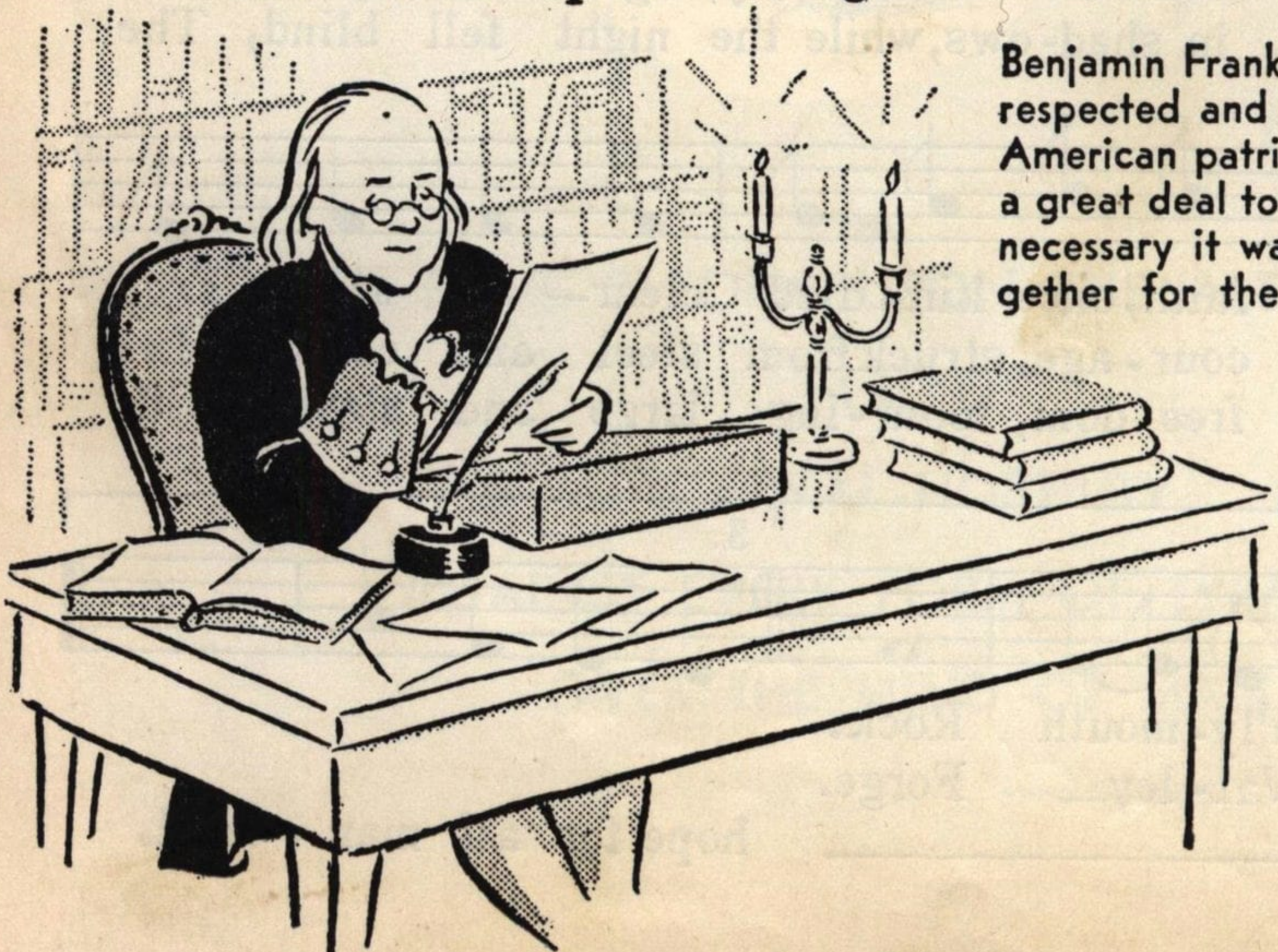
song of Ben Frank-lin's time when men were men. Ben  
went to the State that's named for Wil - liam Penn. A  
wis - dom was need - ed and he gave it then. Up -



Frank-lin, we will praise him, To loft - y place we'll raise him,  
states-man he be - came there, And made a fa-mous name there,  
on a sure foun-da - tion He helped to build our na - tion,



So strike up a song for Good Old Ben!



Benjamin Franklin was one of the most respected and best loved of the early American patriots and leaders. He did a great deal to show these leaders how necessary it was for them to work together for the good of the country.



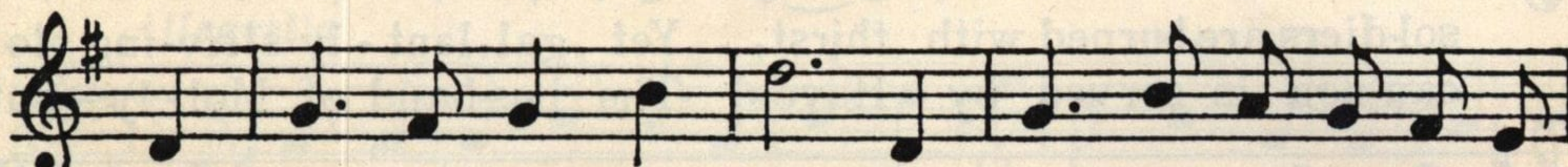
# Hail to Washington!

R. W. G.

Robert W. Gibb



1. A he - ro we sa - lute to - day,  
2. He led his ar - my through the war



Whose ev - 'ry thought and deed He gave the peo - ple of the  
That made our coun - try free, And still that lib - er - ty en -



land In time of great - est need. All hail the name of  
dures For all, for you and me.



Wash - ing - ton, His prais - es now we sing, A name that will for -



ev - er - more Throughout the a - ges ring. De - vot - ed to his



coun - try's cause, He nev - er sought for fame, And



still he lives in mem - o - ry, All hail his death - less name!

The picture above reproduces the mammoth group carved from the granite face of Mount Rushmore, in South Dakota. This sculpture, by an American, Gutzon Borglum, represents George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Theodore Roosevelt, and Abraham Lincoln.



# Molly Pitcher

David Stevens

Gladys Pitcher



1. The bat - tle is rag - ing on Mon - mouth ground, Our  
2. The bat - tle is rag - ing on Mon - mouth ground, A



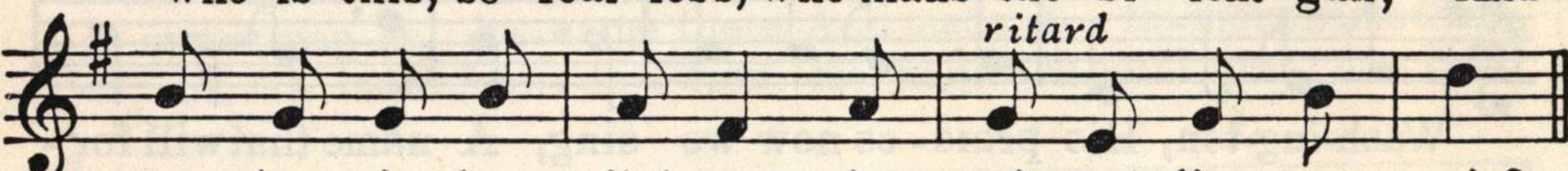
sol - diers are burned with thirst, - Yet gal - lant - ly striv - ing to  
can - non is served by Hayes, The hus - band of Mol - ly - but



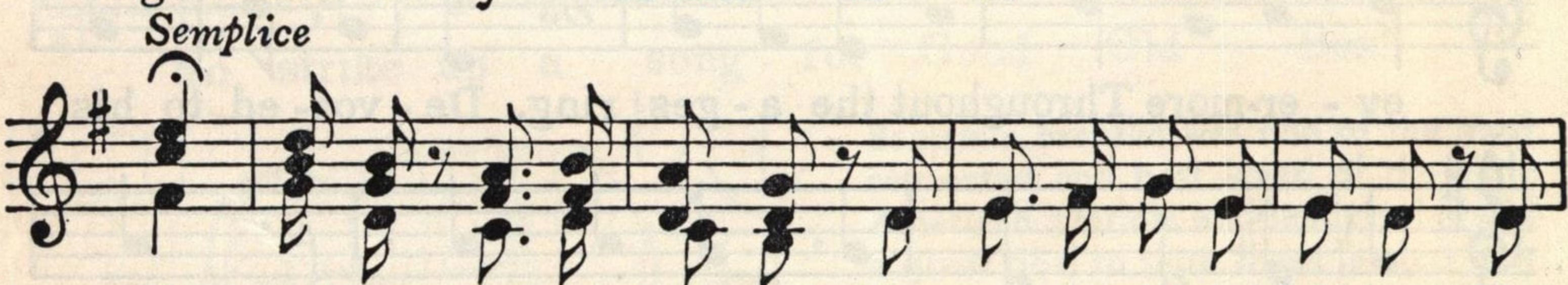
do the best, And read - y to meet the worst. - Now  
see, he falls! His bod - y we gen - tly raise. - But



who is she who pass - es a - mong the fight - ing men With  
who is this, so fear - less, who mans the si - lent gun, And



wa - ter in her pitch - er, to make us live a - gain?  
fights like an - y sol - dier un - til the strife is done?



'Tis Mol - ly, Mol - ly Pitch - er! May noth - ing ill be - fall her! The



name is not her right - ful one, But that is what we call her. Let



can - non roar, let bul - lets fly, She looks the foe - man in the eye, And





come what may, she'll do or die, Our Mol-ly, Mol-ly Pitch-er.  
Our Mol-ly, Ser-geant Pitch-er.

## Lincoln and Liberty

Traditional

Adapted from the early American tune, *Old Rosin the Beau*

*Allegretto*



1. Hur-rah for the choice of the na-tion! Our chieftain so brave and so  
2. They'll find what by fell-ing and mauling Our rail-mak-er states-man can



true; We'll go for the great re - for - ma-tion, For Lin-coln and  
do; For peo-ple are ev - ry-where call-ing For Lin-coln and



Lib-er-ty, too.— We'll go for the Son of Ken-tuck-y, Yes,  
Lib-er-ty, too.— Then up with our ban-ner so glo-rious, The



that's what we'll all of us do; The pride of the Suck-ers so  
star-span-gled red, white and blue; We'll fight till our flag is vic-



luck-y, For Lin-coln and Lib-er-ty, too.  
to-rious, For Lin-coln and Lib-er-ty, too.

This is a song used in Lincoln's first campaign for the Presidency. Like most political songs it is 'rough and ready.' The words 'felling and mauling' probably refer to the felling of trees and what Lincoln will do to his opponents. The states had, and still have, popular names characteristic of some special feature. That of Illinois is the 'Sucker State,' the least appropriate of state nicknames.





# To the Flag

David Stevens

George W. Chadwick



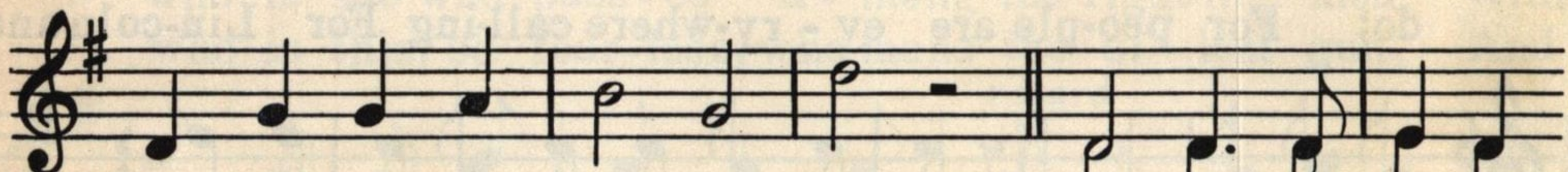
1. The flag that is fly-ing in stain-less glo-ry, The  
2. In years that are com-ing, what-e'er be-fall us, The



sign of a free-dom that ne'er shall die, It flies o-ver  
Star-Span-gled Ban-ner shall be our guide. What-ev-er its



free-men, Whose fa-ters wrote our sto-ry, And flung their new-born  
mis-sion, Wher-ev-er it may call us, We'll rise and fol-low



stand-ard to the az-ure sky! Here come the col-ors  
where it leads with faith and pride!



that we all hold dear! Greet Old Glo-ry with a rous-ing



cheer! Pre-serve its fair re-nown And nev-er let it down-



The Stars and Stripes for-ev-er stand for free-dom!\_

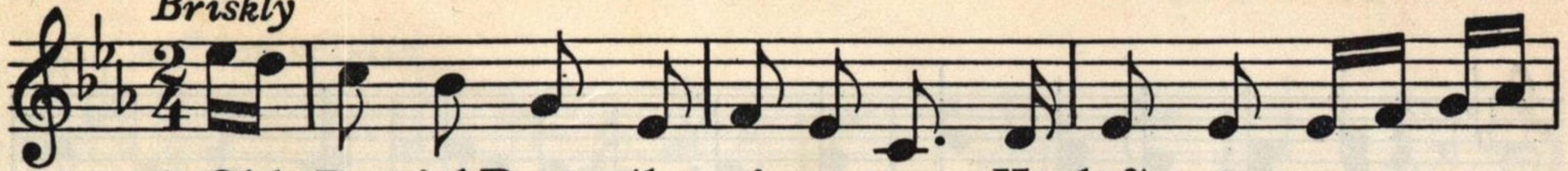


# Daniel Boone

Frederick Martens

American Tune  
("The Girl I Left Behind Me")

*Briskly*



1. Old Dan-iel Boone, the pi-o-neer, He left a rep-u-
2. Old Dan-iel knew his way a-bout In re-gions all un-
3. Old Dan-iel Boone, the pi-o-neer, For eight-y years and



ta-tion That ev-'ry-one must still re-vere, No  
chart-ed; He al-ways knew the best way out, And  
o-ver, He hunt-ed bea-ver, bear and deer, A



mat-ter what his sta-tion. When Dan-iel was a  
fin-ished what he start-ed. The tribes pur-sued him  
fear-less fight-ing rov-er. He knew his trade with-



boy at home, At farm-ing you'd not find him, A-  
night and day, To run him down and bind him, But  
out a doubt, No craft-y foe could blind him, He-



hunt-ing in the fields he'd roam, And leave the plow be-hind him.  
Dan-iel al-ways got a-way, And left no trail be-hind him.  
lived and died a fa-mous scout, And left his name be-hind him.

One outstanding figure of Colonial days wore no blue and buff, no fine clothes with lace at throat and wrist. Daniel Boone wore a coon-skin cap, and leather breeches and jerkin. Eager to explore, he left North Carolina to find "Kentucke." He returned after two years, full of such enthusiasm and confidence that he persuaded five families to go west with him. Boone stands out in American history, a skilled woodsman, fearless but quiet, with the keen eyes and brave spirit of the true pioneer.





J. Lilian Vandevere

## Defenders



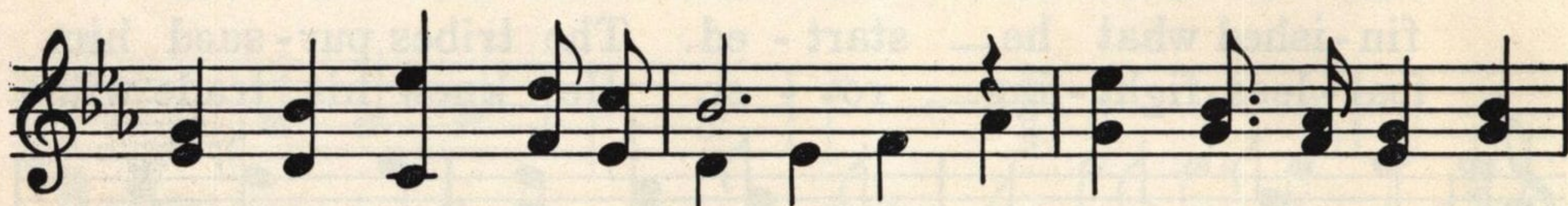
Robert W. Gibb



1. View with e - la - tion Pride of the na - tion, Brave men who de -
2. East where the dawn rise, West where the day dies, See our ships go
3. Rid - ing the sky - way, Far, track - less high - way, Air - men fly a -
4. Where trop - ic sun glows, Where i - cy wind blows, Brave marines are



fend us. Drilled to per - fec - tion, Trained as pro - tec - tion,  
sail - ing. Where waves are rol - ling, Watch - ing, pa - trol - ling,  
bove us. Planes tuned and read - y Hands firm and stead - y,  
stand - ing. No foe af - frights them, Dan - ger de - lights them,



They march out for us then (to guard us). Cour - age will lead them  
They sail out for us then (to guard us). Tell their de - vo - tion,  
They fly out for us then (to guard us). Wings lift to bear them,  
Sol - dier trained for the sea (to guard us). Quick men for land - ing,



On where we need them, Sing their praise a - gain (We sing it!)  
Pride of the o - cean, Sing their praise a - gain (We sing it!)  
Brave, fear - less air - men, Sing their praise a - gain (We sing it!)  
Strong men for stand - ing, Sing their praise a - gain (We sing it!)



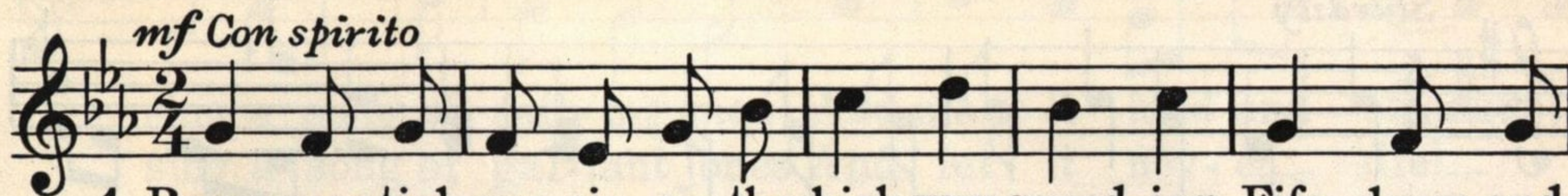
Three cheers, all to - geth - er - Cheer for the Ar - my men!  
Three cheers, all to - geth - er - Cheer for the Na - vy men!  
Three cheers, all to - geth - er - Cheer for the Air Corps men!  
Three cheers, all to - geth - er - Cheer the Marine Corps men!



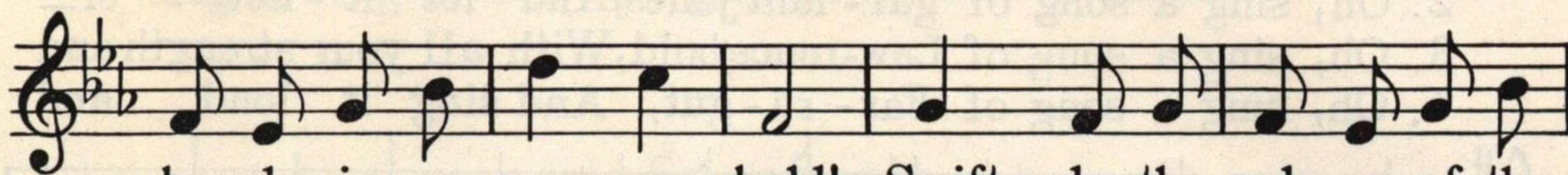
# Hats Off!

David Harvey

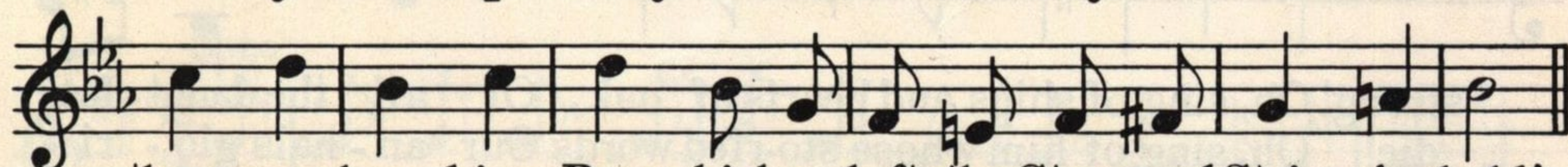
Harvey Worthington Loomis



1. Brave, mar-tial mu-sic on the high-way sound-ing, Fife, drum and  
2. Mile af - ter mile, the stur-dy men ad - vanc-ing, March where our



bu-gle, in a meas-ure bold! Swift - ly the puls-es of the  
star-ry ban-ner proud-ly leads, Thrilled by its col-ors in the



throng are bound-ing, Borne high a-loft, the Stars and Stripes be-hold!  
bright sun glanc-ing, Stirred by its his-to-ry of gal-lant deeds.

## REFRAIN



Hats off! Sa-lute the flag! Hats off! Sa-lute the flag! The no-ble



ban-ner that is yours and mine! Hats off! Sa-lute the flag! Hats off!



Sa-lute the flag. 'Twill wave as long as sun and star-light shine!

## OUR AMERICA

This proud land across the sea  
Was found by Vikings brave.  
The Pilgrims and the Spaniards came  
Across the ocean wave.

This nation strong has grown that way,  
From people of all lands,  
From Capitol to smallest shack,  
By the work of willing hands.

Aged 10

—Margaret MacPherson



# The Sailing Men

David Stevens

Peter W. Dykema

*Sturdily*



1. Oh, sing a song of sail - ing men, And make it loud\_ and
2. Oh, sing a song of gal - lant Jones, And let it nev - er\_
3. Oh, sing a song of Law - rence bold, With all your strength and
4. Oh, sing a song of Far - ra - gut, And sing it loud\_ and



strong! Oh, sing of ships and hearts of oak, Of all the daunt - less  
die! Oh, sing of him whose sto - ried words Our an - nals glo - ri -  
will. Oh, sing of him whose cour - age high Sets all our hearts a -  
clear! Oh, sing of him whose stead - y eye Could mark the course to\_



throng; The fear - less men who rode the sea To keep our nation's  
fy;— Who fought the foe - man blade to blade And met dis - as - ter  
thrill. In dy - ing words the Cap - tain brave A mot - to to our  
steer. Who braved the mines of Mo - bile Bay, And by his dar - ing

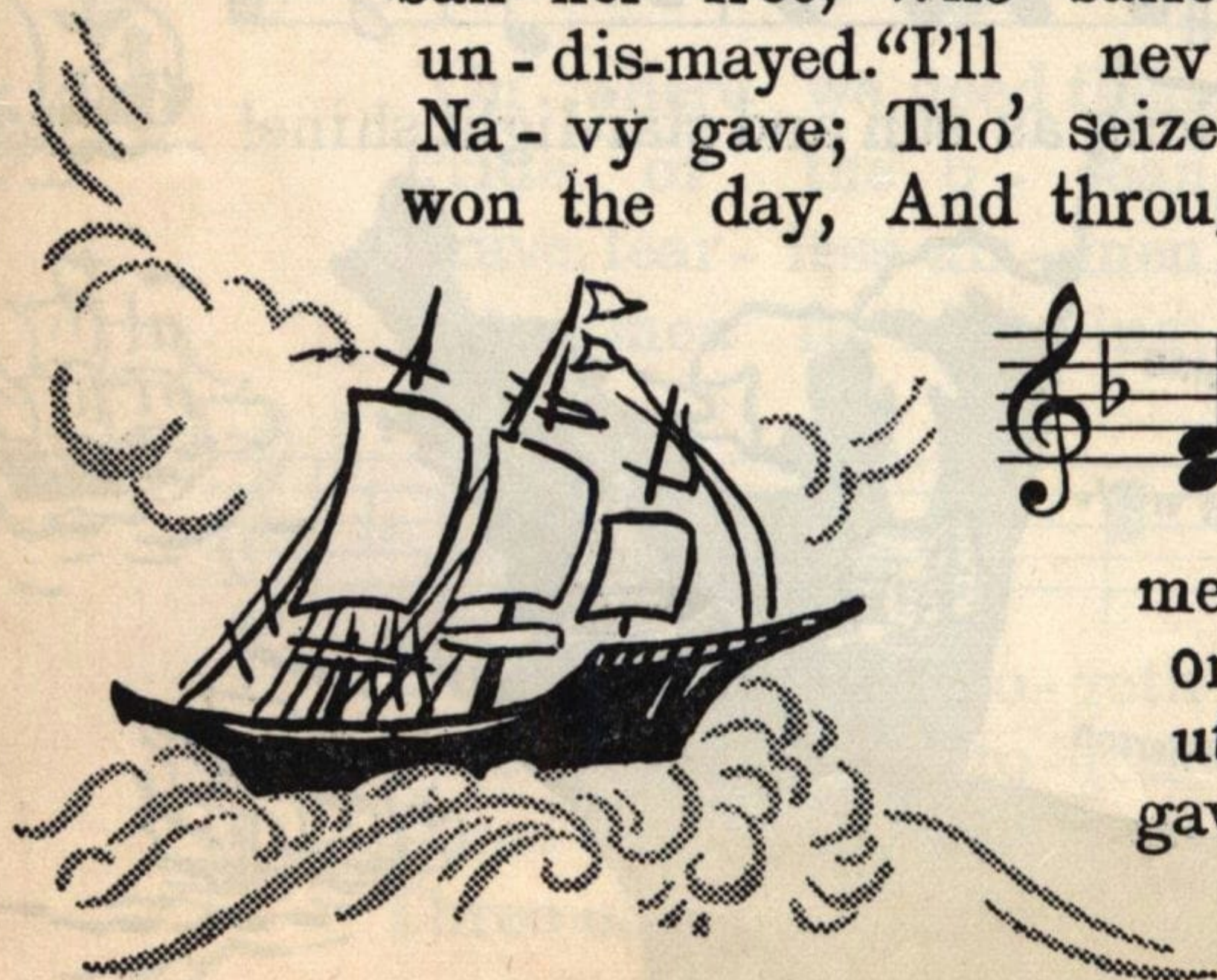


ban - ner free, Who sailed and fought their wood - en craft, The  
un - dis - mayed. "I'll nev - er yield nor take to flight, I've  
Na - vy gave; Tho' seized in death's re - lent - less grip, He  
won the day, And through a rain of steel and lead, He

*hold back a little*



men and cap - tains, fore and aft; Oh,  
on - ly just be - gun to fight! Oh,  
ut - tered "Don't give up the ship!" Oh,  
gave the word "Full speed a - head!" Oh,







sing a song of sail-ing men, And make it loud and strong!  
sing a song of gal-lant Jones And let it nev-er— die!—  
sing a song of Law-rencebold And sing it with a— will!—  
sing a song of Far-ra-gut And make it loud and clear!

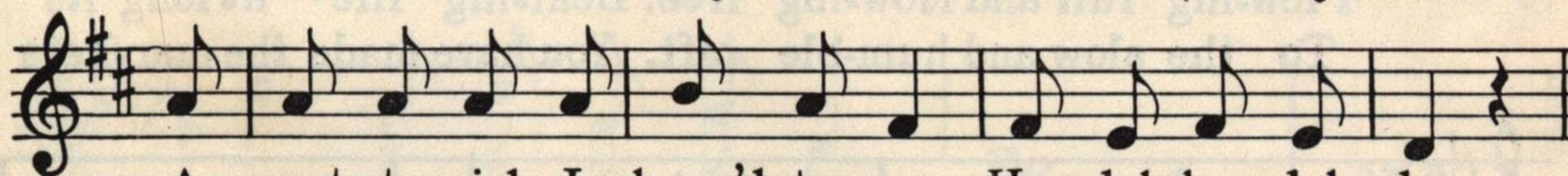
## Sacramento

Traditional

American Sailor's Chantey



1. As I was walk-ing on the quay, Hoo-dah, to my hoo-dah.  
2. Her hair was brown, her eyes were blue, Hoo-dah, to my hoo-dah.



A pret-ty girl I chanc'd to see, Hoo-dah, hoo-dah day.  
Her lips were red and sweet to view, Hoo-dah, hoo-dah day.



Blow, boys, blow for Cal-i-for-ni - o. There's plen-ty of gold so



I've been told. On the banks of the Sac - ra - men - to.

3. I raised my hat and said "How do?"  
She bowed and said, "Quite well thank you."  
4. I asked her then to come with me,  
Down to the docks my ship to see.  
5. She quickly answered "Oh dear no.  
I thank you, but I cannot go?"

6. "I have a sweetheart young and true,  
And cannot give my love to you."  
7. I said "Goodbye" and strode away.  
Although with her I longed to stay.  
8. And as I bade this girl adieu,  
I said that girls like her were few.



# Great River

David Stevens

Gladys Pitcher



1. From the north - ern Lake I - tas - ka, Run - ning  
2. No - ble riv - er, on your cur - rent You have



south - ward to the sea, Sweeps the might - y Mis - sis - sip - pi,  
borne a mil - lion craft, From the swift - ly mov - ing steamboat



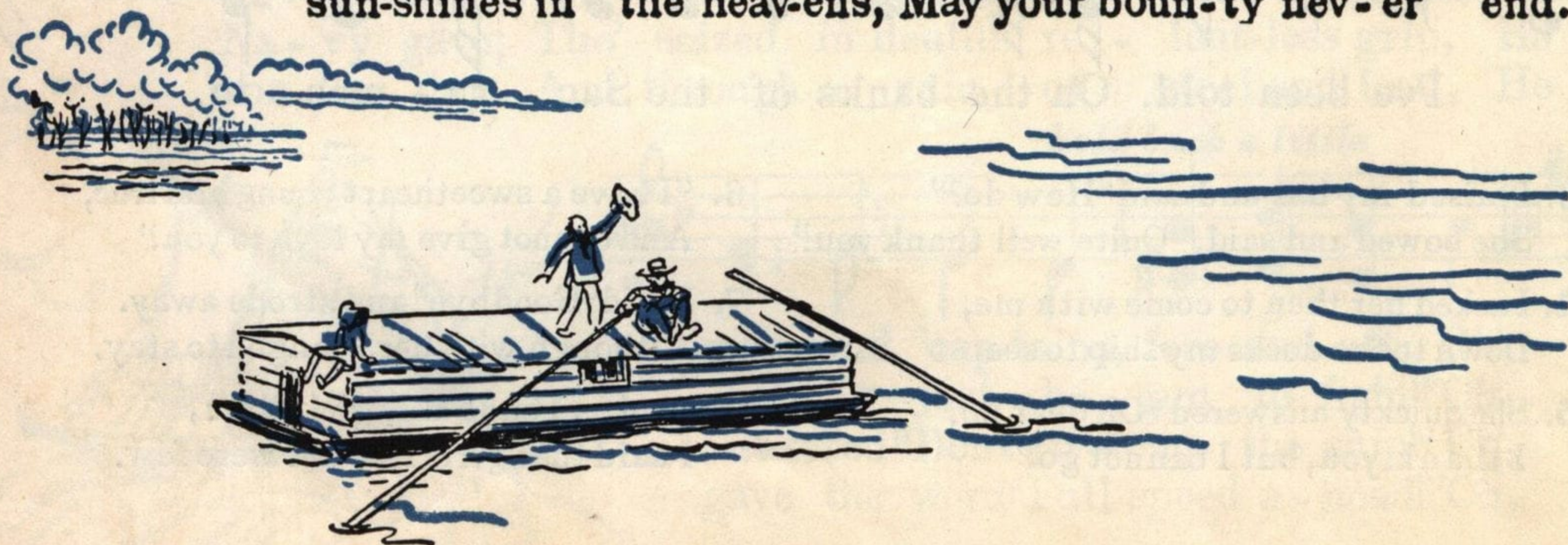
Flow - ing full and flow - ing free. Bear - ing life a - long its  
To the slow and hum - ble raft. You have made the mar - kets



bor - ders, Mak - ing green the fer - tile shore, It has  
rich - er, You have been the poor man's friend, While the



braved a thou - sand a - ges - May it brave a thou - sand more!  
sun - shines in the heav - ens, May your boun - ty nev - er end.





*With two sweeps in a measure*

REFRAIN



Roll, Mis-sis-sip - pi, roll on! Proud and state-ly



riv - er, Fa - ther of Wa - ters, roll on!



Free and boun-teous giv - er. Count-less your blessings to

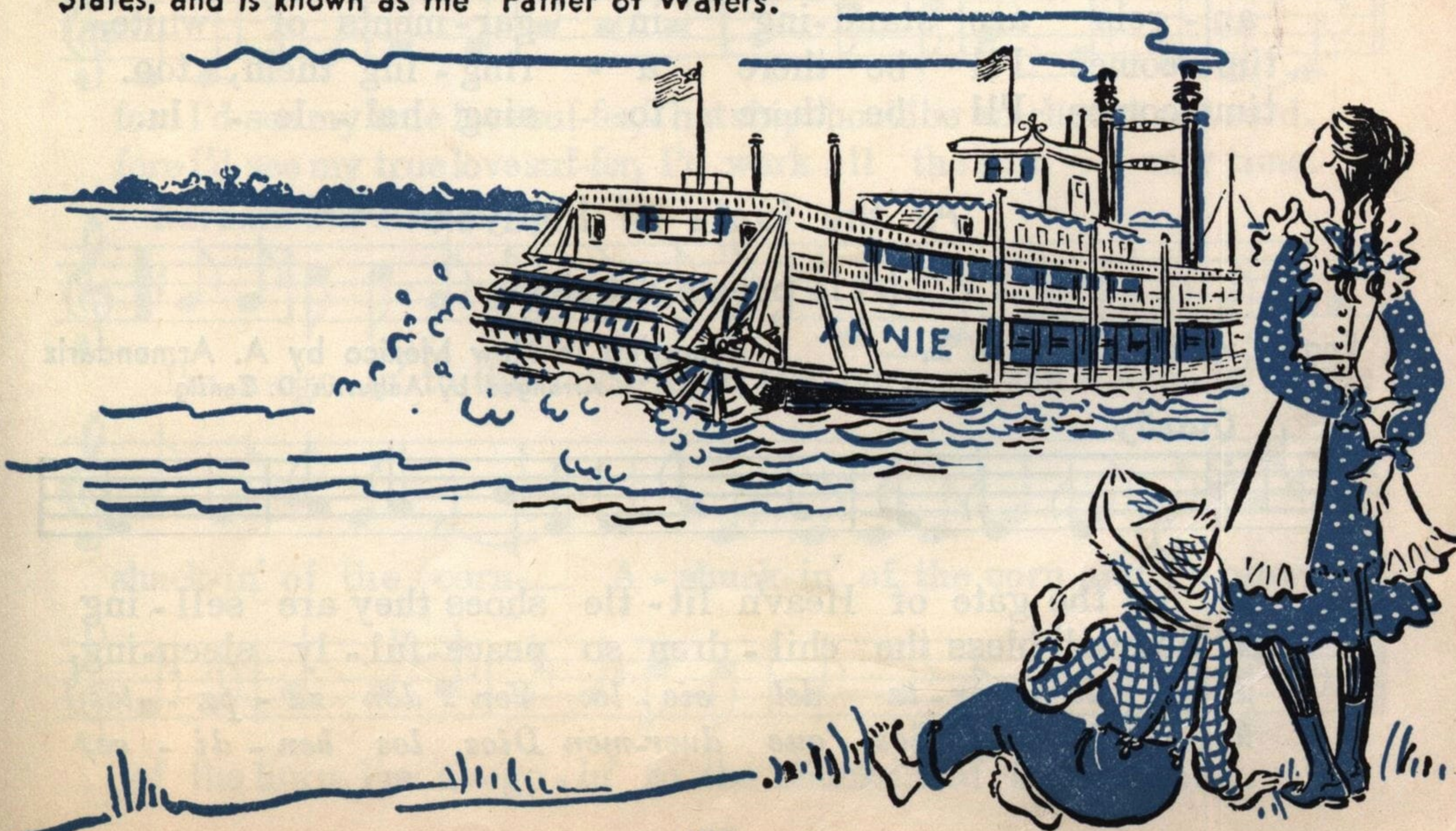


man, Source of life and plen-ty. On-ward, and nev-er stay,



Cease-less by night and day, Roll on!

The Mississippi is the largest river in the United States, and is known as the "Father of Waters."





## Climbing Up Zion's Hill

Traditional  
Extended by D. S.

North Carolina Mountain Song (extended)  
Recorded by Gladys Pitcher



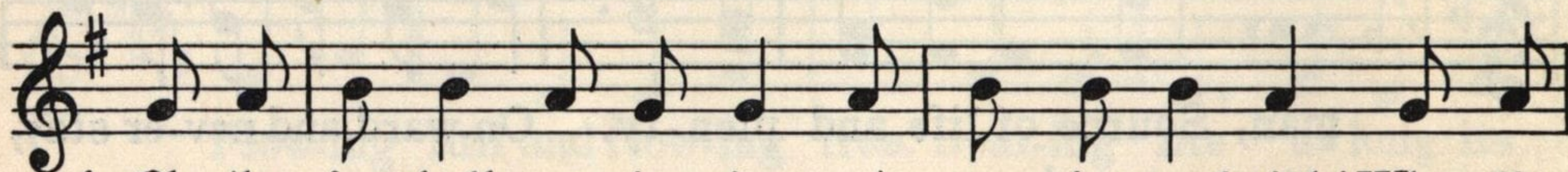
Oh, the heav-en bells are ring-ing and I'm go-ing home, And



I'm go-ing home. Oh, the heav-en bells are ring-ing and



I'm go-ing home, Climb-ing up Zi-on's Hill.



1. Oh, the joy-bells are ring-ing at morn-ing and night, Where the
2. Oh, they ring for the man-y, they ring for the few, When my
3. Yes, I'm go-ing to be there, my Lord tells me true, When my



an-gels are stand-ing in gar-ments of white.  
time comes I'll be there a-ring-ing them, too.  
time comes I'll be there to sing hal-le-lu.

## At the Gate of Heaven

(A la puerta del cielo)

English version by A. D. Z.

Recorded in New Mexico by A. Armendariz  
Arranged by Augustus D. Zanzig



1. At the gate of Heav'n lit-tle shoes they are sell-ing
2. God will bless the chil-dren so peace-ful-ly sleep-ing,
1. A la puer-ta del cie-lo Ven-den za-pa-tos,
2. A los ni-ños que duer-men Dios los ben-di-ce,



(The melody is in the alto)



For the lit-tle bare-foot-ed an-gels there dwell-ing. Slum-ber, my  
God will help the moth-ers whose love they are keep-ing.

*Pa-ra los an-ge-li-tos que an-dan des-cal-zos. Duer-me-te,*  
*A las ma-dres que ve-lan Dios las a-si-ste.*



ba-by, Slum-ber, my ba-by, Slum-ber, my ba-by, a rru, a— rru.  
ni-ño, *Duer-me-te*, ni-ño, *Duer-me-te*, ni-no, a rru, a— rru.

## Shuckin' of the Corn

Traditional

Tennessee Folk Song

*Con spirito*

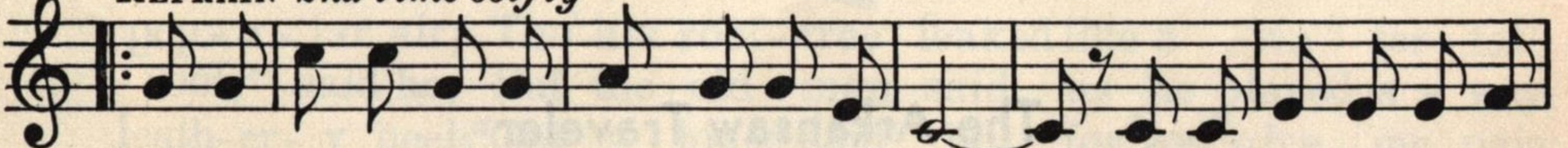


1. I have a ship on the o-cean, All lined with sil-ver and gold, Be-  
2. The wind blows cold in— Cai-ro,— The sun re-fuses to shine, Be-

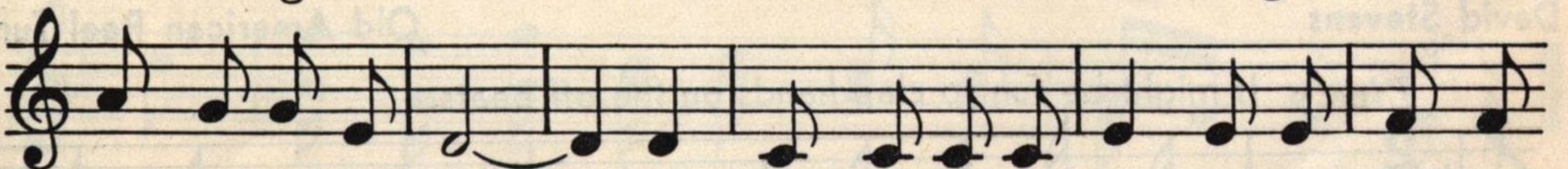


fore I'd see my true love suf-fer, That ship should be an-chored and sold.  
fore I'd see my true love suf-fer, I'd work all the sum-mer time.

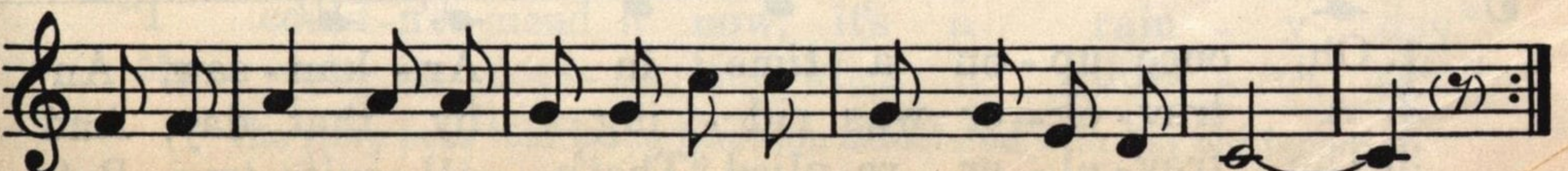
REFRAIN *2nd time softly*



I'm a-go-in' to the shuck-in' of the corn,— I'm a-go-in' to the



shuck-in' of the corn,— A-shuck-in' of the corn and a-blow-in'



of the horn, I'm a-go-in' to the shuck-in' of the corn.—



## Southern Song

Maurice Talbot

Creole Tune from Louisiana

*Not too fast, but in tango rhythm*



1. When day is break - ing — And birds are wak - ing, —  
2. When day is end - ing, — The sun de - scend - ing, —



The south-ern sun comes up to take the place of sum-mer night..  
The south-ern moon comes up while down the lane a ban-jo rings;-



Its rays are beam - ing, — So wake from dream - ing; —  
'Neath shad-ows creep - ing — The earth is sleep - ing; —



Rise up and breathe the morn-ing air and watch the swal-low's flight..  
Then o-ver all there comes the qui-et peace that si-lence brings..

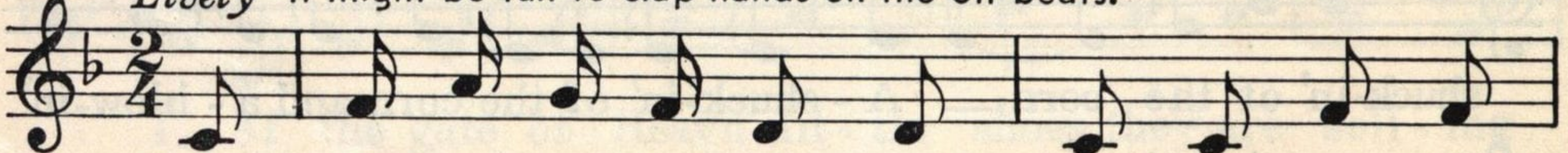


## The Arkansaw Traveler

David Stevens

Old American Reel Tune

*Lively* It might be fun to clap hands on the off beats.

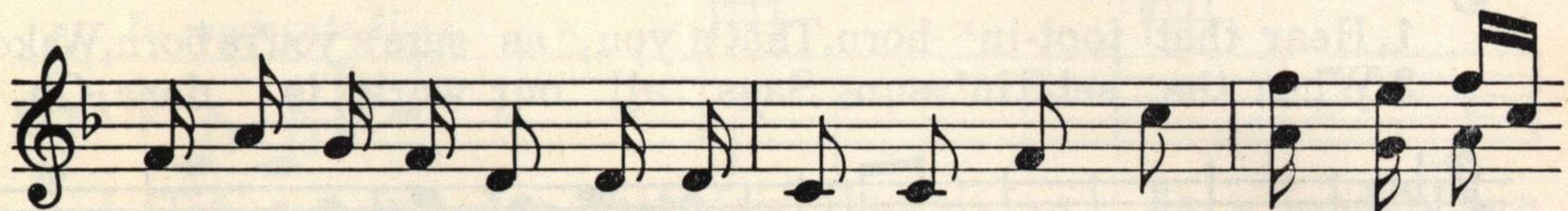


1. Oh, once up - on a time in Ar - kan - saw, An  
2. A trav - el - er was rid - ing by that day, And  
3. The trav - el - er re - plied, "That's all quite true, But





old man sat in his lit - tle cab - in door, And  
stopped to hear him a - prac - tis - ing a - way; The  
this, I think, is the thing for you to do: Get



fid-dled at a tune that he liked to hear, A jol - ly old  
cab - in was a - float and his feet were wet, But still the old  
bus - y on a day that is fair and bright, Then patch the old



reel that he played by ear. It was rain - ing hard, but the  
man did - n't seem to fret. So the stran - ger said, "Now the  
roof till it's good and tight?" But the old man kept on a -



fid - dler did - n't care, He sawed a - way at the  
way it looks to me, You'd bet - ter mend your—  
play - ing at his reel, And tapped the ground with his



pop - u - lar air; Tho' his roof - tree leaked like a wa - ter - fall,  
roof," said he; But the old man said, as he played a - way,  
leath - er - y heel; "Get a - long," said he, "for you give me pain;



That did - n't seem to both - er the man — at all.  
"I could - n't mend it now, it's a rain - y day."  
My cab - in does - n't leak when it does - n't rain."

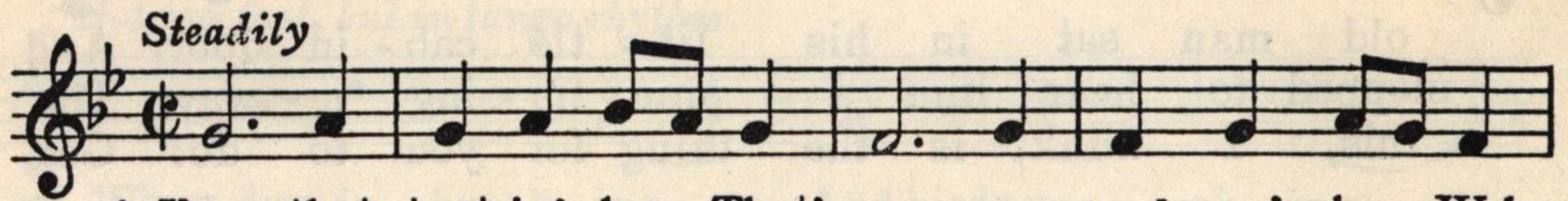
The story here told is the tradition associated with this old tune.



## Hear that Tootin' Horn

Stephen Fay

Plantation Melody



1. Hear that toot-in' horn, That's you, as sure's you're born, Wake  
2. When the set-tin' sun Says all our work is done, Oh,



up an' hoe that corn So ear-ly in the ear-ly morn-in'.  
then we'll have our fun So ear-ly in the ear-ly eve-nin'.



Rise, an' take your hoe, An' make that fod-der grow; Jes'  
Hear the ban-jo ring, An' hear Miss Man-dy sing, And



see that pesk-y crow, He's ear-ly in the morn-in'.  
see those dan-cers swing So ear-ly in the eve-nin'.

## All the Pretty Little Horses

Traditional

Negro Song



{ Hush-a - by! Don't you cry, Go to sleep-y, lit-tle ba - by. }  
{ When you wake, You shall have All the pret-ty lit-tle hors - es. }



Blacks and bays, Dap-ples and grays, Coach and six-a lit-tle hors - es.



Hush-a - by! Don't you cry, Go to sleep-y, lit-tle ba - by.



Tune Ukelele



# Hawaii

J. Lillian Vandevere

Hawaiian Melody  
Arranged by G. P.



1 } 'Tis a gar-den, that fair Ha-wai-ian is - land, Where  
 2 } — show-er is smil-ing thro' the rain - bow, And  
 2 } There the moon-light is fall-ing thro' the palm-trees In  
 — dis-tance, the blue Pa-cif - ic mur - murs For-



man-go and jac-quer-an - da bloom. Where a  
 mu-sic en-chants the twi-light . . . . . gloom  
 rip-ples that seem like gold-en rain. — In the  
 ev - er a soft and low re - . . . . . frain.



Isle where ro-mance is set in splen - dor, Where  
 Land where the scent-ed breeze is ten - der, In



moun-tains are lift-ing to the blue. —  
 fan-cy we'll sail a - way to . . . . . you. —







## FRIENDS IN FAR PLACES

### Koala's Lullaby

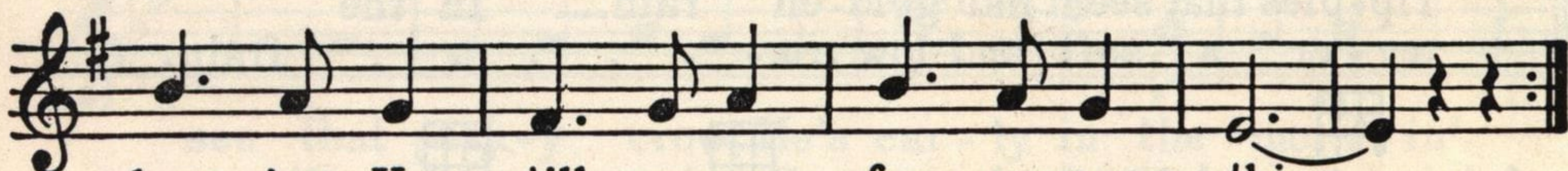
Mary de Haven

Australian Tune

*Tranquillo*



1. Ti - ny ko - a - la, 'tis time you were  
 · Cock - a - too's tuck - ing his head for safe -  
 2. Far in Aus - tra - lia, the land of "down  
 While they are feed - ing, you eye them with



sleep - ing, You still are a fur - ry young thing.—  
 keep - ing Close un - der his ros - y pink wing.—  
 un - der," The kan - ga-roos leap at their play.—  
 won - der, But this is the close of the day.—



{ Din - goes are bark - ing as though they were  
 { Gum tree is frag - rant, a nest for you  
 { High in the branch - es you're drows - i - ly  
 { Lit - tle bright eyes, it is time you were



lone - ly, The lambs are a - sleep on the hill.—  
 on - ly, Then ti - ny ko - a - la, lie still.—  
 doz - ing, Hid well where the shad - ows are deep.—  
 clos - ing, So, ti - ny ko - a - la, now sleep.—

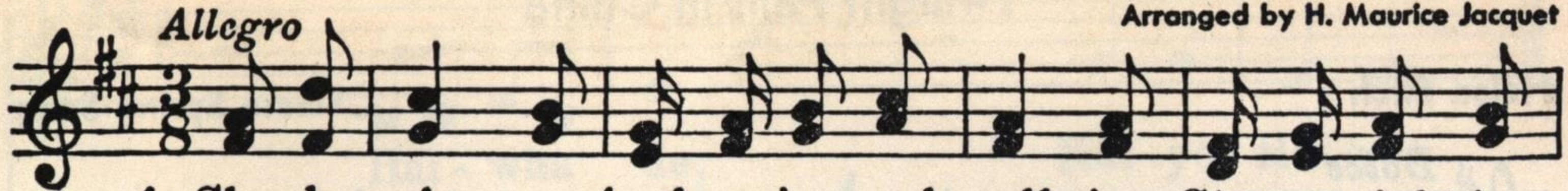


# The Philippines

Jane Landon

Philippines-Spanish Tune

Arranged by H. Maurice Jacquet



1. Slen-der palms are beck-on-ing and call-ing, Star-ry night is  
2. Trop-ic land of ir-i-des-cent glo-ry, Fair-y-land of



fall-ing Out a-cross the bay; — And my fan-cy  
sto-ry, Jew-el of the sea, — Thro' the dusk you're



ea-ger-ly is quest-ing, Ten-der-ly is rest-ing,  
mur-mur-ing and say-ing, Come with-out de-lay-ing,

## CHORUS



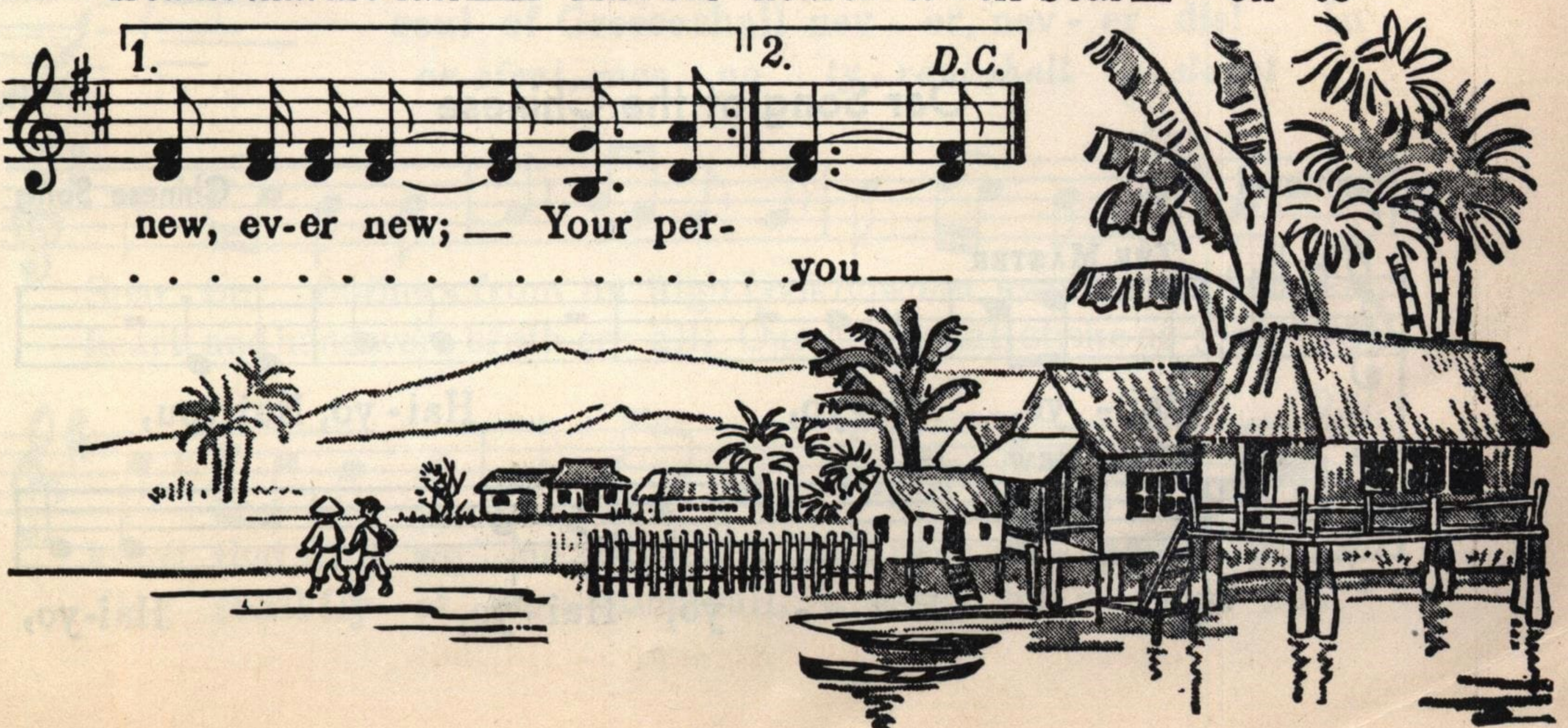
Man-y miles a-way. — Gar-den isles ev-er bright. Where the  
Come a-way to me. — . . . . fume lad-en air — Comes in



charms of the night — Fol-low days of de-light — ev-er  
dreams that are fair — And our hearts it will bear — on to



new, ev-er new; — Your per-  
..... you —





## Twilight Falls in China

Helen Fitch

Chinese Spring Song



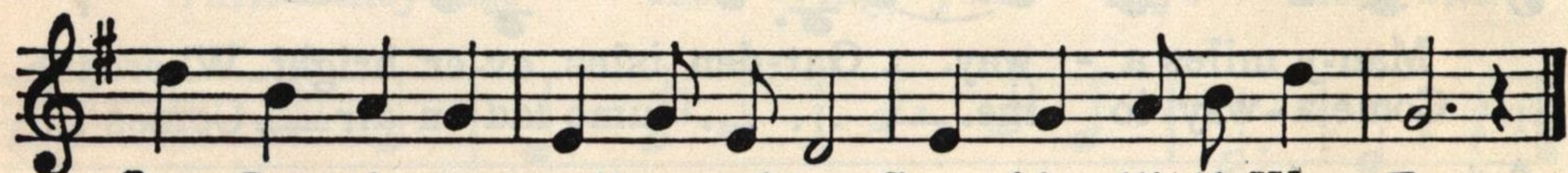
1. Sad - ly sweet the night-in-gales sing Wheresmallapri-cots hang.
2. Ricefields wave, and slen-der bam-boo; Sweet wis - ta-ri - a climbs.



Moongui-tar and flute soft - ly ring, Far off bra-zen gongs clang.  
Whitegar-de-nia blos-soms for you, One high tem-ple bell chimes.



Light wind stirs the mul-ber-ry tree, Jas-mine, sweet in the dew.  
Sun-set brings a breeze that is cool, Whis-pring soft in the night;

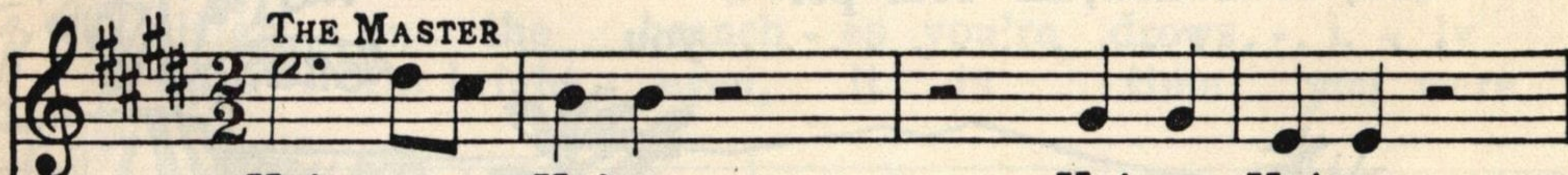


Gung Low sips a small cup of tea, Served by lit-tle Wung Foo.  
Stars are caught and held in the pool. One gray her-on takes flight.

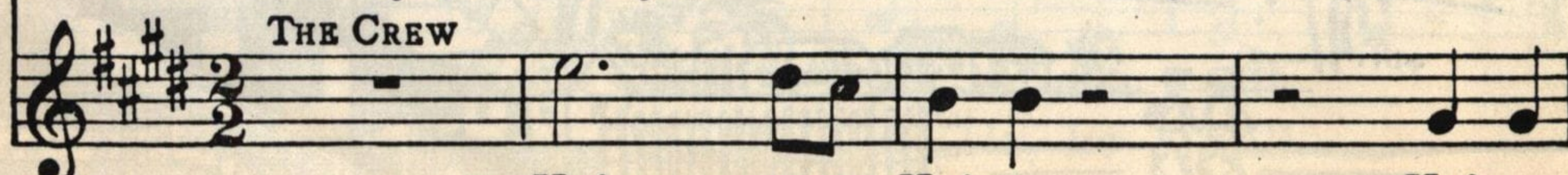
## Oar Song of the Chinese

Traditional

Chinese Song



Hai - yo, Hai-yo, Hai-yo, Hai-you,



Hai - yo, Hai-yo, Hai-yo,





An interesting accompaniment would be to play the wood-blocks throughout with even half-note strokes, with a clang of the gong after the last measure.

## Ye Sons of Greece, Arise!

David Stevens

Greek Folk Tune

*Marziale*



1. Ye sons of Greece, ye val-iant daugh-ters, too, Your  
2. Tho' foes as-sail, their le-gions we de-fy. The  
*D.C. A-rise! a-rise! Ye gal-lant men and brave! Our*



fear-less deeds have proved you tried and true. Our  
soul of Greece shall nev-er, nev-er die! In  
*an-cient race no ty-rant shall en-slave!*



Spar-tan\_ fa-ters from on high Look down on\_ sword and shield; They  
heart and hand we're broth-ers all; Our arms shall strike as one. Our



know that tho' we no-bly\_ die, We'll ne'er ig-no-bly yield.  
flag shall fly at Free-dom's call, Up-held by\_ sire and son.



# Minka

J. Lilian Vandevere

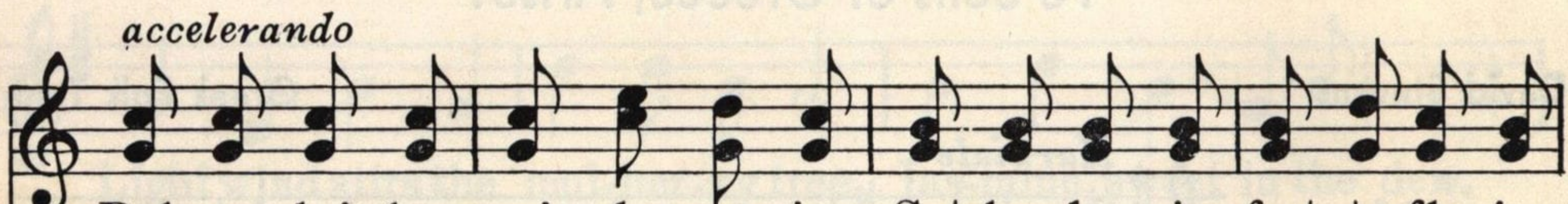
Russian Tune



1. Min-ka's eyes are sad and tear-y, She must work al-tho' she's wea-ry.
2. Watch-ing birds in-stead of reap-ing, Dream-ing, when she should be sweep-ing,



Life, it seems, is rath-er drear-y, Life is sad for Min-ka.  
Like a la-zy snail a-creep-ing, Thro' the day goes Min-ka.



Bal-a-lai-kas, gai-ly cry-ing, Set her lag-ging feet to fly-ing.  
Mu-sic starts a rhyth-mic beat-ing, Keeps a danc-ing tune repeat-ing.

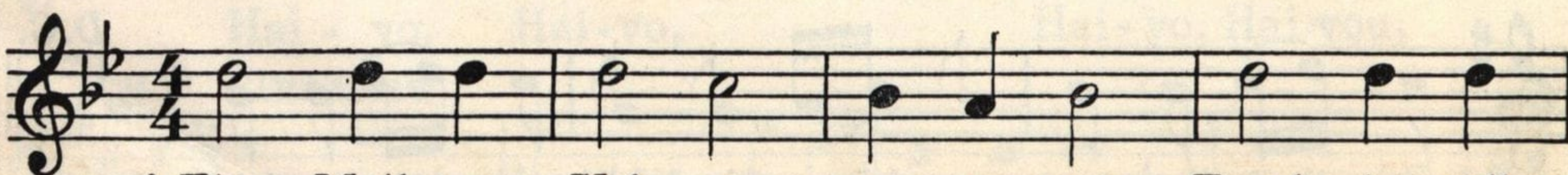


Danc-ing leaves no time for sigh-ing, Life is glad for Min-ka.  
Stef-an smiles a mer-ry greet-ing, Then a-way goes Min-ka.

# The Volga

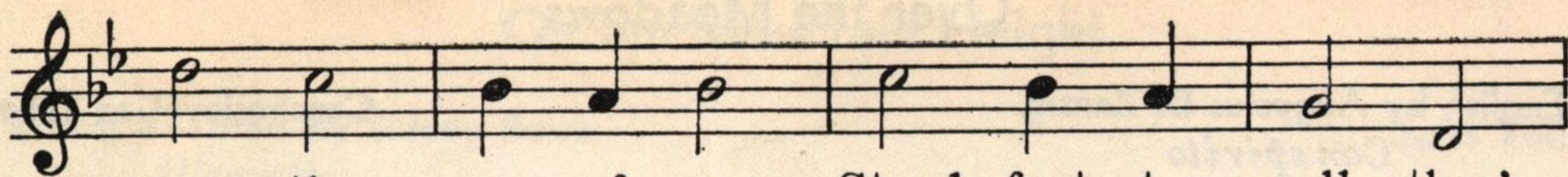
Stephen Fay

Russian Tune



1. Flow, Moth-er Vol-ga, nev-er cease, Teach to all
2. Flow, Moth-er Vol-ga, by your side Long may your





men the ways of peace. Stead-fast to all thro'  
 chil-dren safe-ly bide. Bring them your boun-ty,



smiles and tears, Friend of the poor for count-less years.  
 rich and free, Friend of the friend-less ev-er be.

## The Caravan

Stuart Paul

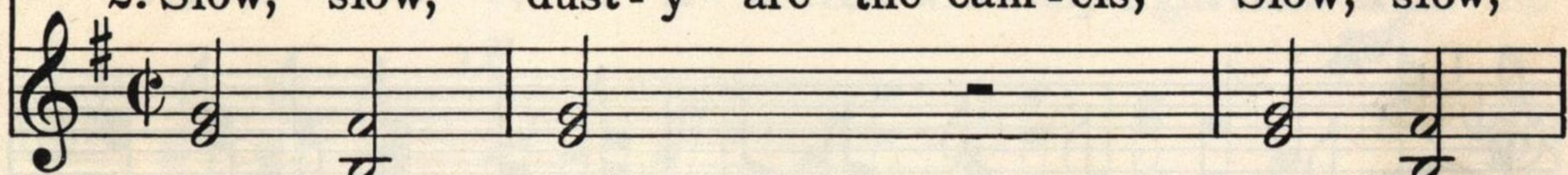
Syrian Tune

Arranged by Gladys Pitcher

*Steadily, with a heavy swing*



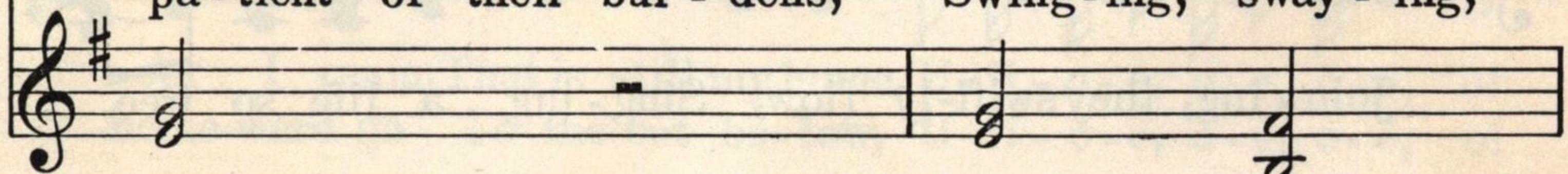
1. Slow, slow, heav-y go the cam-els, Slow, slow,  
 2. Slow, slow, dust-y are the cam-els, Slow, slow,



Slow, slow, slow! Slow, slow,



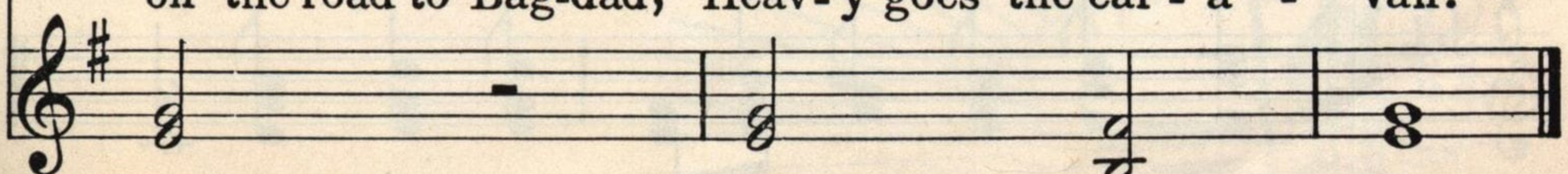
cam-els heav-y lad-en, Swing-ing, sway-ing,  
 pa-tient of their bur-dens, Swing-ing, sway-ing,



slow! Slow, slow,



on the road to Bag-dad, Heav-y goes the car-a-van.  
 on the road to Bag-dad, Heav-y goes the car-a-van.



slow! Slow, slow, slow.



# Over the Meadows

English by Augustus D. Zanzig

Czechoslovakian Tune

*Con spirito*



1. O - ver the mead-ows green and wide, Bloom-ing in the  
2. Sweet is the air with new-mown hay, Cool - ing in the



sun-light, Bloom-ing in the sun-light, O - ver the mead-ows  
twi-light, Cool-ing in the twi-light, Sweet is the air with



green and wide, Off we go a-roam-ing side by side.  
new mown hay, As we home-ward go at close of day.



Stream-lets down moun-tains go, Pure from the win-ter's snow,



Join-ing, they swift-ly flow, Sing-ing a life so free.—



Stream-lets down moun-tains go, Pure from the win-ter's snow,



Join-ing, they swift-ly flow, Call-ing to me.



# On the Mountain Height

Words adapted by Sidney Rowe

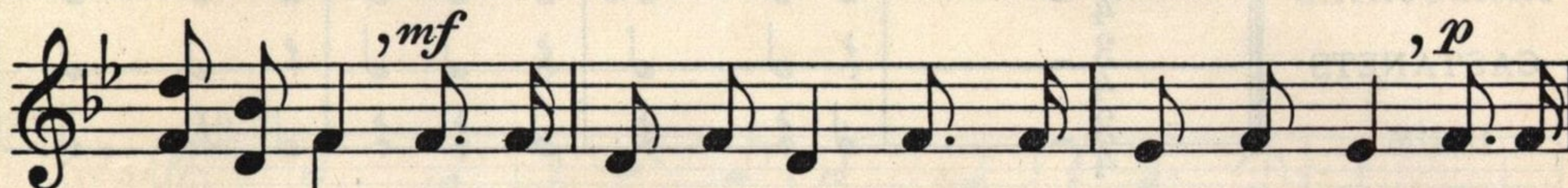
Swiss Yodel

*Allegretto*



1. On the moun-tain height, Near a stream-let bright, U-li - o, U-li-o-e,

2. On the moun-tain height, With the morn-ing light, U-li - o, U-li-o-e,



U - li - o! In a shad-y spot Stands a lit - tle cot, U - li-

U - li - o! It is joy to be Where the winds blow free, U - li-



o, U - li - o - e, U - li - o! In a gar - den there Bloom the

o, U - li - o - e, U - li - o! And when day-light ends And the



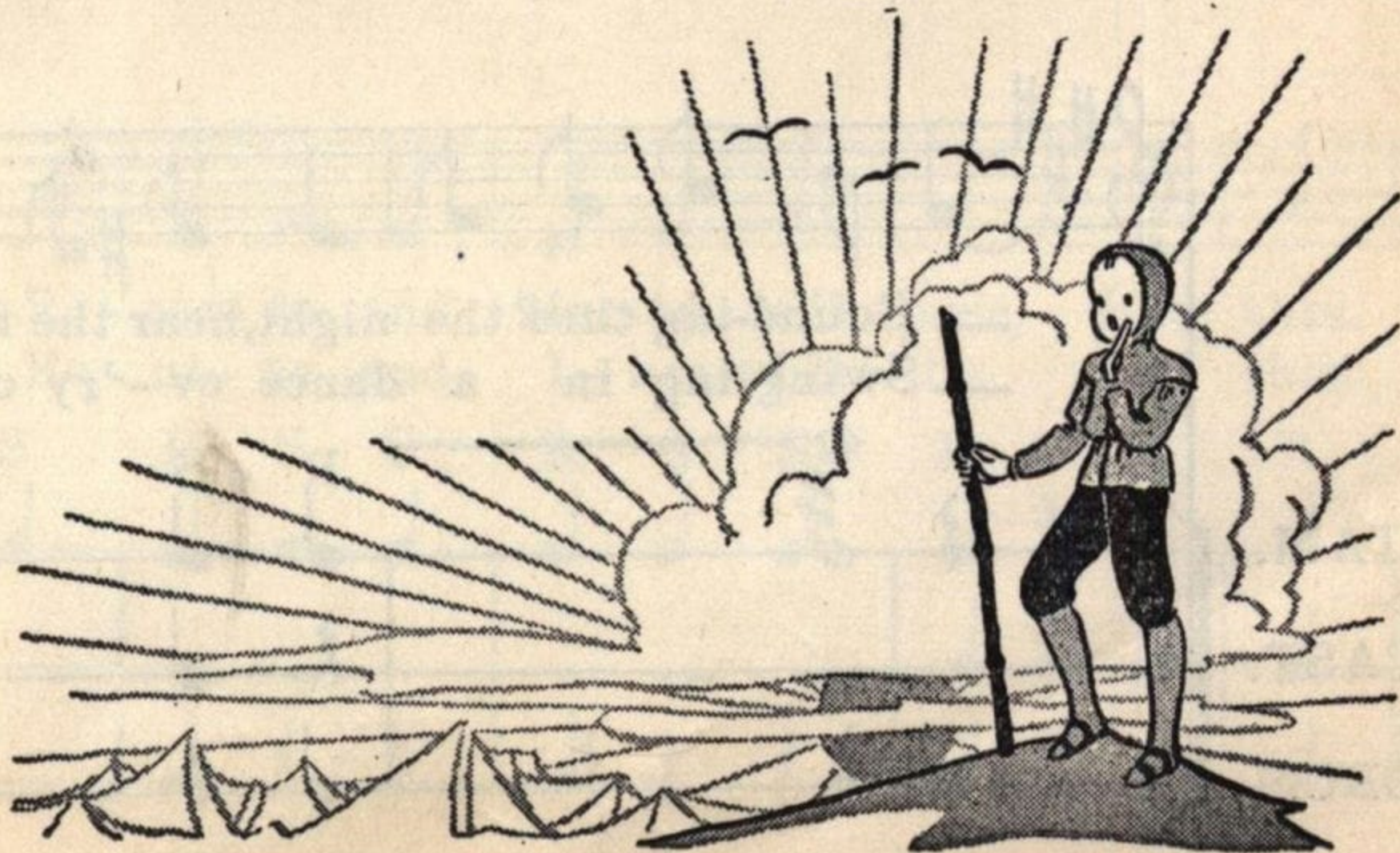
ros - es fair, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e, U - li - o! And wher-

night de-scends, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e, U - li - o! Then we



e'er I roam, That is still my home, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e, o!

home-ward go To the cot be-low, U - li - o - e, o - e, o - e, o!





# The Fandango

Sara Scott

French Basque Fandango

*Quickly*

1. Se-ño-ri-ta, come to the dance! Comethro' the bright star-ry night,  
 2. Se-ño-ri-ta, say you will come! Sure-ly you hear cas-ta-nets,

TAMBOURINE  
 CASTANETS  
 DRUM

Wear a crim-son rose in your hair, come for an hour of de-light.  
 Hear a stead-y beat of the drum, hear how the tune pi-rou-ettes.

TAM.  
 CAST.  
 DRUM

Ev-'ry light gui-tar is in tune, plead-ing and call - ing.—  
 We will glide a - long for a time, then we'll twirl fast - er.—

TAM.  
 CAST.  
 DRUM

— Sound-ing thro' the night, hear the fan - dan - go ring on and on.  
 — Swing-ing in a dance ev - 'ry one knows and loves well in Spain.

TAM.  
 CAST.  
 DRUM



Tic - i - tic - i - tac, tic - i - tic - i - tac, scar-let slip-pers  
Click-i - tick-i - tick, click-i - tick-i - tick, step-ping to the

TAM.

CAST.

DRUM

tap now, Hands will clap now, fin - gers snap now.  
beat - ing, Now re - treat - ing, then re - peat - ing.

TAM.

CAST.

DRUM

Tic - i - tic - i - tac, tic - i - tic - i - tac, hear the mu - sic  
Click-i - tick-i - tick, click-i - tick-i - tick, how the feet are

TAM.

CAST.

DRUM

close now, While Ri - car-do and Mar-ta will pose, like this.  
fly - ing, While Bo - ni - to and I - nez whirl by, like this.

TAM.

CAST.

DRUM



# Jose and Rosita

Helen Fitch

Spanish Tune (extended)

*Brightly*  $\text{C}$

Come out, Jo - se\* and Ros - i - ta, — Oh, run on ea - ger

$\text{C}$  feet, — The men are play - ing for danc - ing, — And

$\text{C}$  *Fine*  $\text{A min.}$

boys and girls fill the street. — Oh, come, Do - lor - es and

$\text{D min.}$   $\text{A min.}$

Ra - mon, — Oh, come and dance your best. — Oh, come, Jo -

$\text{B dim.}$   $\text{A min.}$   $\text{E}_7$   $\text{D. C. al Fine}$   $\text{A min.}$   $\text{G}_7$

se and Ros - i - ta, — Oh, sing and dance with the rest. Oh,

## DESCANT on *D. C.*

Ah — Ah —

Ah — Ah —

Ah — Ah —

\*Pronounce "Ho-say"



# The Northman

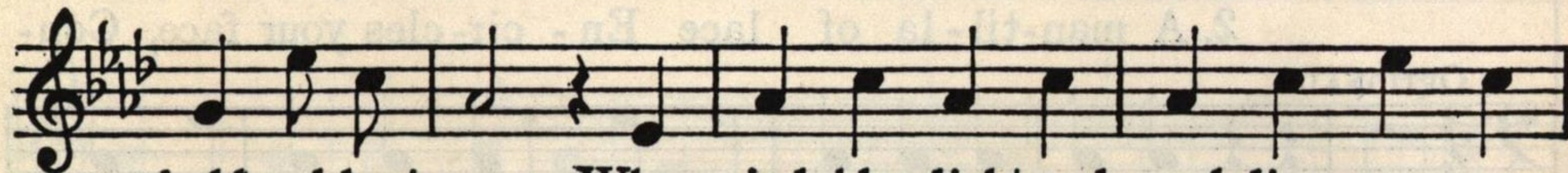
Maurice Talbot

Norse Tune

*Vigorously*



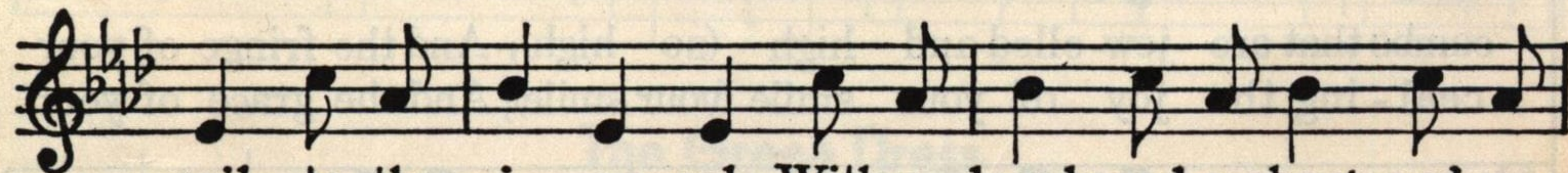
The North-man loves to sail the sea When he's one of a



bold gal-lant crew, When winds blow light and spark-ling waves are



calm and blue; And when the storms a - rise, Then he trims his



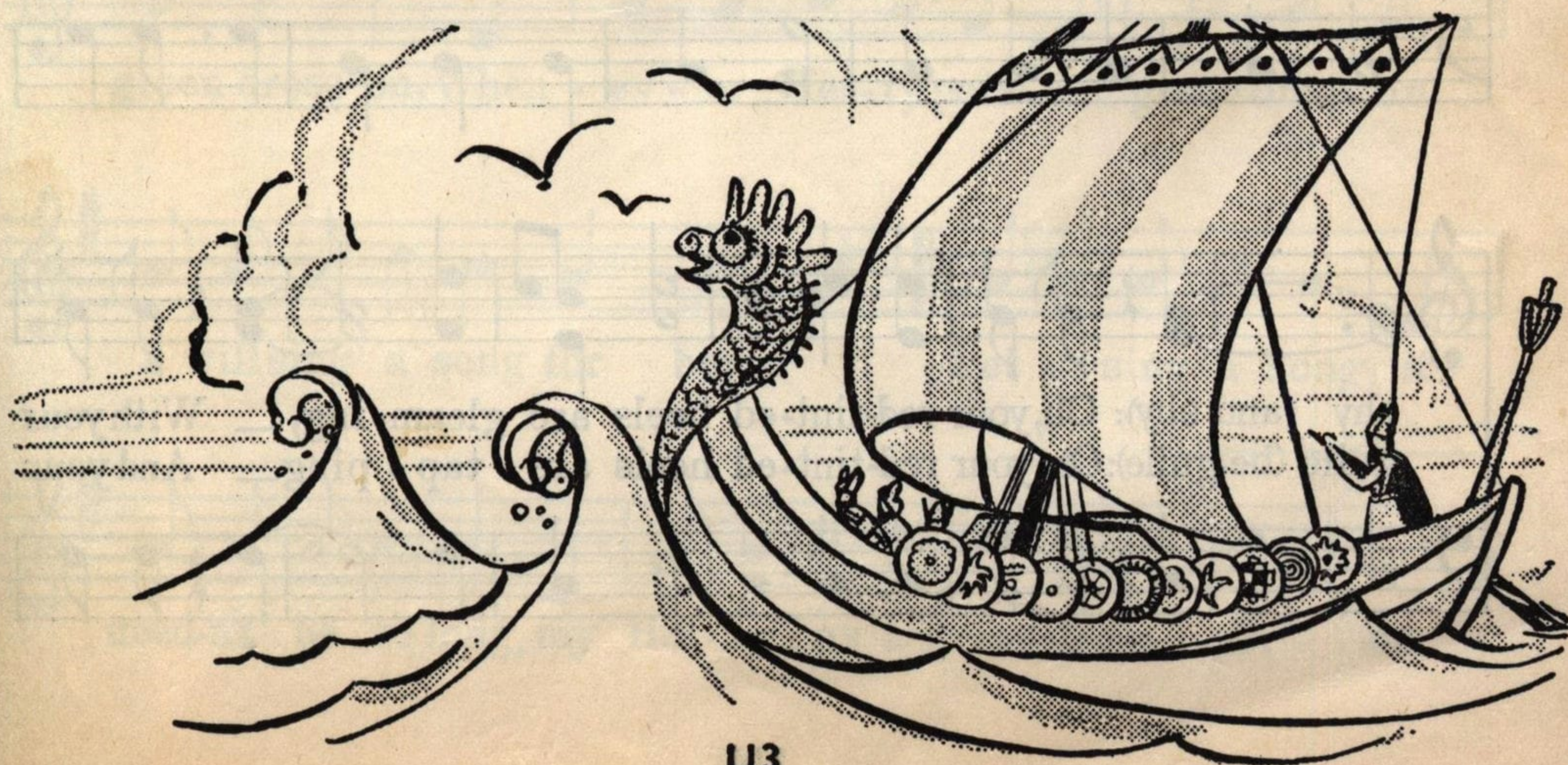
sail to the i - cy gale With a laugh and a shout and a



song. Then blow ye storm-y blast! Our port we'll make at



last. The North-man laughs, the North-man shouts and sings his song.





# Senorita

Stephen Fay

Spanish Tune  
Arranged by Gladys Pitcher

*In moderate waltz time*

1. Se- ño - ri - ta, you wear A\_ rose in your hair, And  
2. A man-til - la of lace En - cir - cles your face, Con-

OPTIONAL

The first system of musical notation for 'Senorita' is in 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It starts with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff, with two verses. The first verse is '1. Se- ño - ri - ta, you wear A\_ rose in your hair, And' and the second verse is '2. A man-til - la of lace En - cir - cles your face, Con-'. The word 'OPTIONAL' is written below the bass staff.

combs that are jew-elled and high (so high); And the fringe of your  
ceal - ing the joy of your smile (your smile); And the grace of your

The second system of musical notation continues the melody. The treble staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, including a half note with a fermata. The bass staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff: 'combs that are jew-elled and high (so high); And the fringe of your ceal - ing the joy of your smile (your smile); And the grace of your'.

shawl Like rain seems to fall On skirts that are silk - en and  
dance, The light of your glance Are beau - ties that ev - er be -

The third system of musical notation continues the melody. The treble staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes. The bass staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff: 'shawl Like rain seems to fall On skirts that are silk - en and dance, The light of your glance Are beau - ties that ev - er be -'.

shy (and shy): Oh, your red-tint-ed heels are gleam-ing, — With your  
guile (be-guile): Oh, your red-tint-ed heels are tap - ping — And your

The fourth system of musical notation continues the melody. The treble staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody continues with eighth and quarter notes, including a half note with a fermata. The bass staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). It continues with eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics are written below the treble staff: 'shy (and shy): Oh, your red-tint-ed heels are gleam-ing, — With your guile (be-guile): Oh, your red-tint-ed heels are tap - ping — And your'.



cas-ta-net rib - bon stream-ing, — Se-ño - ri - ta, you wear A  
cas-ta-nets loud are snap - ping. — Se-ño - ri - ta, you wear A

rose in your hair, And your glance is be-witch-ing and shy (and shy).  
rose in your hair, And I long for the light of your smile (your smile).

## The Green Dress

Translated by Josef Marais

South African Song

Collected by Josef Marais

When - ev - er Het - ty puts a green dress on, green dress on,

green dress on, When - ev - er Het - ty puts a green dress on

I will sing a song for her

Let us sing a song, it

need-n't be so long, my Het - ty has a green dress on. on.

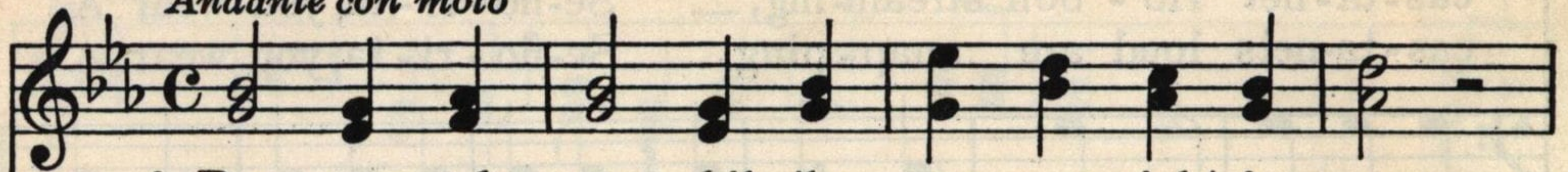


# Boating Song

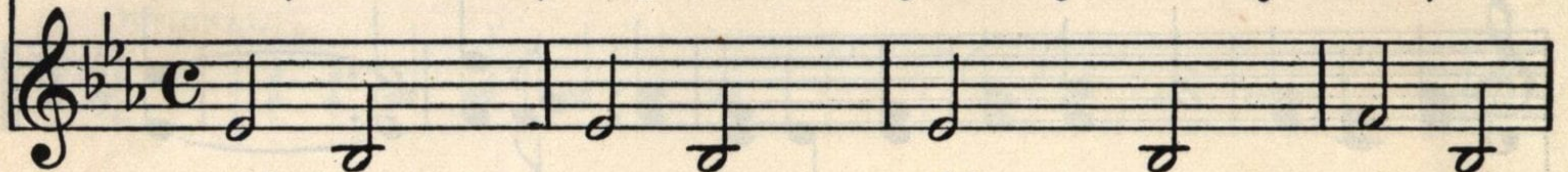
Stephen Fay

Italian Tune

*Andante con moto*



1. Row, com-rades, row, while the sum-mer night is young;  
2. Row, com-rades, row, for our jour-ney's near-ly done;



Ah (or hum) \_\_\_\_\_ Ah \_\_\_\_\_



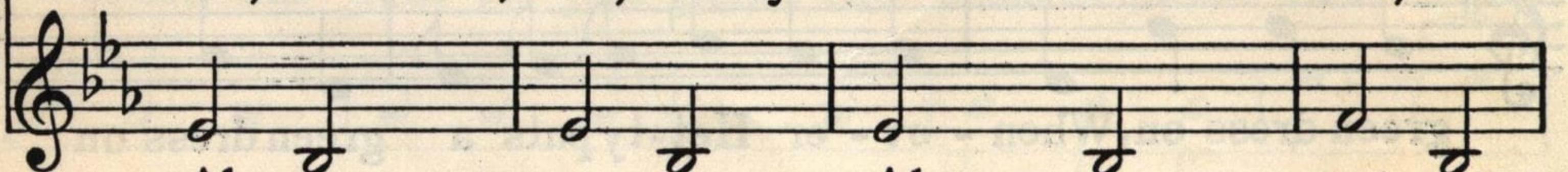
Glide o'er the whis-per-ing bay, Laugh-ing the mo-ments a-way.  
Home-lights are bright-ly a-glow; Haste, now, as home-ward we go.



Ah \_\_\_\_\_ Ah \_\_\_\_\_



Out on the wa-ter a shin-ing path is flung,  
Row, com-rades, row, ev-'ry heart and hand as one;



Ah \_\_\_\_\_ Ah \_\_\_\_\_



Lit by the moon's sil-ver beam, The star-lights ten-der gleam.  
Friend help-ing friend at the oar Brings ev - 'ry boat to shore.



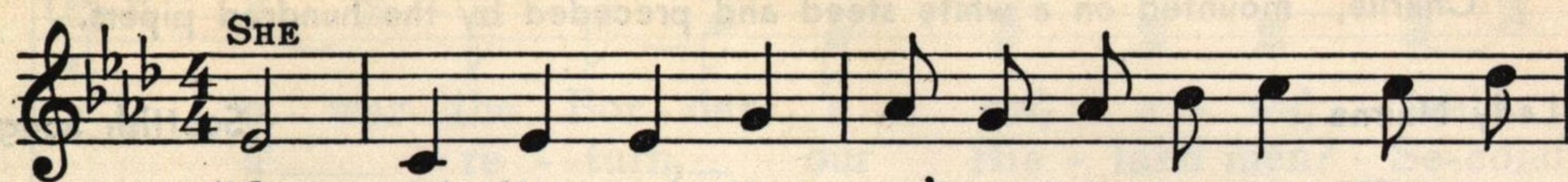
Ah \_\_\_\_\_



# ○ Soldier, Soldier

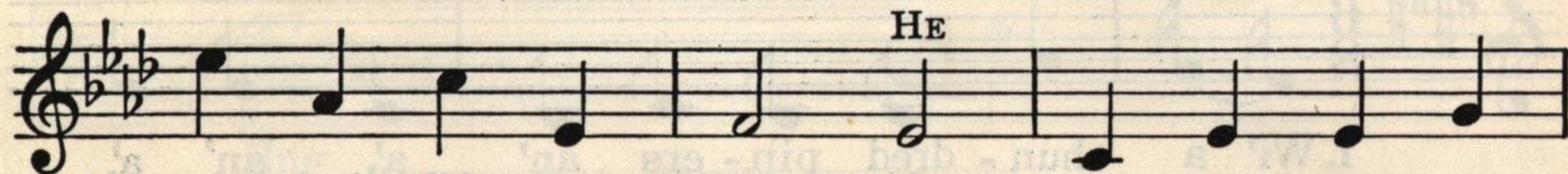
Traditional

Old English Song



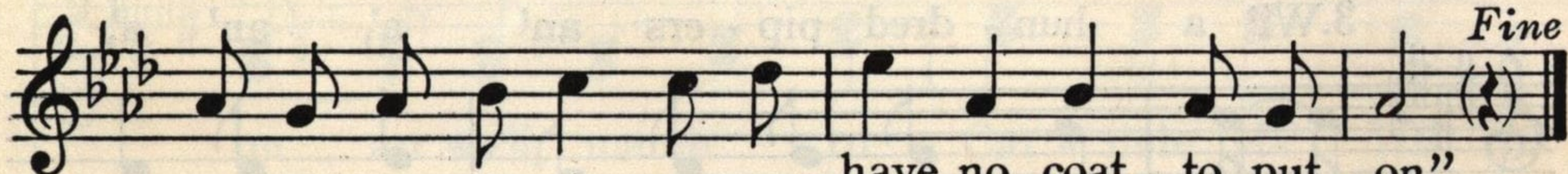
SHE

"O sol-dier, sol-dier, won't you mar-ry me, With your



HE

mus-ket, fife and drum?" "O no sweet maid, I



Fine

can-not mar-ry thee, For I

have no coat to put on."  
have no hat to put on."  
have no gloves to put on."  
have a wife of my own?"

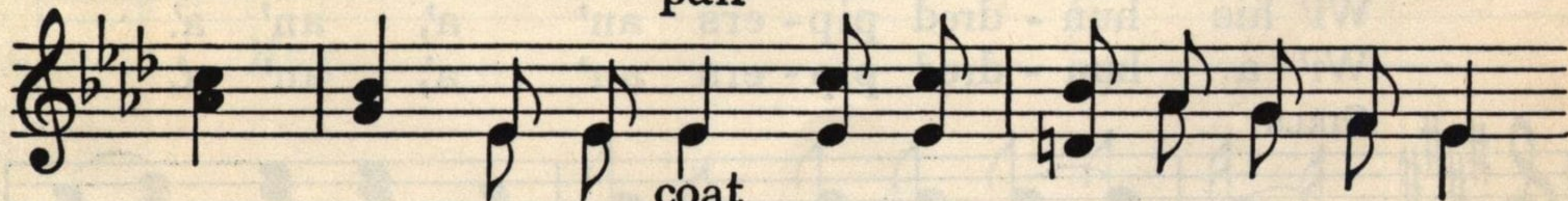


Then up she went to her grand-fa-ther's chest,



ver - y best,

And got him a coat of the ver-y ver-y best,  
hat pair



She got him a coat of the ver-y, ver-y best,  
hat pair



D.C. al Fine

And the sol-dier put it—  
it— on.  
them





# The Hundred Pipers

This song celebrates the victorious entrance into Carlisle of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," mounted on a white steed and preceded by the hundred pipers.

Lady Nairne

Scottish Song

1. Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a',  
 2. Oh, — what is fore-maist o' a', o' a',  
 3. Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a',

Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a',  
 Oh — who does fol - low the blaw, the blaw,  
 Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a',

We'll up — an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,  
 Bon-nie Char-lie, the king o' us a', hur - ra!  
 We'll up — an' gie 'em a blaw, a blaw, *Fine*

Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a'.  
 Wi' his hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a'.  
 Wi' a hun - dred pip - ers an' a', an' a'.

**GIRLS**  
 Oh, it's o - wer the Bor-der a - wa', a - wa', It's —  
 Will they a' — re - turn to their ain' dear glen? Will they  
 His — bon-net an' feath-er he's wav - in' high, His —

**(OPTIONAL) BOYS**  
 (with a nasal twang) Hng —



o - wer the Bor - der a - wa', a - wa', We'll  
a' — re - turn, — our Hie - land men? Se - cond -  
pranc - in' steed — maist seems to fly. The —

Hng

on an we'll march — to Car - lisle Ha' Wi' its  
sight - ed Sand - y looked for wae, An' —  
nor' - wind plays wi' his cur - ly hair, While the

Hng

yetts, its cas - tle an a', an' a'.  
moth - ers grat when they marched a - wa'.  
pip - ers blaw in an un - co flare.

Hng

### FROM ENGLAND

I wish, I wish, I wish all day,  
I wish to see the U. S. A.,  
And Canada with its Hudson Bay.  
Czechoslovakia has a very long name —  
I'd like to see it all the same;  
China and Chile which sounds very cold,  
And the Island of Malta whose people are bold.  
The Island of England I see every day  
But I want to see the U. S. A.

Aged 10

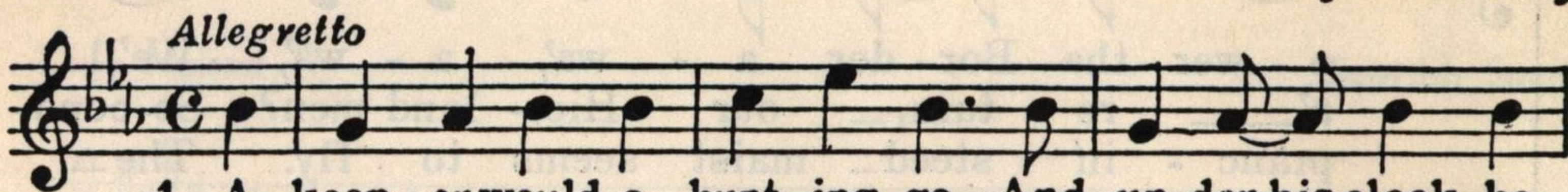
— Harold Sitwin (An English boy)



# The Keeper

Traditional

English Folk Song



1. A keep-er would a-hunt-ing go, And un-der his cloak he
2. The first doe he shot at he missed, The sec-ond— doe he
3. The fourth doe she did cross the plain; The keep-er— fetched her



car-ried a bow, — All for to shoot at a mer-rie lit-tle doe, A-  
trimmed he kissed, The third doe— went where no - bod-y wist, A-  
back- a-gain; — Where she is now she— may— re - main, A-



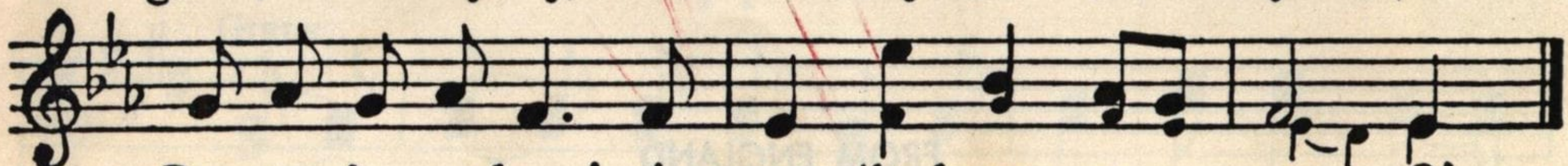
mong the leaves so green, O!  
mong the leaves so green, O! Jack-ie, boy! Master? Sing yewell? Very well!  
mong the leaves so green, O!



Hey down, Ho down! Der-ry, der-ry down! A-mong the leaves so—



green, O! To my hey, down, down! To my ho, down, down! Hey down, Ho down!

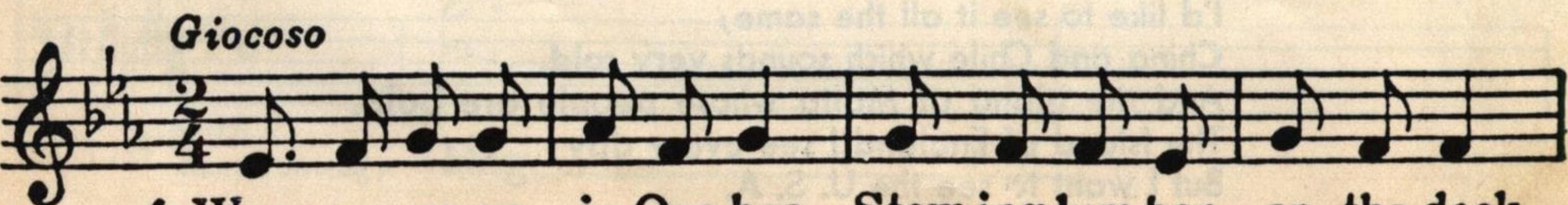


Der-ry, der-ry down! A-mong the leaves so— green, O!

## Riding on a Donkey

Traditional

Canadian Folk Song



1. Were you ev-er in Que-bec Stow-ing lum-ber on the deck,
2. Were you ev-er off the Horn, Where it's al-ways fine and warm,





Where there's a king with a gold-en crown, Rid-ing on a don-key?  
Where there's a lion, and a un-i-corn, Rid-ing on a don-key?



Hey - ho! a - way we go, Don-key rid-ing, don-key rid-ing,—



Hey - ho! and a - way we go Rid-ing on a don - key.

### Little White Dove

Translated and adapted by Stephen Fay

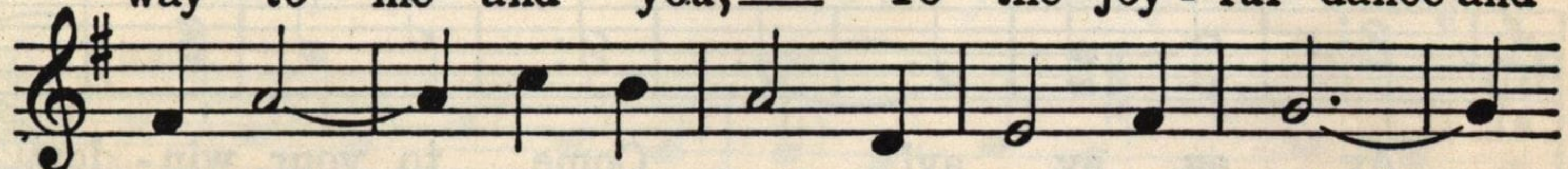
Mexican Tune



1. Hear the dove, the white dove coo - ing, — Where she  
2. Now the dove, the white dove, wing-ing, — Shows the



rests from air - y flight, — While the wind is faint - ly  
way to me and you, — To the joy - ful dance and



woo-ing — In the shades of fall - ing night. —  
sing-ing, — And we hear her soft cou - ru. —



To the jo - ta where danc - es Su - si - ta, — To the



jo - ta where danc - es Su - si - ta, — Are you com-ing, my



love? says the lit-tle white dove, Cou - ru, cou - ru, cou - ru. —



# Cielito Lindo

English Words by David Stevens

Mexican Folk Song

*In waltz time*



I'm wait-ing near— by the foun-tain here,— come, my  
— De la Sie - rra Mo - re - na, Cie - li - to



love-ly Cie - li - to Lin-do.— O-ver there— in the  
Lin-do, vie - nen ba - jan-do.— Un par de o - ji - tos



vil-lage square, there is mu-sic, Cie - li - to Lin-do.—  
ne-gros Cie - li - to Lin-do de — con-tra-ban-do.—



Ay, ay, ay, ay! — Come to your win-dow.—  
Ay, ay, ay, ay! — Can - tay no llo - res —




— Ere moon-light fails— and the star-light pales,—  
— por - que can - tan - do se a - le - gran, Cie -





— We must has - ten, Cie - li - to Lin - do. —  
 — li - to Lin - do los — co - ra - zo - nes. —

## A Picture in Memory

Translated by Clinton Cole

Folk Song from Brazil

*Con espressione*

D min. G min.

Tell me, have you kept in mem - o - ry the dwell - ing  
 Não te lem - bras da ca - si - nha pe - que - ni - na

A7 D min.

Where so oft - en we have stayed? Tell me, have you kept in  
 on - de fo - mos pas - se - ar? Não te lem - bras da ca -

G min. A7 D min

mem - o - ry the dwell - ing Where so oft - en we have stayed?  
 si - nha pe - que - ni - na on - de fo - mos pas - se - ar?

G min. D min.

Near, in gar - den and in or - chard buds were swell - ing By a  
 Ti - nha ao la - do um jar - din - zi - nho, um po - mar e um bom ter -

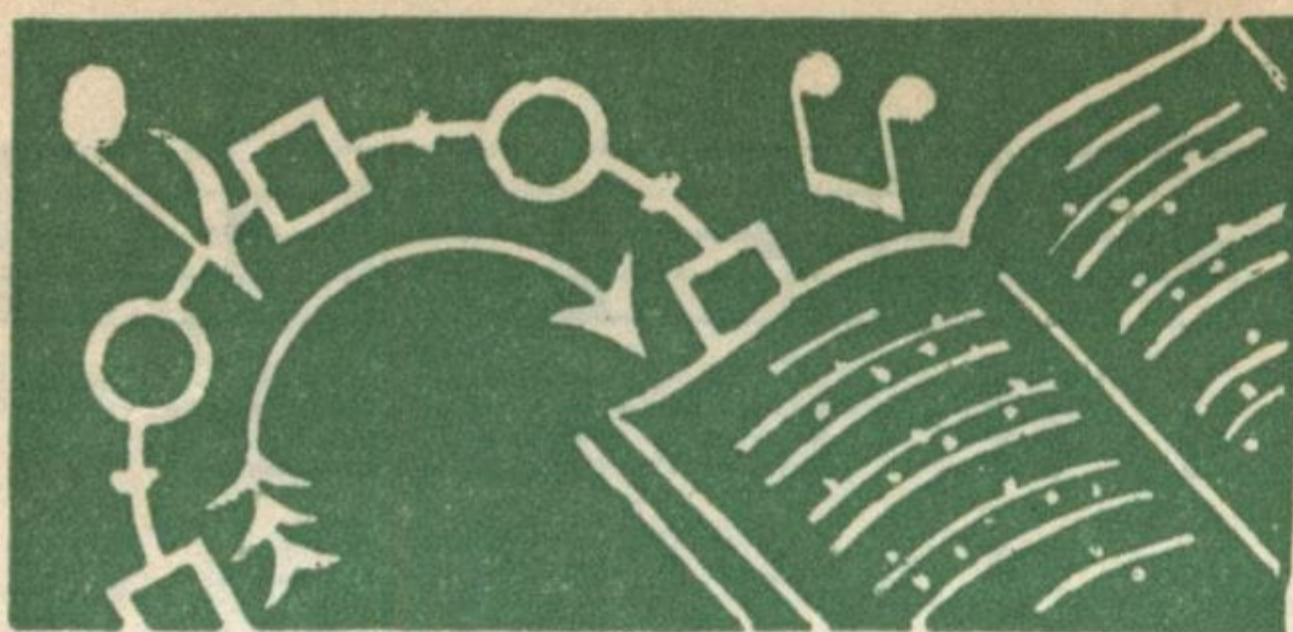
A7 D min. G min.

ter - race, where we played. Near, in gar - den and in  
 rei - ro p'ra brin - car. Ti - nha ao la - do um jar - din -

D min. A7 D min.

or - chard buds were swell - ing By a ter - race, where we played.  
 zi - nho, um po - mar e um bom ter - rei - ro p'ra brin - car.



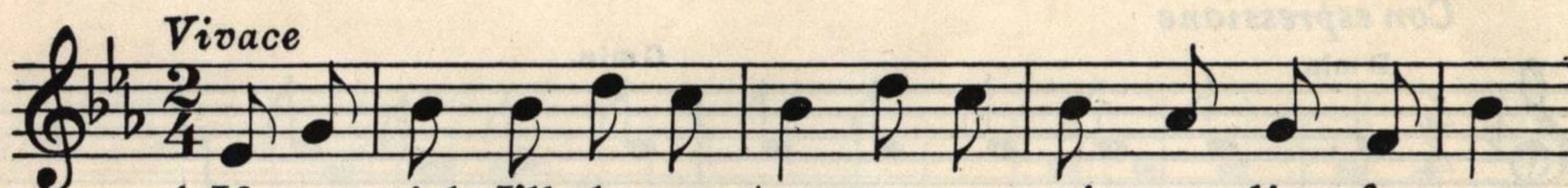


## ON DANCING FEET

### Making Music

Theresa Armitage

Italian Folk Tune



1. If you wish, I'll play a tune on my vi - o - lin for you,
2. If you wish, I'll play a tune on my pic - co - lo for you,
3. If you wish, I'll play a tune on my big bass drum for you,
4. If you wish, I'll play a tune on my tam-bou-rine for you,



Hm

Toot - le too - too - toot - le, toot - le - too - too - too.  
 Pr - rum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum.  
 Chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink.



Hm

Toot - le too - too - toot - le, toot - le - too - too - too.  
 Pr - rum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum, pum.  
 Chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink, chink.

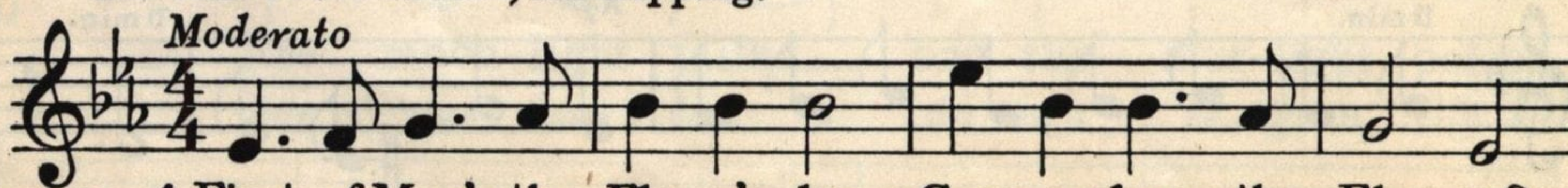
### The Flora Dance

Traditional

Old English Folk Dance

1st time in slow walking tempo.

2nd time twice as fast, for skipping.



Boy 1. First of May's the Flo-ra's day. Can you dance the Flo - ra?  
 Both 2. Tra la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,



For new partners repeat from the beginning

**GIRL**



Yes, I can with a gen-tle-man. I can dance the Flo - ra.  
 Tra la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la

Partners in two lines facing each other, ten or twelve feet apart. In first four measures, the head boy sings and walks half way to partner, making a bow in his final measure. In next four measures, the head girl sings and walks to partner, making a curtsy in her final measure. On the repeat, the partners join hands and skip down the lane, up, and down again, stopping at the bottom. The song is then repeated with the new head couple. The singing is done by all the children.

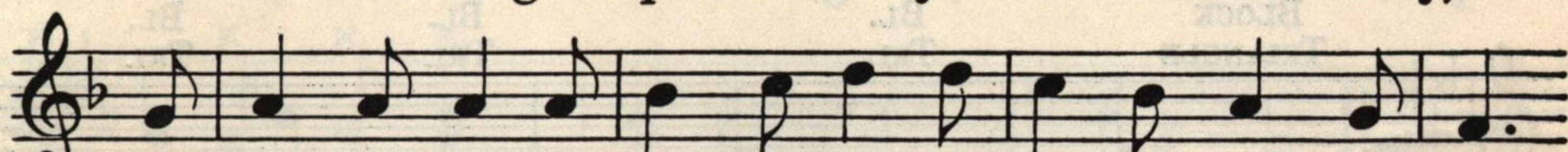
## A Busy Day

Traditional (adapted)

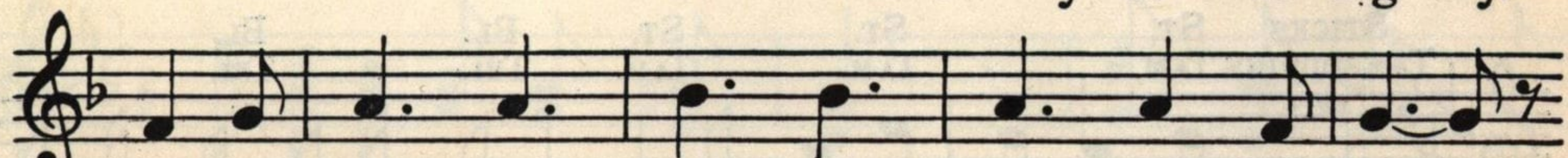
Old Song




'Twas on a bright Sep-tem-ber day as all in bed we lay, -



The bell rang out to say, "Get up, to-day is wash-ing day?"  
 to-day is sweep-ing day?"  
 to-day is danc-ing day?"



For it's thump, thump, splash, splash, splash, splash a - way.-  
 sweep, sweep, dust, dust, dust, dust a - way.-  
 dance, dance, dance, dance, dance, dance a - way.-



We're all at work a - bout the house up - on a wash-ing day.-  
 sweep-ing day.-  
 We're all a-danc-ing 'round the house up - on our danc-ing day.-

Let's act out this song.  
 Other verses, scrubbing, milking, etc.



# A Gay Waltz

Sidney Rowe

Frederic Chopin



1. Sing fa la la, Dance tra-la-la, One, two and three, so. We'll  
2. Sing fa la la, Dance tra-la-la, Come, las-sie, come boy! We'll

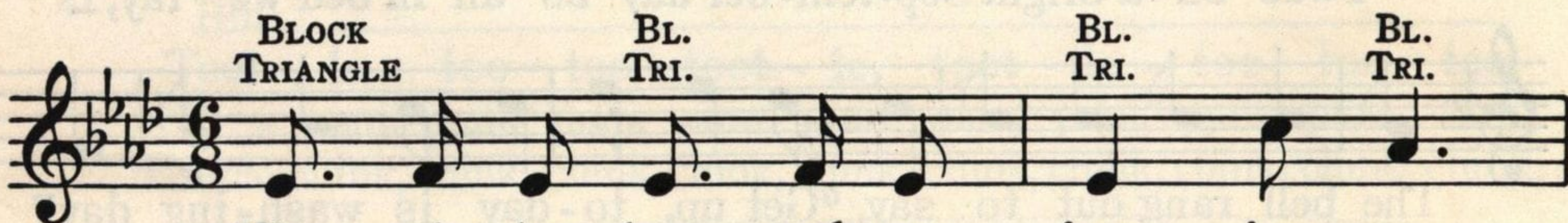


dance mer-ri-ly, Sing cheer-i-ly, Round gai-ly we go.  
dance mer-ri-ly, Sing cheer-i-ly, Fun, fro-lic and joy!

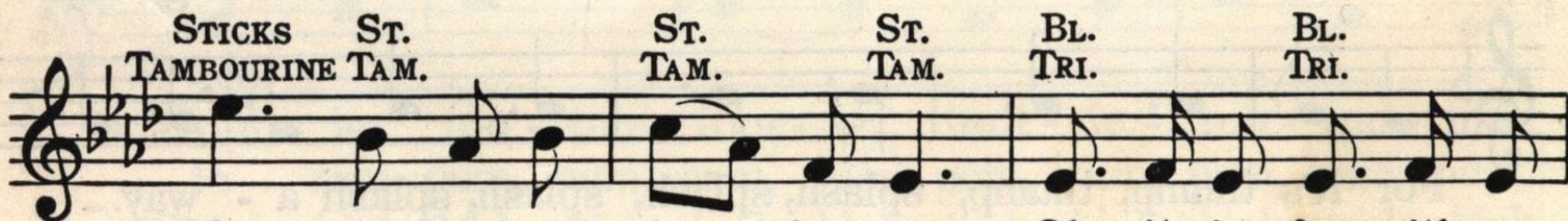
# The Jumping Rope

F. A. R.

Floy A. Rossman



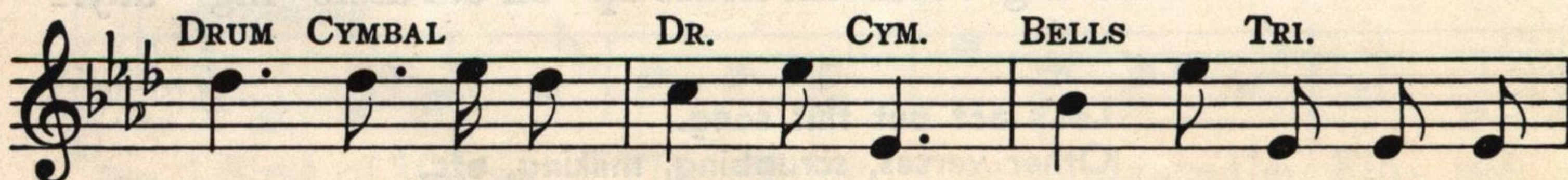
Hip - pi - ty - hop, and a jump - ing rope,



Hop, skip and a jump - ing rope. Oh, it is fun with a



jump - ing rope, And a hop and skip in the morn - ing.



Swing, turn and a run so gay, Fun to play with the



BELLS TRI. DR. CYM. DR. CYM.

wind to-day, Swing, turn and a run so gay,

ALL ALL ALL ALL D.C.

With a hop and skip in the morn - ing.

How shall we act out this song?

## Cooper's Song

Sidney Rowe

Ludwig van Beethoven  
(in Ruins of Athens)

Tap this rhythm throughout the song.

1. *mf* Tap-ping, tap-ping, rat-tat-tat! The jol-ly, jol-ly coop-er
2. By and by the bar-rel grows, As mer-ri-ly the coop-er

works all day; Tap-ping, tap - ping, just like that, As  
sings all day; *f* Loud-er sound the coop-er's blows, As

mer-ri-ly he sings his lay.  
mer-ri-ly he pounds a - way.

Here are staves with  
Hear the sound a -

hoops a-round them, Now with mal-let smart-ly pound them,  
bove the sing-ing: *ff* Boom-ta! Boom-ta! loud-ly ring-ing;

*mf* Tap-ping, tap-ping, rat-tat-tat! As mer-ri-ly he sings his lay.  
*f* Boom-ta-boom-ta, boom-ta-boom! As mer-ri-ly he sings his lay.



# Ole and Christine

M. Louise Baum

Danish Tune

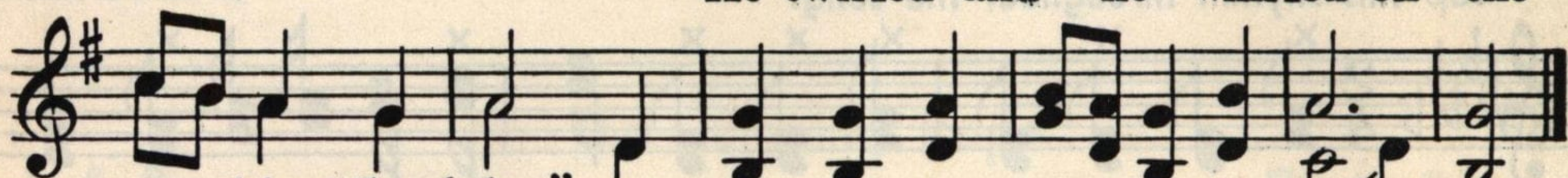
*In waltz time*



1. 'Twas O - le and Chris-tine were danc-ing a - way,
2. 'Twas left foot and right foot, then round in a row, Sing, ye
3. Said O - le, I'll dance ye the bold-est of all,"



A - long came young Pe - ter, they  
chil-dren for pleas - ure. 'Twas step - ping and stamp - ing, first  
He twirled and he whirled on the

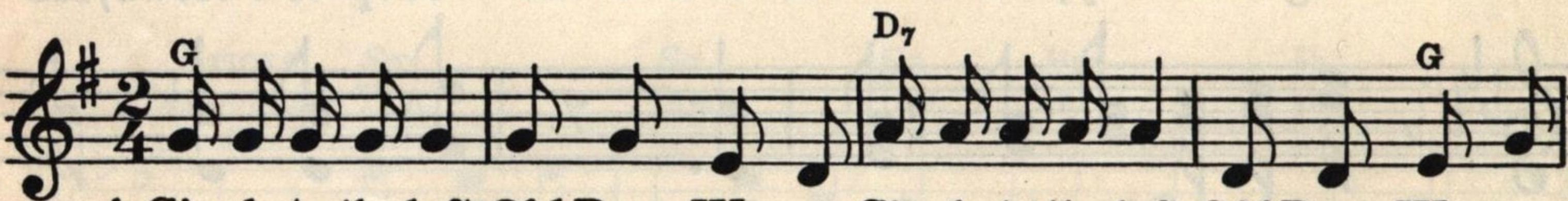


gave him "Good day."  
heel and then toe, Come trip me, come skip me a meas - ure.  
top of a wall,

## Old Brass Wagon

Traditional

Indiana, Missouri and Iowa Play-Party Game



1. Cir-cle to the left, Old Brass Wag-on, Cir-cle to the left, Old Brass Wag-on;



Cir-cle to the left, Old Brass Wag-on You're the one, my dar-ling.

2. Swing, oh, swing, Old Brass Wagon, *etc.*
3. Promenade around, Old Brass Wagon, *etc.*
4. Shoddish up and down, Old Brass Wagon, *etc.*
5. Break and swing, Old Brass Wagon, *etc.*
6. Promenade home Old Brass Wagon, *etc.*



# Tantoli

David Stevens

Norwegian Tune



Tra-la, tra-la, Dance tan - to - li, Tra-la, tra-la, Dance with me.  
Tra-la, tra-la, Watch your time, now, Tra-la, tra-la, Gay and free.



Sum-mer is the time when the sky is bright - est,  
Sum-mer is the time when the heart is light - est,



Win-ter is the time when fields are whit-est;  
Win-ter, go a - way, let (omit) . . . . . sum-mer come.

# The Broom

(De Bezem)

Translated by J. L. V.

Dutch Round



1. The be - som, the be - som, Oh, what is it for,  
Dutch 2. De be - zem, de be - zem, Wat doe je er mee,  
Pronunciation 3. Da bay - zum, da bay - zum, Wat doo ya air may,



Oh, what is it for? For sweep - ing of course,  
Wat doe je er mee? Wij ve - gen er mee,  
Wat doo ya air may? Wye vay - hen air may,

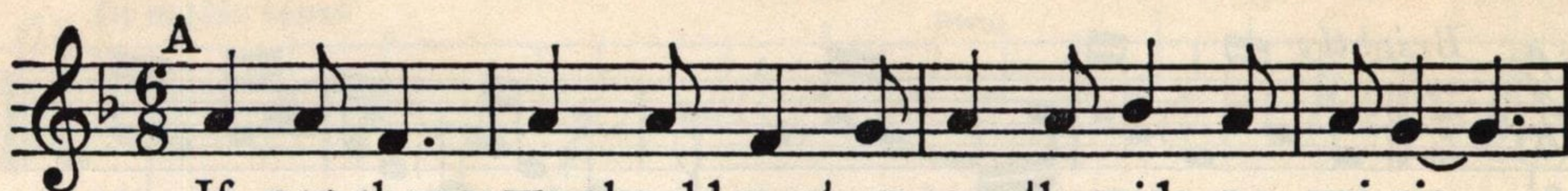


For sweep - ing, of course, On your floor, and my floor.  
Wij ve - gen er mee, De vloer aan, de vloer aan.  
Wye vay - hen air may, Da vluur on, da vluur on.



# Brown-eyed Mary

A song dance of the Middle West



If per-chance we should meet up - on the wide pe - rai-rie, —



In my arms would I em-brace my dar-ling brown-eyed Ma-ry. —



Turn your part-ner half-way 'round and turn the op-po-site la-dy. —



Turn your part-ner in-to place and prom-e-nade right hand la-dy. —

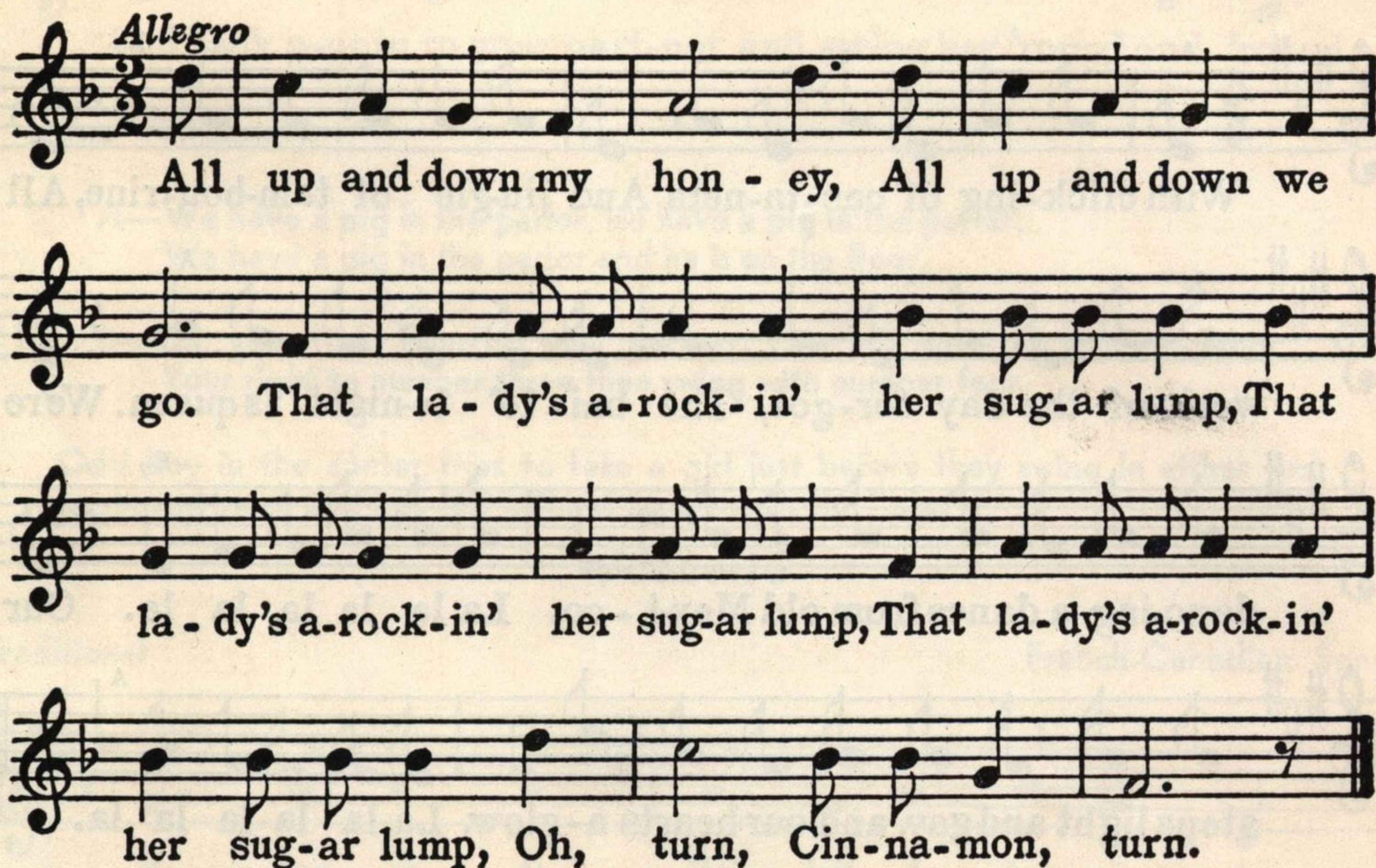




# Turn, Cinnamon, Turn

Florida Folk Singing-Game

*Allegro*



All up and down my hon - ey, All up and down we  
go. That la - dy's a-rock-in' her sug-ar lump, That  
la - dy's a-rock-in' her sug-ar lump, That la-dy's a-rock-in'  
her sug-ar lump, Oh, turn, Cin-na-mon, turn.

The musical notation consists of four staves of music in 2/2 time, marked 'Allegro'. The melody is simple and repetitive, following the lyrics. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notes are mostly quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The final note of the fourth staff is a quarter rest, indicating the end of the phrase.






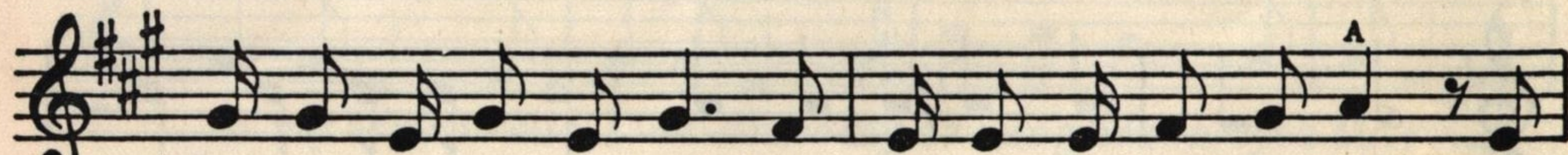
# La Raspe

Maurice Talbot

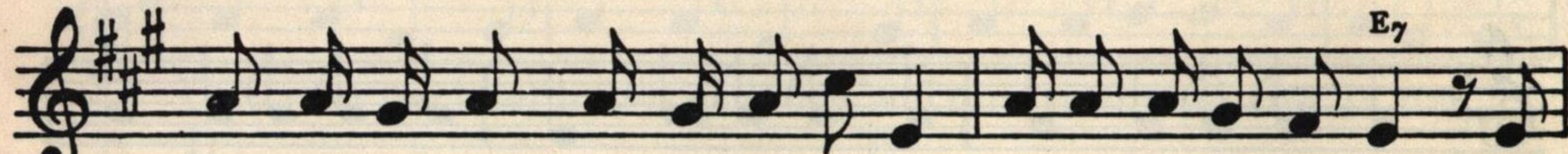
Mexican Dance




With click-ing of cas-ta-nets And jingle of tam-bou-rine, All



work of the day for-got, The bai-le\* to-night is queen. We're



danc-ing a dance from old Mex-i-co, La la la la la la. Our




steps light and gay, and our hearts a-glow, La la la la la la.


\*dance

## Pig in the Parlor

**DIRECTIONS**—One boy in centre of circle without a partner, while others form single circle with girls on the right of the boys. Moving clockwise in circle, all skip round singing:—



We have a pig in the par-lor, we have a pig in the



par-lor, We have a pig in the par-lor, and he is big and round.

Facing partners do as follows:—



Oh, your right hand to your part-ner, your left hand to your neigh-bor,





And back a-gain to your part-ner and swing her 'round and 'round.

## 2nd VERSE—

A—We have a pig in the parlor, we have a pig in the parlor,  
We have a pig in the parlor and he is on the floor.

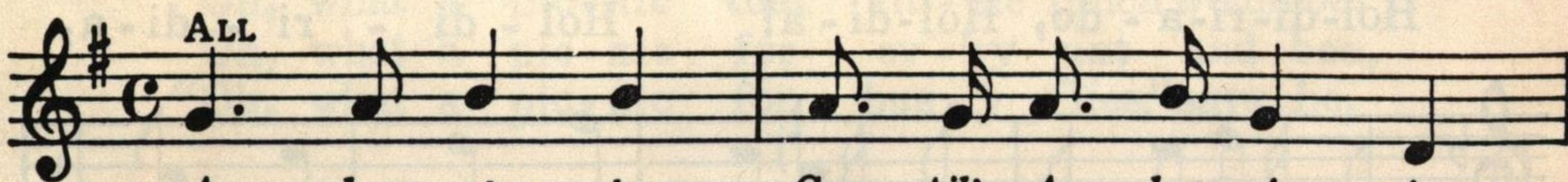
B—Oh, your right hand to your partner, your left hand to your neighbor,  
Your right to number three then swing with number four.

Odd boy in the center tries to take a girl just before they swing in either first or second verse and boy left without a partner is the "pig."

## Alouette

Traditional

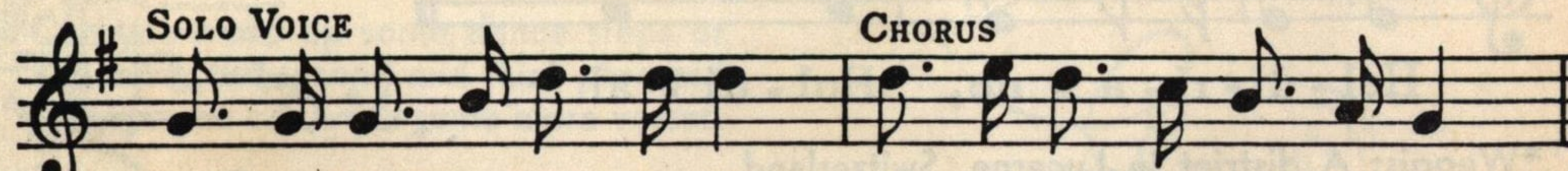
French-Canadian Song



A - lou - et - te, Gen - til' A - lou - et - te, *Fine*



A - lou - et - te, Je te plu - mer - ai,



1. Je te plu - mer - ai la tête, Je te plu - mer - ai la tête,  
2. Je te plu - mer - ai le bec, Je te plu - mer - ai le bec,

\*SOLO VOICE

CHORUS

SOLO

ALL

*D.C. al Fine*



1. Et la tête, Et la tête, A - lou-ette, A - lou-ette, Oh!  
{Et le bec, Et le bec,}

2. {Et la tête, Et la tête,}

3. Le nez; 4. Le dos; 5. Les pattes; 6. Le cou.

\*After the 1st verse, repeat this measure with the words in the reverse order. For example, the last verse will be as follows: *Et le cou, et les pattes, et le dos, et le nez, et le bec, et la tête, Alouette, Oh!* etc. As you repeat the words *la tête* (the head), *le bec* (the beak), *le nez* (the nose), *le dos* (the back), *les pattes* (the paws), *le cou* (the neck), touch your own features.



# The Weggis Dance\*

Translated by David Stevens

Swiss Song Dance



1. When we walk in Weg-gis fair, Hol-di-ri-di - a,  
2. When we row a - cross the bay,



Hol-di-ri-a, Shoes nor stock-ings need we wear,  
There we see pret-ty maid-ens gay,



Hol-di-ri-a - do, Hol-di-a! Hol - di - ri - di - a,



Hol-di-ri-a - do, Hol-di-ri-a! Hol - di - ri - di - a,



Hol - di - ri - a - do, Hol - di - a!

\*Weggis: A district in Lucerne, Switzerland





# Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

Adapted by Sidney Rowe

\*Old English Tune



Un-der-neath the spread - ing chest - nut tree,



Eat - ing ap - ple pie — and drink - ing tea.  
Mar - ma - lade and jam — for you and me.  
Fa - ther tries to nap — at half - past three.



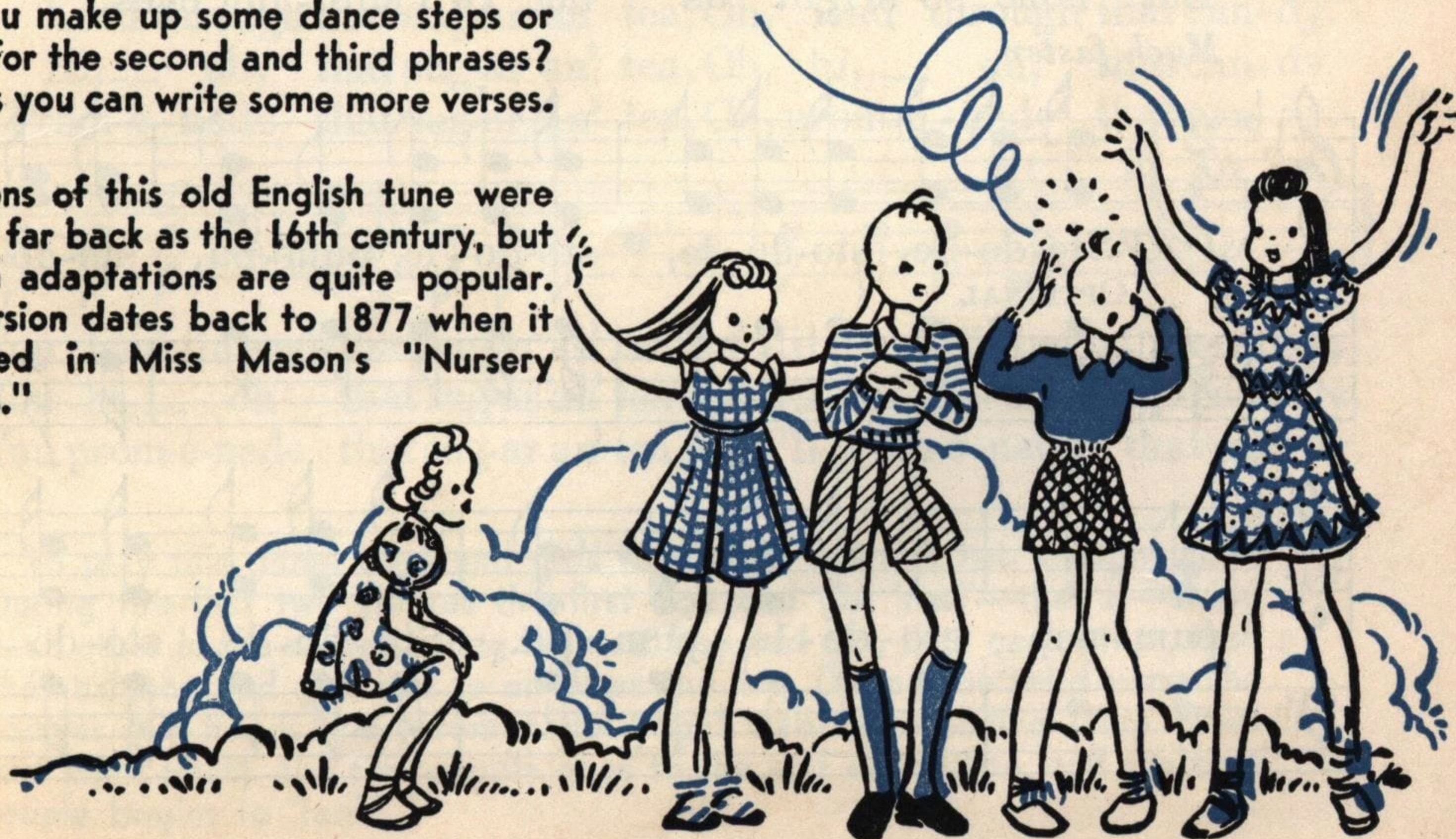
Oh, what a pic-nic that lit - tle lunch would be!  
Oh, what a pic-nic for ev - 'ry ant and bee,  
"Oh, what a pic-nic for bus - y flies," says he,



Un-der-neath the spread - ing chest - nut tree.

Can you make up some dance steps or action for the second and third phrases? Perhaps you can write some more verses.

\*Versions of this old English tune were sung as far back as the 16th century, but modern adaptations are quite popular. This version dates back to 1877 when it appeared in Miss Mason's "Nursery Rhymes."





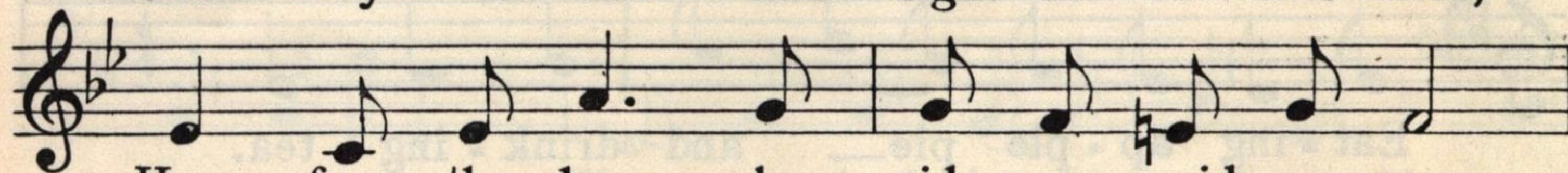
# Walking at Night

Translated by Augustus D. Zanzig

Czechoslovakian Tune



1. Walk - ing at night a - long the mead - ow way,  
2. Near - ing the wood, we heard the night - in - gale,  
3. Man - y the stars that light the sum - mer skies,



Home from the dance, be - side my maid - en gay.  
Sweet - ly his song filled all the si - lent vale.  
But none so bright as her two shin - ing eyes.



Walk - ing at night a - long the mead - ow way,  
Near - ing the wood, we heard the night - in - gale,  
Man - y the stars that light the sum - mer skies,



Home from the dance, be - side my maid - en gay. (Shout)  
Sweet - ly his song filled all the si - lent vale. Hey!  
But none so bright as her two shin - ing eyes.

*Much faster*



*f-pp* Sto-do-le, sto-do-le, sto-do-le, pum-pa, sto-do-le,

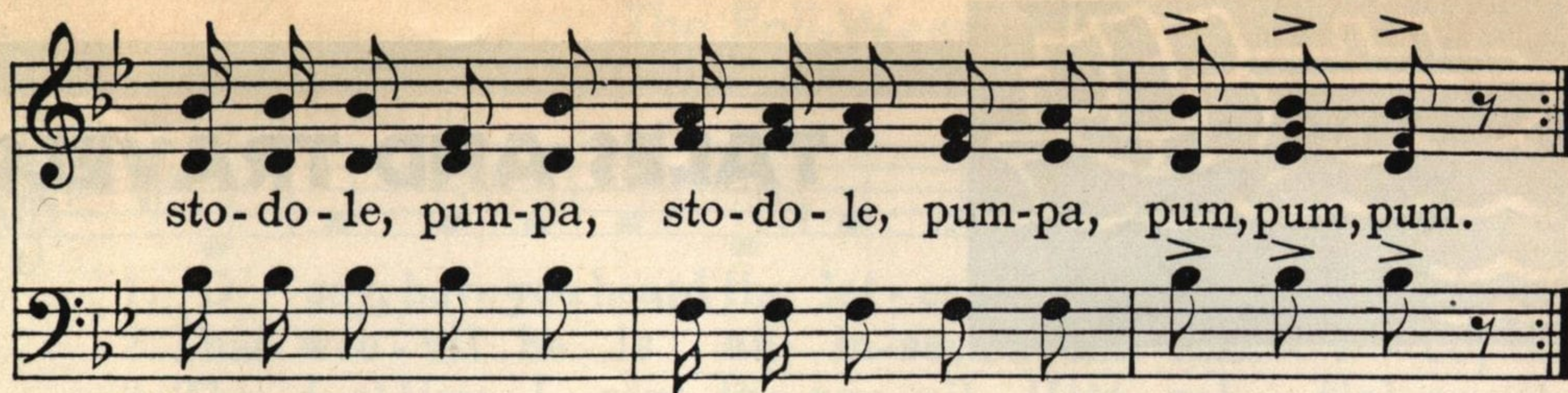
OPTIONAL



pum-pa, sto-do-le, pum-pa. Sto-do-le, sto-do-le,







FORMATION—Couples arm in arm, girls at boys' right.

VERSE I— Slow, sauntering steps, two in a measure, beginning with outside foot, partners singing to each other as they walk; raise inside hands on "Hey."

REFRAIN— The step-hop polka—strike outside heel in front, then toe in back and three quick steps forward and hop; repeat three steps and a hop twice, starting first on the inside foot and then on the outside foot (4 measures). Starting with inside foot, heel, toe, one, two, three, hop; in a small circle away from partner, step, hop, step, hop, step, hop and bow to partner (4 measures).

VERSES II and III—Repeat entire dance.

## Lead through That Sugar and Tea

Traditional

Ozark Play-Party Game



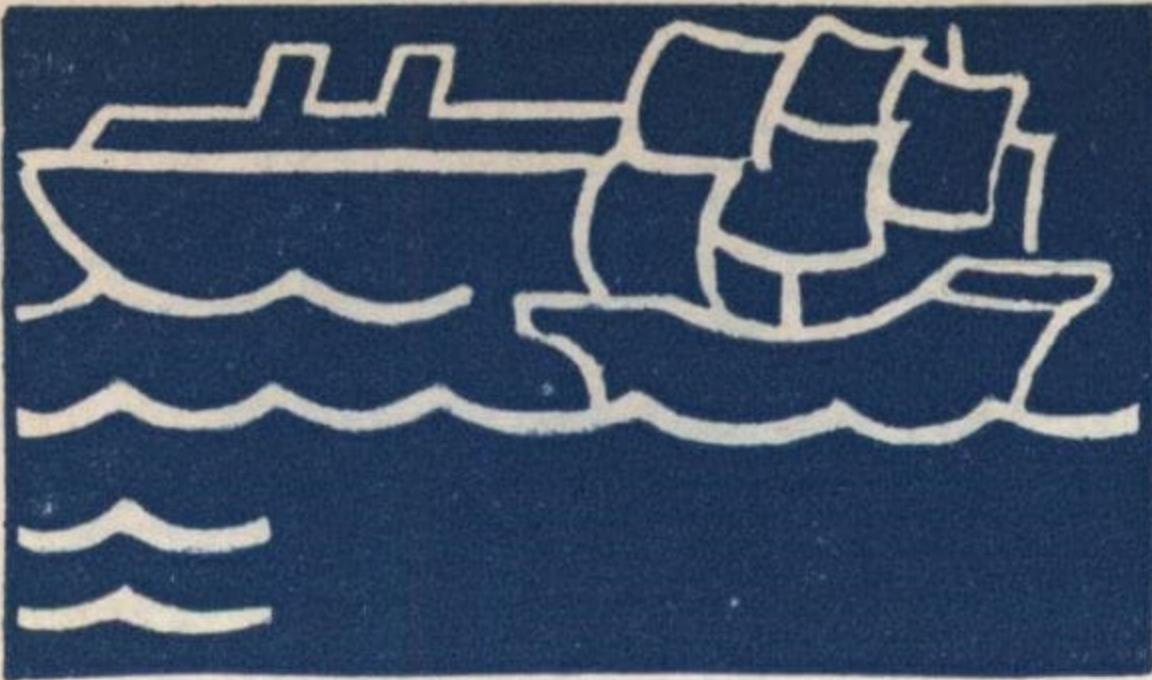
1. Lead through that sug-ar an' tea, Oh, lead through that can-dy.
2. Hi, — oh, that sug-ar an' tea, Oh, hi, — oh, that can-dy.
3. Prom-e-nade that sug-ar an' tea, Oh, prom-e-nade that can-dy.



You lead through that sug-ar an' tea An' I'll lead through that can-dy.  
 You hi, — oh that sug-ar an' tea An' I'll hi, — oh that can-dy.  
 You prom-e-nade that sug-ar an' tea An' I'll prom-e-nade that can-dy.

To play this game boys and girls face each other in two straight lines. During the first two stanzas the first boy and girl 'reel'—that is—swing each other in the center, swing the next boy and girl, then each other, then the next boy and girl, and so on down the line. During the third verse the couples join hands and 'promenade' (eight walking or sliding steps down and eight back). The first couple goes to the end of the line, and the next couple begins to 'reel.'





## TALES AND TRAVELS

### Covered Wagon Days

\*Composed by Fifth Grade Children  
Pasadena (California) City Schools



1. A - cross the plains roll our wag - on trains, On the  
2. We will camp to - night at a pleas - ant site And we'll



way to the gold fields far, Where the cat - tle prowl and the  
sing to the ban - jo's strum; To the fid - dle's squeal we will



\*\*coy - otes howl And the herds of buf - fa - lo are.  
dance a reel And be gay, what - ev - er may come.

#### CHORUS



Roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long, wag-on trains.

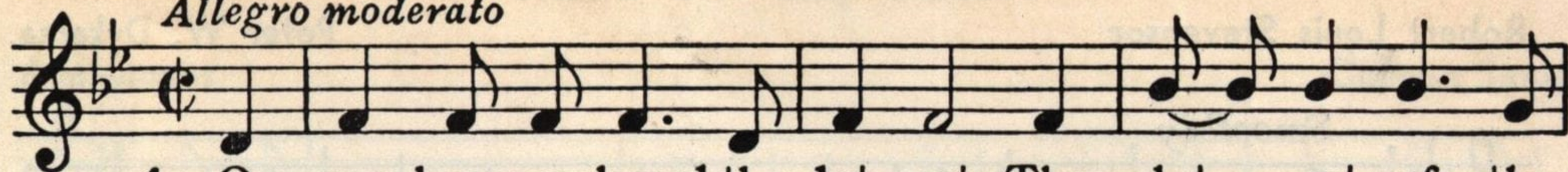


Roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long, a - cross the plains.

\*Teacher, Miss Ethel B. Tassey

\*\*Pronounced "ki-ōtes"

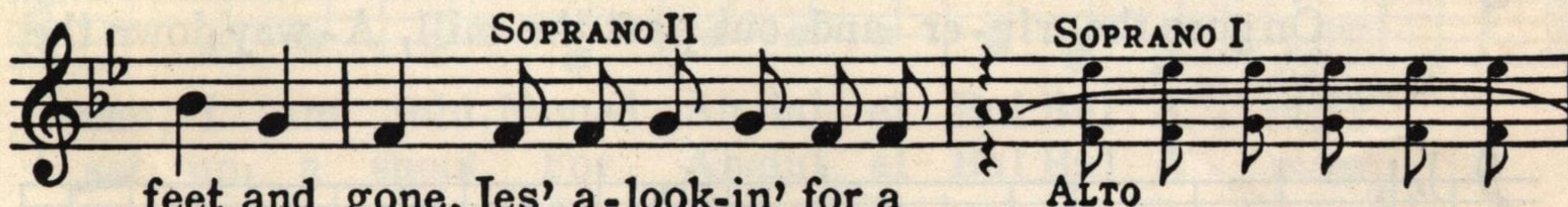


*Allegro moderato*

1. O say, have you heard the lat - est, The lat - est of the
2. That wee - vil he is an in-seck From Mex - i - co, they
3. The fus' time I saw the wee-vil, He's set - tin' on the
4. The farm - er he took the wee-vil An' bur-ied him in the
5. The farm - er he took the wee-vil An' put - him on the
6. The las' time I saw the wee-vil, He's set - tled down for



songs? It's a - bout the lit-tle boll - wee-vil, He pick up both  
 say, Come to try the Tex - as - cli - mate, An' he thought he'd  
 square,\* An' the nex' time when I - saw him He had all his  
 san', An' the wee-vil says to the farm-er, "I can stand it  
 ice, An' the wee-vil says to the farm-er, "This is might - y  
 life, An' he had his aunt and un - cle An' his cou - sin



feet and gone, Jes' a-look-in' for a  
 bet-ter stay, Jes' a-look-in' for a  
 fam-ly there, Jes' a-look-in' for a home (Jes' a-look-in' for a  
 like a man," I'm a-look-in' for a  
 cool an' nice," I'm a-look-in' for a  
 an' his wife, Jes' a-look-in' for a



home) Jes' a-look-in' for a home (Jes' a-look-in' for a home).

\*The 'square' of the cotton plant.

This jolly song deals with a familiar pest which  
 is found in the cotton fields of the South.





## Where Go the Boats?

Robert Louis Stevenson

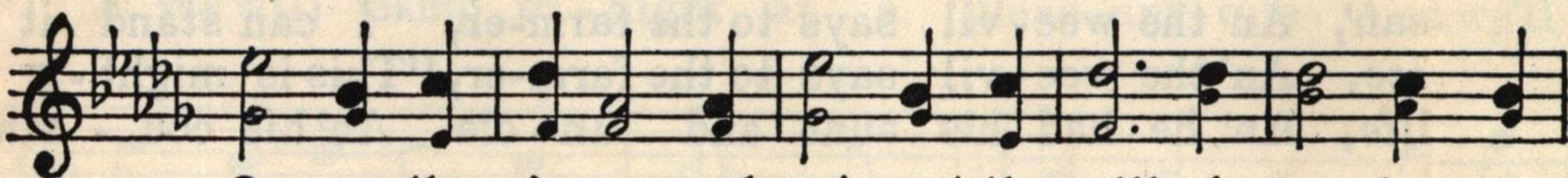
Peter W. Dykema



Dark brown is the riv - er, Gold - en is the sand. It  
Green leaves a - float - ing, Cas - tles of the foam. —



flows a - long for - ev - er, With trees on eith - er hand.  
Boats of mine a - boat - ing, — When will all come home?



On goes the riv - er and out past the mill, A - way down the



val - ley, a - way down the hill. A - way down the



riv - er, a hun - dred miles or more, Oth - er lit - tle



chil - dren shall bring my boats a - shore.



# Ivan Skivitsky Skivar

Anonymous

College Song



1. Now the sons of the pro-phet were har - dy and bold, And were
2. If they want - ed a man to en - cour - age the van, Or to
3. There were he - roes in plen - ty and men known to fame, Who —
4. He could sing like Ca - ru - so, both ten - or and bass, He could



quite un-ac - cus - tomed to fear, — But bra - vest of all was a  
 serve as a bold can - non - eer — Or storm a re - doubt, they would  
 fought in the ranks of the Czar, — But none of more fame than a  
 play on the Span - ish gui - tar; — In fact, quite the cream of the



man, I am told, Named Ab - dul el Bul Bul A - meer. —  
 set up a shout For Ab - dul el Bul Bul A - meer. —  
 man by the name Of I - van Ski - vit - sky Ski - var. —  
 Mus - co - vite team Was I - van Ski - vit - sky Ski - var. —

5. One day this bold Muscovite shouldered his gun  
 And walked down the street with a sneer;  
 He was looking for fun when he happened to run  
 Upon Abdul el Bul Bul Ameer.
6. Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty chibouque,  
 Crying: "Send your regrets to the Czar,"  
 And with mur - d'rous intent he most suddenly went  
 For Ivan Skivitsky Skivar.
7. On a stone by the banks where the Neva doth roll  
 There is written in characters clear:  
 "Oh stranger, remember to pray for the soul  
 Of Abdul el Bul Bul Ameer?"
8. While a Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep  
 By the light of the cold Northern Star,  
 And the name that she constantly shouts in her sleep  
 Is Ivan Skivitsky Skivar.



# Thar She Blows! (Whaling Song)

David Stevens

Larry Davis



1. My un-cle was a sail - or, He used to be a whal-er,  
2. My un-cle was no shirk-er, An a - ble bod-ied work-er,



And he sailed (he sailed) the north-ern seas.\_ His life it was a  
As he sailed (he sailed) the north-ern seas.\_ The top-s'l reefs he



rough one, A rug-ged and a tough one, As he sailed (he  
shook out, And stood his watch at look-out, As he sailed (he



sailed) the north-ern seas.\_ Thar she blows! Thar she  
sailed) the north-ern seas.\_



blows! She's a bounc-ing whale and sperm at that, And we have no



time for to sit and chat, For thar she blows, my heart-ies,







thar she blows! As he sailed (he sailed) the northern seas.—

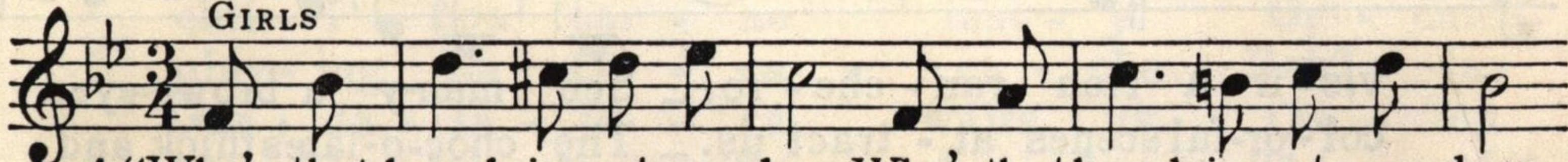
## Barnacle Bill, the Sailor

Adapted by David Stevens

American Sea Chantey

*Andantino*

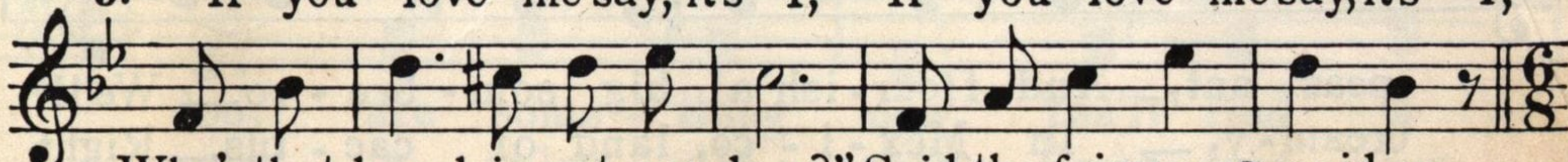
GIRLS



1. "Who's that knock-ing at my door, Who's that knock-ing at my door,

2. "You should nev - er say, 'it's me,' You should nev - er say 'it's me,'

3. "If you love me say, 'it's I,' If you love me say, 'it's I,'



Who's that knock-ing at my door?" Said the fair young maid-en.

You should nev - er say, 'it's me,'" Said the fair young maid-en.

If you love me say, 'it's I,'" Said the fair young maid-en.

*Giocoso*

BOYS



"Fair maid, it's me, I'm home from the sea,"

"Why not?" said he, "It's cer-tain-ly me," Said

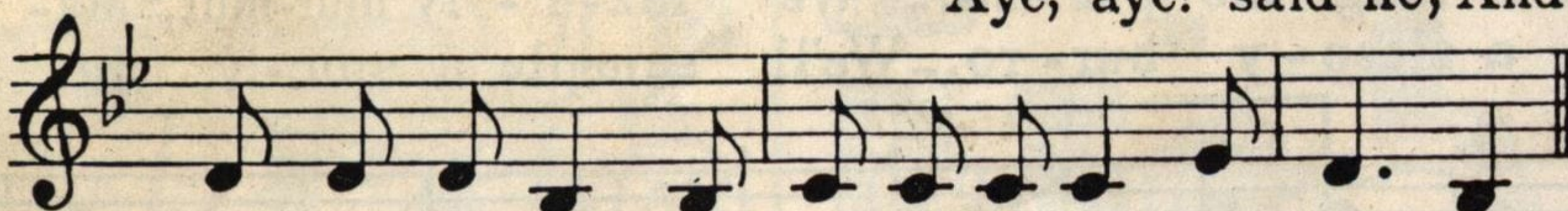
"Aye, aye!" said he, "And now we a-gree,"



"Fair maid, it's me, I'm

Bar-na-cle Bill, the sail - or. "Why not?" said he, "It's

"Aye, aye!" said he, And



home from the sea,"

cer-tain-ly me," Said Bar-na-cle Bill, the sail - or.

now we a-gree,"





# Meander in Mexico

J. Lilian Vandevere

Mexican Folk Tune



1. A Mex - i - can trip is pleas - ant. — We'll

2. The or - ches - tra tune is dream - y, — And



vis - it a rich ran - che - ro, — See man - y a brown-eyed  
col - or - ful scenes at - tract us. — The choc - o - late's thick and



peas - ant, — And flour - ish a big som - bre - ro. — We'll  
cream - y, — In Mex - i - co, land of cac - tus. — Right



wave to a smil - ing pa - dre, And climb the Si - er - ra  
aft - er a brief si - es - ta — We'll cel - e - brate in fi -



Ma - dre. In mar - ket we'll buy a ba - na - na, — Then we'll  
es - ta. — We'll linger in Tam - az - un - cha - le, — And we'll



stroll a - long the pla - za. — We laz - i - ly mur - mur, "Ma -  
pat a sleep - y bur - ro. — We'll sam - ple a spic - y ta -

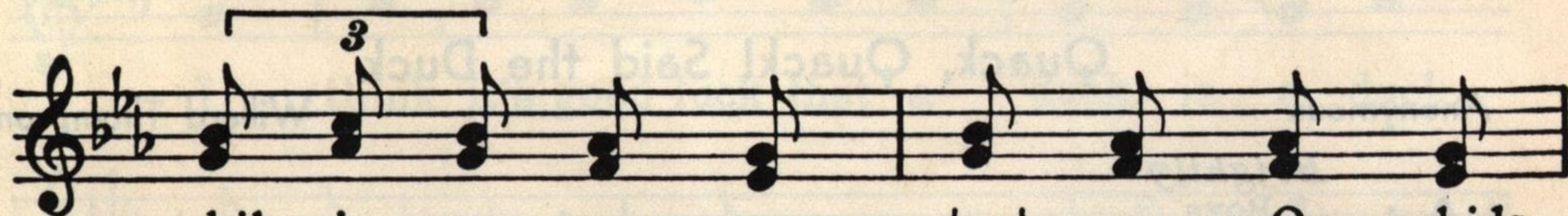


ña - na", — As we wan - der on our way.  
ma - le; — Come a - long, the trip is gay.





A - cross the street we'll stop to eat, And find the  
 While voic - es sing gui - tars will ring, Of course they're  
 The corn - fields stand on ev - 'ry hand, And far - ther  
 We hear the beat of danc - ing feet, And see that



chil - i con car - ne tast - y. Or - chids,  
 play - ing La Cu - ca - ra - cha. Dahl - ias  
 Gua - da - la - ja - ra waits us. Ox - en  
 Mex - i - can dance, the hat dance. This quaint



too, are some - thing new. You'll find a  
 grow, a splen - did show. Come, join our  
 plod, the pe - ons nod. Ca - the - drals  
 land ex - tends a hand. Come, see old

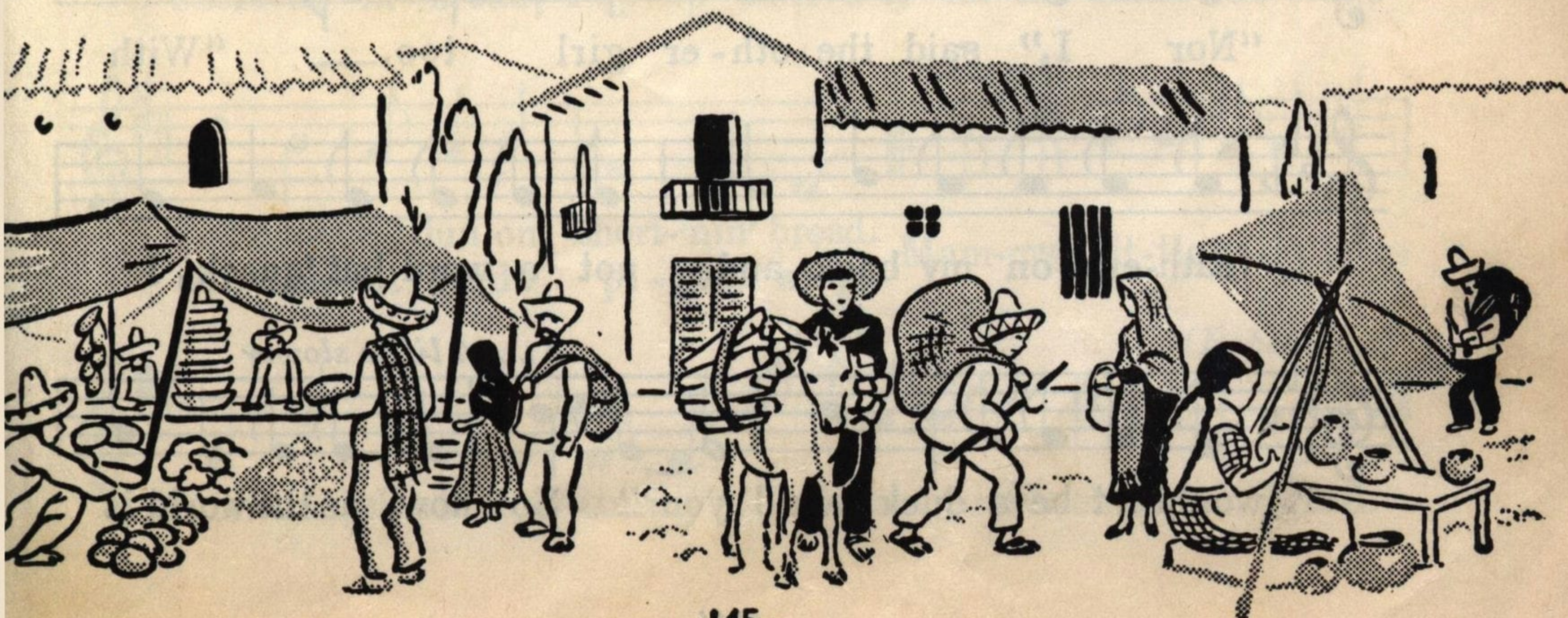


Mex-i - can trip is gay.

beck-on us in to pray.

Mex-i - can trip to - day.

Mex-i - co's charms to - day.









just as it is, And I hope you'll think so, too,—

I think it's good luck that a duck is a duck,

And a girl is a girl, don't you?—

## Short'nin' Bread

Traditional

Negro Song

*Not too fast*

1. Two lit-tle chil-lun just a - ly-in' in bed, One of 'em sick an' de  
2. One lit-tle fel-ler just a - ly-in' in bed, When he hear tell of de

oth - er mos' dead. Call for de doc-tor an' de doc - tor said:  
short-en-in' bread, Pop up so live-ly an' he dance and sing,

REFRAIN

Feed dose chil-lun on short-'nin' bread. Mam-my's lit-tle ba-by loves  
Al-mos' cut 'em de pi - geon wing.

*(Repeat pp)*

short-'nin', short-'nin', Mam-my's lit-tle ba-by loves short-'nin' bread.



# The Elephant's Lullaby

D. S.

David Stevens

*In moderate time*



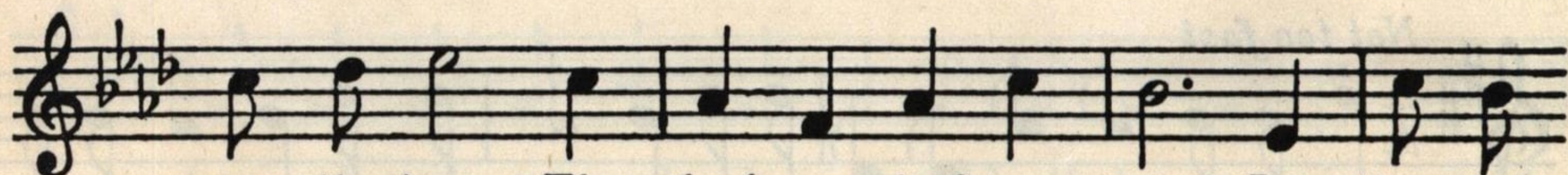
1. The shades of night close round the park, Where stands the  
2. You've played a-round since ear - ly dawn, The hours have



well-known zoo; The sun has gone, it's get-ting dark,  
gai - ly sped. A while a - go I saw you yawn,



Now falls the eve-ning dew. A - long the path a -  
You're read - y now for bed. Your lit - tle friends are



mong the trees, The dusk-y shad-ows creep, It's time for  
all a - sleep, The ape and kan - ga - roo; It's time for

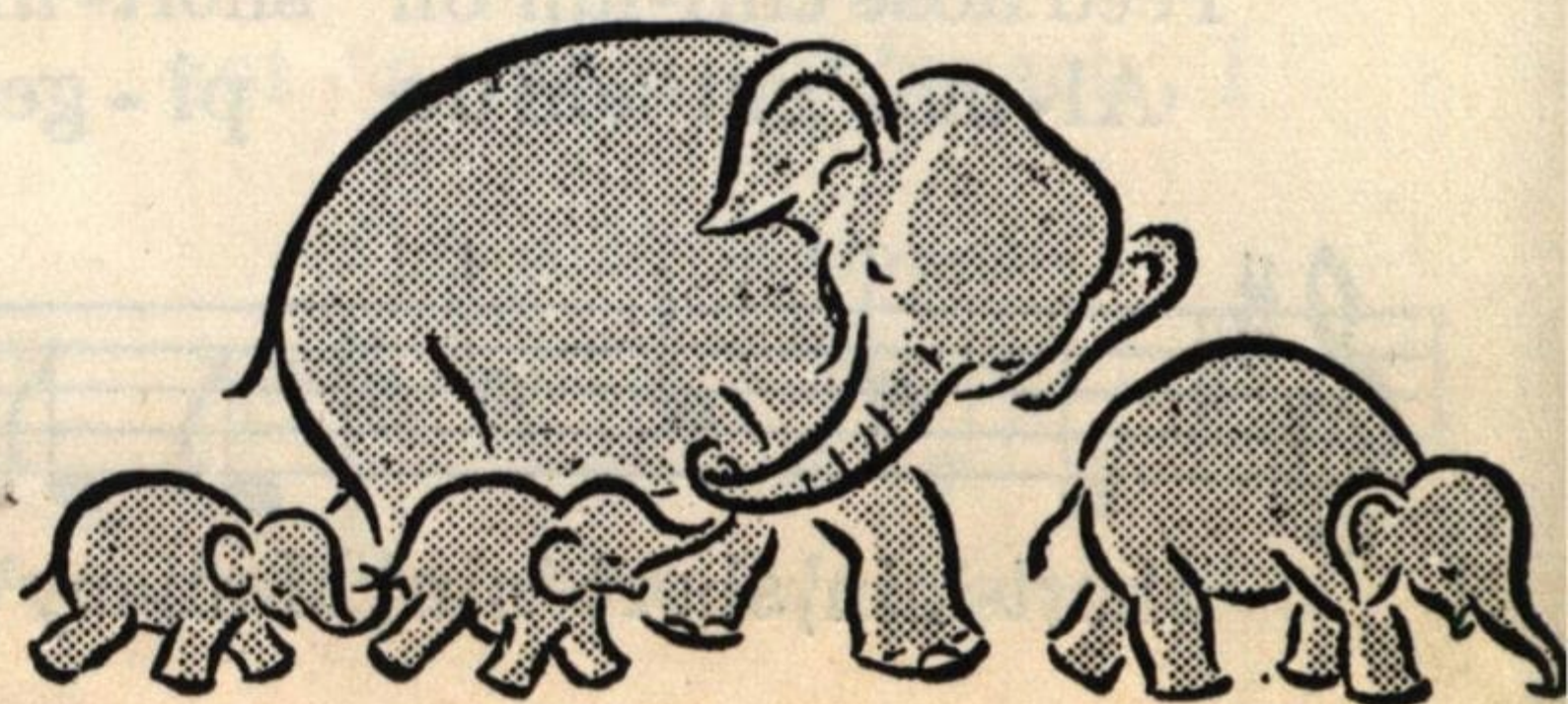
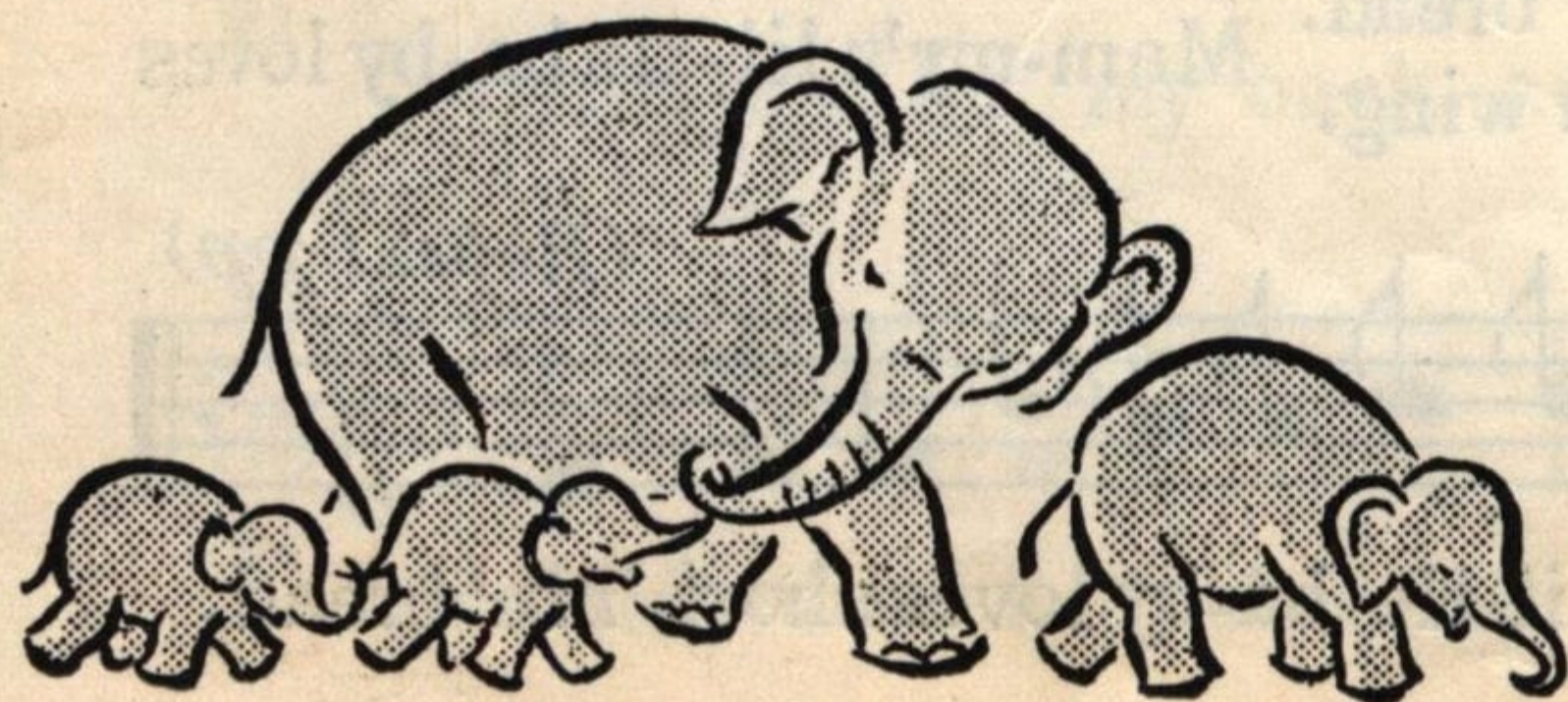


all young el - e - phants to close their eyes in sleep.  
all young el - e - phants to close their peep - ers too.

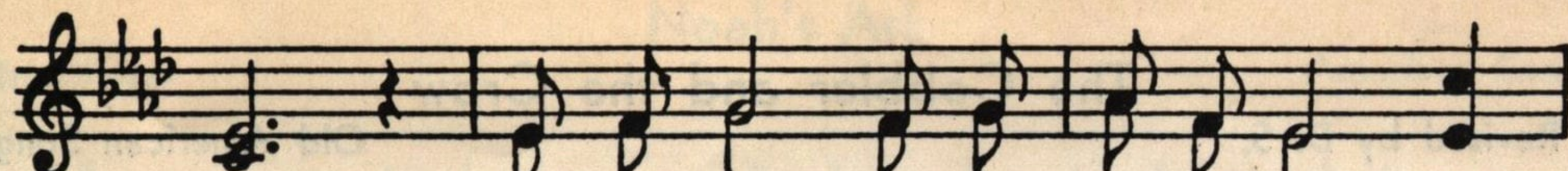
## REFRAIN



Lull - a - by, ba - by el - e - phant, Good-night, pleas - ant








dreams; Close your eyes, ba-by el-e-phant, Till



morn-ing's sun-light beams. The hip-po has gone to rest,



Gi-raffe and os-trich, too, So by-low, it is



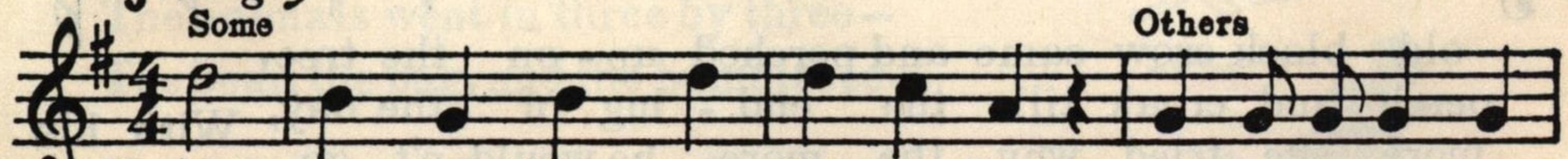
time to go To the el-e-phant's dream-land zoo.

## He Didn't!

Clinton Cole


German Tune

*Jokingly*  
Some Others



1. Up-on a tree a dick-y bird—  
2. Be-low him prowled a fur-ry black—  
3. He said, "For din-ner I shall have"— Sim sa-la-dim bam-  
4. But all at once the dick-y bird—

All



Up-on a tree a dick-y bird sat.  
Be-low him prowled a fur-ry black cat.  
He said "For din-ner I shall have you!"  
But all at once the dick-y bird flew!

ba sa-la-du sa-la-dim





# The Cobbler and the Crow

Revised by D. S.

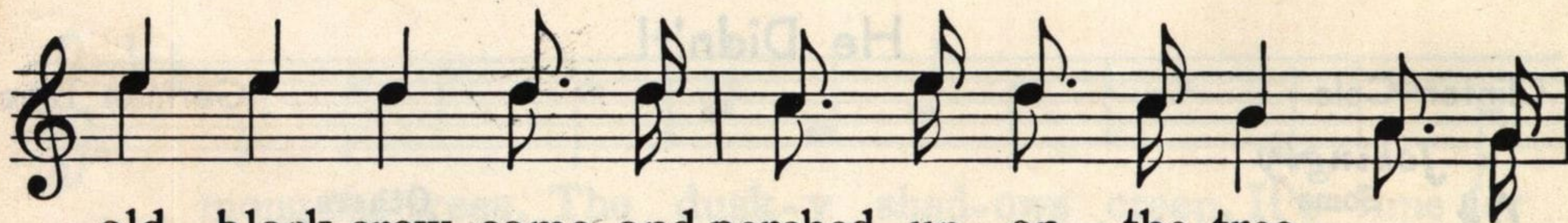
Old American Song



1. There was a mer - ry cob - bler, bus - y as a bee,
2. Now, wife, you go and drive yon dusk - y crow a - way,
3. The cob - bler's wife she tried to drive a - way the crow,
4. Then spoke the mer - ry cob - bler at the close of day:



Li - ly, li - ly, li - ly, li - ly li - do; When an  
 Li - ly, li - ly, li - ly, li - ly li - do; Or he'll  
 Li - ly, li - ly, li - ly, li - ly li - do; But the  
 Li - ly, li - ly, li - ly, li - ly li - do; If the



old black crow came and perched up - on the tree,  
 perch and croak till the end - ing of the day, With his  
 more she tried, why the more he would - n't go,  
 crow won't go, we shall have to let him stay,



Qua! Qua! Qua! Qua! Li - ly, li - ly, li - ly, li - ly li - do.





# Noah's Ark

Traditional

American Song



Old Noah he built himself an ark; There's one more riv-er to cross.  
He built it all of hick-'ry bark;

CHORUS



There's one more riv-er, And that wide riv-er is Jor-dan,



There's one more riv-er, There's one more riv-er to cross.

The animals went in one by one –  
The elephant chewing a caraway bun –

The animals went in two by two –  
The rhinoceros and the kangaroo –

The animals went in three by three –  
The bear, the bug, and the bumblebee –

The animals went in four by four –  
The hippopotamus stuck in the door –

The animals went in five by five –  
"It's raining," said Noah, "so look alive" –

The animals went in six by six –  
The monkeys cutting up monkey tricks –

The animals went in seven by seven –  
Said the ant to the elephant: "Who are you shovin'?" –

The animals went in eight by eight –  
"That's enough," said Noah, and slammed the gate –

And as they talked on this and that, –  
The ark it bumped on Ararat –







## Chit-Chat

J. Lilian Vandevere  
*Busily*

Peter W. Dykema



1. "And how are you to - day?

I hope you're well. I've

2. "Just fan - cy meet-ing you,

and now I'll run. I



1. "And how are you to - day, my dear? I hope you're well. I've

2. "Just fan - cy meet-ing you, my dear, and now I'll run. I



some-thing I must say,  
have so much to do,

so let me tell. I talked with  
that must be done. Ann But - ler



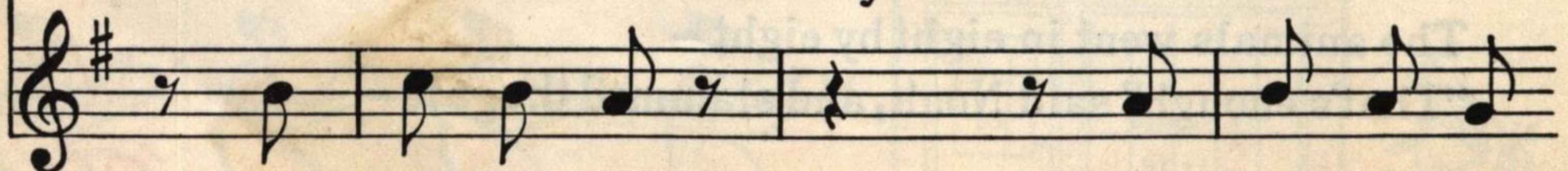
some-thing I must say, my dear, so let me tell.

have so much to do, my dear, that must be done.



Ma - ry Snow.  
broke her arm.

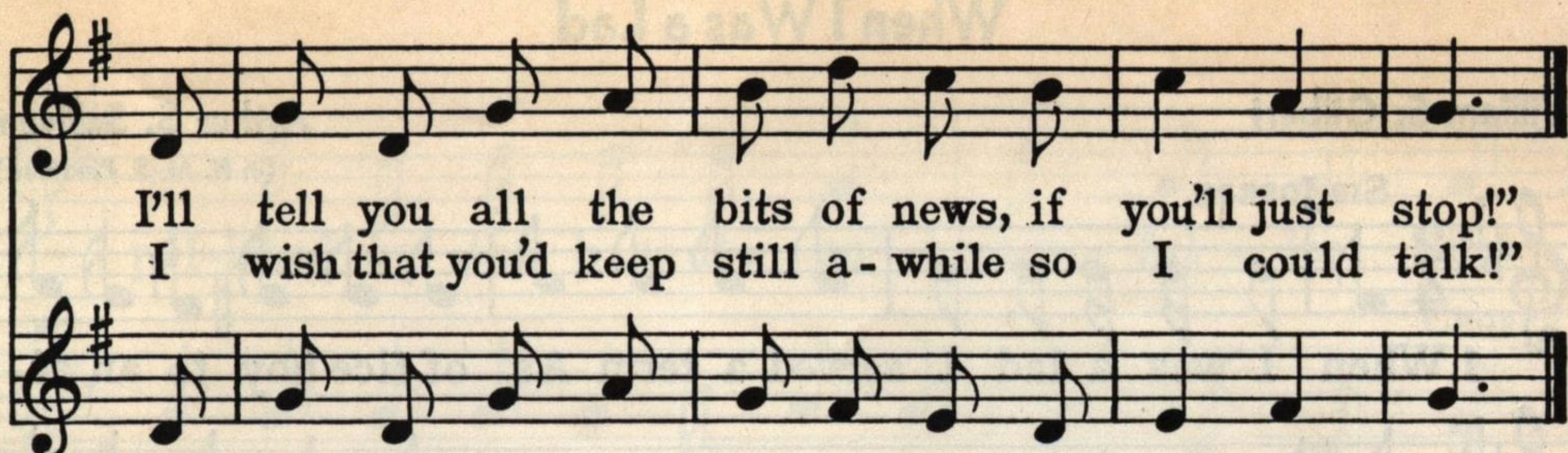
She lost her lat - est beau.  
Lem Tay-lor sold his farm.



But have you heard—  
Oh, yes, I know—

Why, that's ab - surd!  
You told me so.

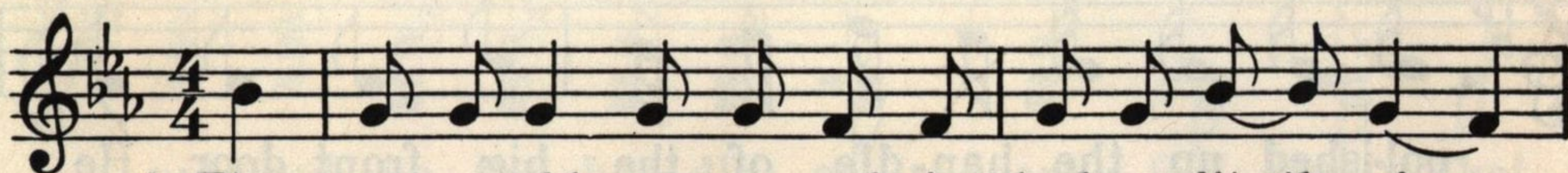




## The Little Pig

Traditional

Vermont Folk Song



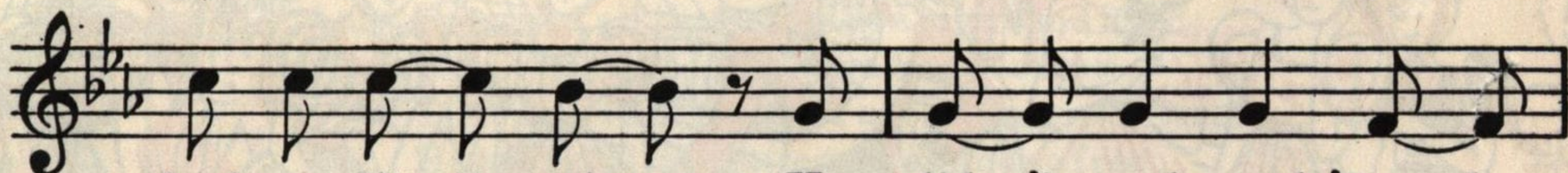
1. There was an old wom-an and she had a lit-tle pig,—
2. This lit-tle old wom-an kept the pig-gy in the barn,—
3. This lit-tle old wom-an fed the pig-gy on— clo-ver,
4. Now that is the sto-ry of the pig-gy and the dame,



Mm \_\_\_\_\_  
Mm \_\_\_\_\_  
Mm \_\_\_\_\_  
Mm \_\_\_\_\_

Mm \_\_\_\_\_  
Mm \_\_\_\_\_  
Mm \_\_\_\_\_  
Mm \_\_\_\_\_

There was an old wom-an and she  
This lit-tle old wom-an kept the  
This lit-tle old wom-an fed the  
Now that is the sto-ry of the



had a lit-tle pig,— He did-n't cost much 'cause he  
pig-gy in the barn, The pret-ti-est thing she—  
pig-gy on— clo-ver, And when he died he—  
pig-gy and the dame, And which of the two was the



was-n't ver-y big, Mm. \_\_\_\_\_  
had— on the farm, Mm. \_\_\_\_\_  
died— all— o-ver, Mm. \_\_\_\_\_  
most to— blame? Mm. \_\_\_\_\_





# When I Was a Lad

William S. Gilbert

Arthur S. Sullivan

(in H. M. S. Pinafore)

SIR JOSEPH



1. When I was a lad I served a term As of-fice boy to an at-



tor-ney's firm; I cleaned the win-dows and I swept the floor, And I



CHORUS

pol-ished up the han-dle of the big front door. He

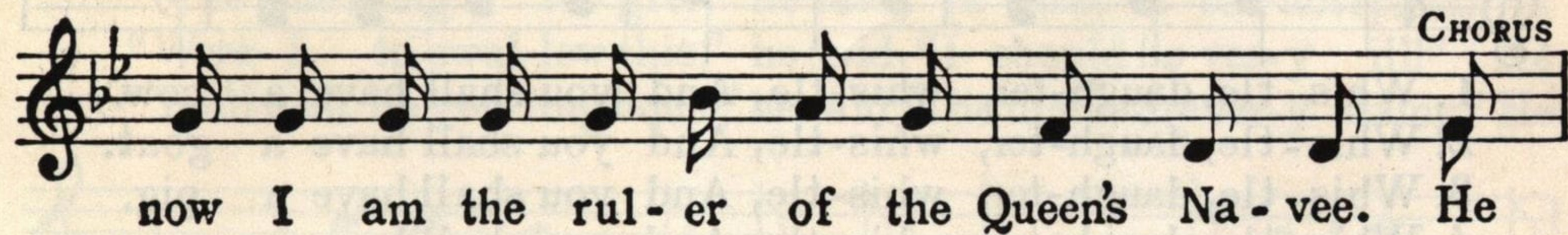


SIR J.

pol-ished up the han-dle of the big front door. I







CHORUS



2. SIR J. As office boy I made such a mark

That they gave me the post of a junior clerk;

I served the writs with a smile so bland,

And I copied all the letters in a big round hand;

ALL He copied all the letters in a big round hand;

SIR J. I copied all the letters in a hand so free

That now I am the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

ALL He copied all the letters in a hand so free

That now he is the ruler of the Queen's Navee.

SIR J. Now, landsmen all, whoever you may be,

If you want to rise to the top of the tree,

If your soul isn't fettered to an office stool,

Be careful to be guided by this golden rule,

ALL Be careful to be guided by this golden rule—

SIR J. Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,

And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee.

ALL Stick close to your desks, and never go to sea,

And you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee.

\*Pronounce 'clark.'





# Whistle, Daughter, Whistle

Traditional

Early American Song



1. Whis - tle, daugh - ter, whis - tle, And you shall have a cow.
2. Whis - tle, daugh - ter, whis - tle, And you shall have a goat.
3. Whis - tle, daugh - ter, whis - tle, And you shall have a pig.
4. Whis - tle, daugh - ter, whis - tle, And you shall have a man.



- I can't whis - tle, moth - er, Be - cause I don't know how.  
 I can't whis - tle, moth - er, Be - cause it hurts my throat.  
 I can't whis - tle, moth - er, Be - cause I am too big.  
 (Whistle). . . . . I've just found out I can.

# The Gardener's Song

Lewis Carroll

George Frederick McKay

Here is a song "just for fun!"



1. He thought he saw an el - e - phant That played up - on a fife; He
2. He thought he saw a rat - tle - snake That questioned him in Greek; He
3. He thought he saw a kan - ga - roo That worked a cof - fee mill; He
4. He thought he saw an Al - ba - tross That flut - tered round the lamp; He



- looked a - gain, and found it was a Let - ter from his wife.  
 looked a - gain, and found it was The Mid - dle of Next Week.  
 looked a - gain, and found it was A Veg - e - ta - ble Pill.  
 looked a - gain, and found it was A Pen - ny Post - age Stamp.

\*This sign shows that the pianist plays three measures here. Those who play in a school orchestra may know this sign.





"At length I re-al-ize," he said, "The bit-ter-ness of life!" He  
 "The one thing I re-gret," he said, "Is that it can-not speak!" He  
 "Were I to swal-low this," he said, "I should be ver-y ill!" He  
 "You'd best be get-ting home," he said, "The nights are ver-y damp." He



thought he saw a buf-fa-lo Up-on the chim-ney piece. He  
 thought he saw a Bank-er's Clerk De-scend-ing from a bus; He  
 thought he saw a Coach and Four That stood be-side his bed; He  
 thought he saw a Gar-den Door That o-pened with a key; He



looked a-gain and found it was his sis-ter's hus-band's niece. "Un-  
 looked a-gain and found it was A Hip-po-pot-a-mus. "If  
 looked a-gain and found it was A Bear with out a Head. "Poor  
 looked a-gain and found it was A Dou-ble-Rule-of-Three. "And



less you leave this house," he said, "I'll call for the po-lice!"  
 this should stay to dine," he said, "There won't be much for us!"  
 thing," he said, "Poor sil-ly thing, It's wait-ing to be fed!"  
 all its mys-ter-y," he said, "Is clear as day to me!"





# Jennie Jenkins

Traditional

Early American Song



*Moderato*  
Boys



1. Will you wear white, O my dear, O my dear? Oh,
2. Will you wear red, O my dear, O my dear? Oh,
3. Will you wear pur-ple my dear, O my dear? Oh,

GIRLS



will you wear white, Jen-nie Jen-kins? I won't wear white, for the  
will you wear red, — Jen-nie Jen-kins? I won't wear red — It's the  
will you wear pur-ple, Jen-nie Jen-kins? I won't wear purple, It's the



col-or's too — bright,  
col-or of my head, — I'll — buy me a fol-de-rol-dy  
col-or of a tur-tle,



til-dy-tol-dy, seek a-dou-ble use-a-cause-a roll-the-find me. —

Boys



Roll, Jen-nie Jen-kins, roll. —

Try and sing the nonsense refrain as  
fast as possible, and from memory.

## If I Had the Wings



Anonymous

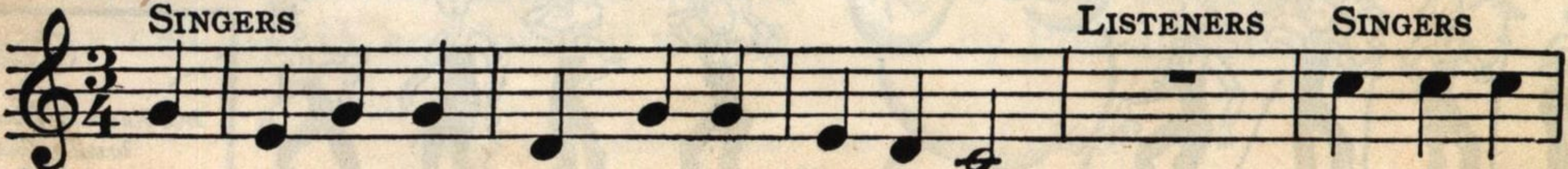
Old English, adapted to the U. S. A.

*Waltz time*

SINGERS

LISTENERS

SINGERS



If I had the wings of a tur-tle dove, (caterpillar) Back to old



LISTENERS etc.

\* I'd fly, (*I'd crawl*) And there I would play with those  
stu-dents, (*What, those students!*) And there I would play till I die.

ALL CHORUS SINGERS

(*Period. Chorus:*) Sing too ra lay, too ra lay, too ra lay, (*Re-peat*) Sing  
too ra lay, too ra lay ay, (*A - gain*) Sing too ra lay, too ra lay,  
too ra lay, (*Once more*) Sing too ra lay, too ra lay ay. (*Period. Second verse:*)

\*Any local or school name.

Two groups take part in this song; the *singers*, who sing the song, and the *listeners*, who speak their comments (in italics) in the pauses, and are joined by the singers at the end of the verse and also at the end of the song. Repeat the whole song as many times as you like.

## Where, O Where Is Old Elijah?

Traditional

Old American Song

1. Where, O where is old E-li-jah, Where, O where is old E-li-jah,

Where, O where is old E-li-jah? Way down in the prom-ised land.

2. He went up in a fiery chariot,  
He went up in a fiery chariot,  
He went up in a fiery chariot,  
Way down in the promised land.

3. By and by we'll go and see him, *etc.*  
4. Where, O where is poor old Daniel? *etc.*  
5. He went in a den of lions, *etc.*  
6. By and by we'll go and see him, *etc.*



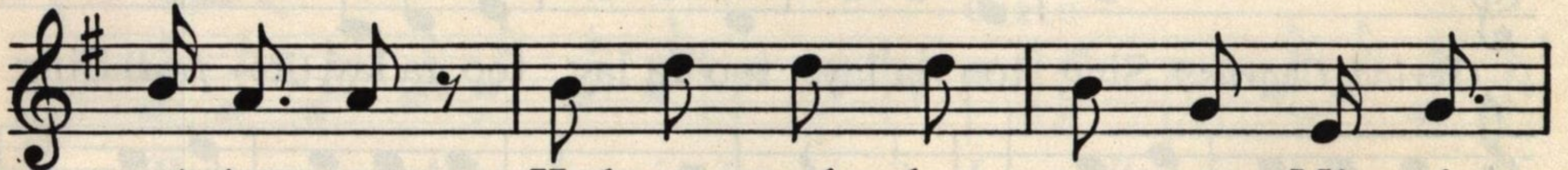
# Wait, Old Mule

Adapted by David Stevens

Early American Tune  
("Old Tare River")



1. Way down south in old Vir- gin - ny, 'Way down where the
2. Coon and 'pos-sum met to-geth-er, 'Way down where the
3. Now Miss Di-nah, I must leave you, 'Way down where the



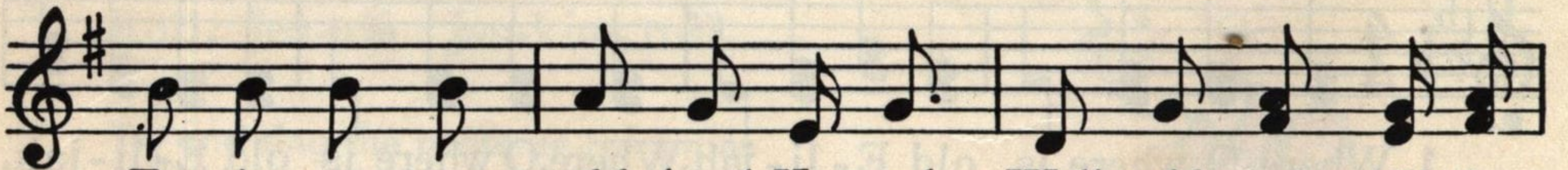
cot-ton grows; Had a mule, her name was Min-nie,  
cot-ton grows; Coon says "Might-y pleas-ant weath-er,"  
cot-ton grows; Do not let our part-ing grieve you,



'Way down south where the cot-ton grows. Tra-veled down to  
'Way down south where the cot-ton grows. "Come with me to  
'Way down south where the cot-ton grows. Dance and sing, for-



old Sa-van-nah, 'Way down where the cot-ton grows;  
coon-ey hol-low," 'Way down where the cot-ton grows;  
get your sor-row, 'Way down where the cot-ton grows;



For to see my old Aunt Han-nah, Wait old mule, till the  
"You go first and I will fol-low," Wait old mule, till the  
I'll be back some time to-mor-row, Wait old mule, till the



whis-tle blows.  
whis-tle blows.  
whis-tle blows.





## THE MUSIC ROAD

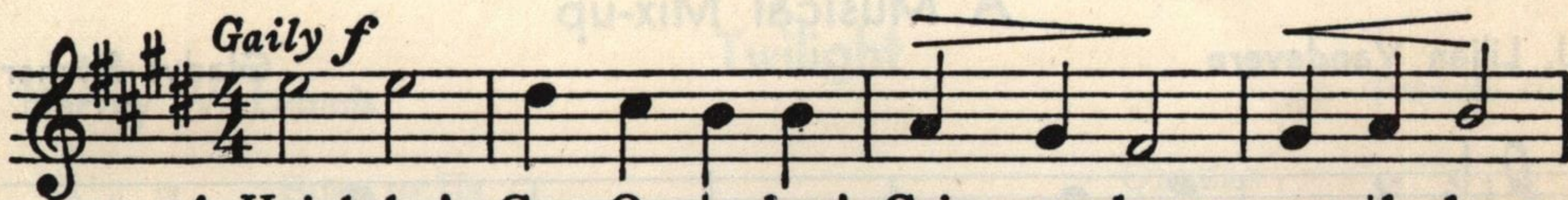
**TUNEFUL TIM SAYS:** It's fun to be able to sing a new song the first time you see it. Would you like to learn how? Start with an easy song. Find a short group of notes — what you might call a "figure" or a "phrase" — and try to hear in your mind how it should sound. Then see if there is another like it in the same song. If there is, you simply repeat it. Then pick out another figure for study. Now you've started reading music!

Would you like to make some songs of your own? Here's one way. Recite some favorite short verses over and over. Make them as "sing-song" as Mother Goose. Bye and bye you'll have a tune. Remember it! Sing it to someone! Maybe you can make up your own words also. If you get the song written down, please send me a copy in care of C. C. Birchard and Company in Boston.

### Gay October

H. W. L.

Harvey W. Loomis



1. Heigh-ho! Gay Oc-to-ber! Crim-son leaves rus-tle down.

2. Heigh-ho! Cold Oc-to-ber! Though you smile pass-ing by.



Heigh - ho! Gay Oc - to - ber! Soon they turn brown.

Heigh - ho! Cold Oc - to - ber! Hear the winds sigh.



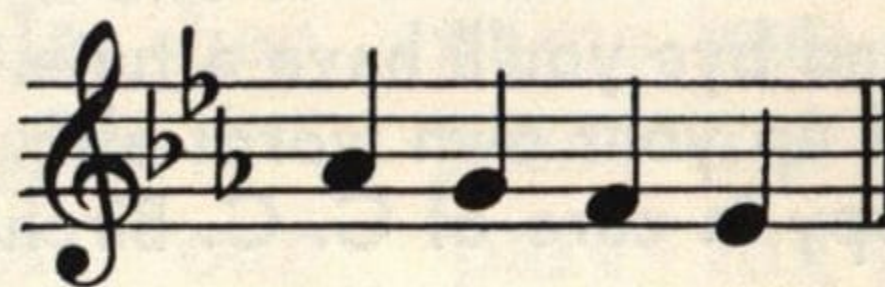
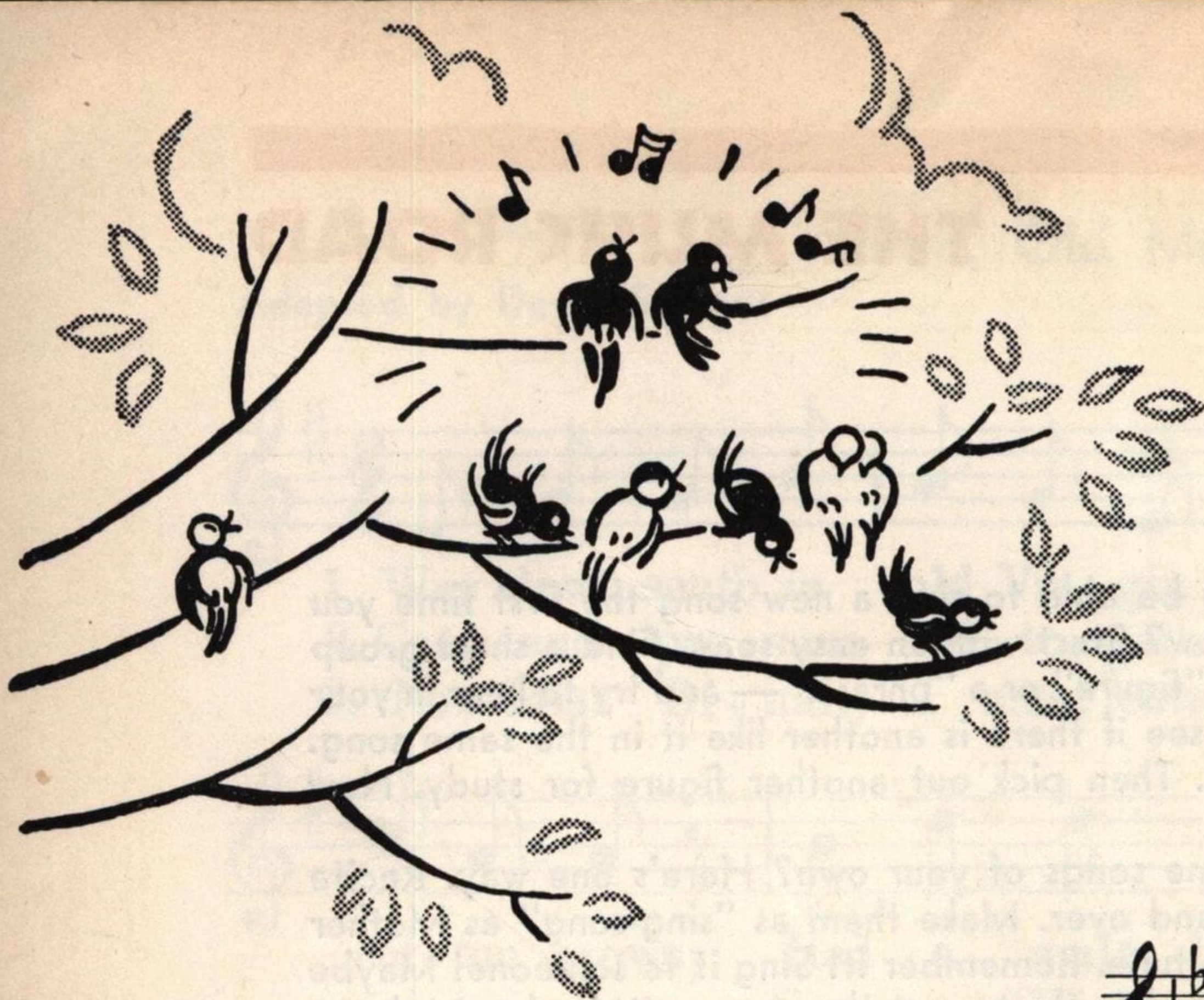
**TUNEFUL TIM SAYS:** Can you finish this tune? And can you finish the words and choose a title for this little song?



Crim-son leaves, sky of blue







## A Musical Mix-up

J. Lilian Vandevere

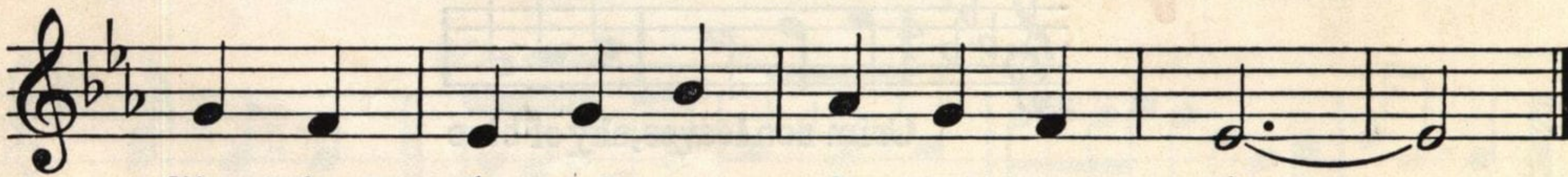
Gladys Pitcher



1. Sup - pose all the bird-ies read songs from a book,  
 2. Sup - pose all the chil-dren sat up in a tree,  
 3. But birds need the tree-top, and want their own song,



And sang all the tunes with a ver - y wise look,  
 And sang like the bird-ies a twit-ter chee chee,  
 And we need to stay where all chil-dren be - long,



Sing - ing do mi so fa mi re do. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Not this do mi so fa mi re do. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Sing - ing do mi so fa mi re do. \_\_\_\_\_



## Old Noel

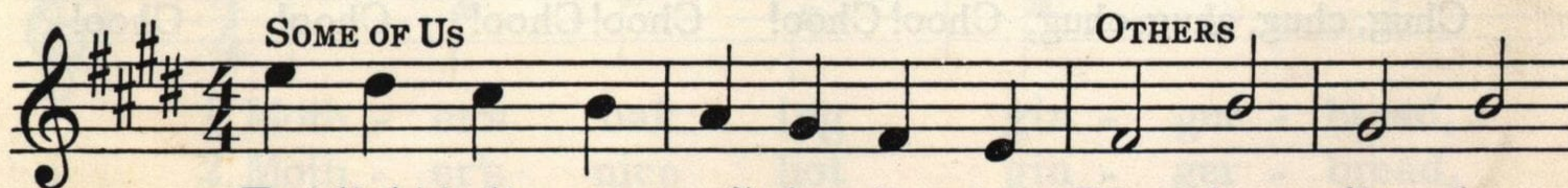


This is an old Christmas tune which was sung away back in the year 1300. Can we make our own Christmas words for it?

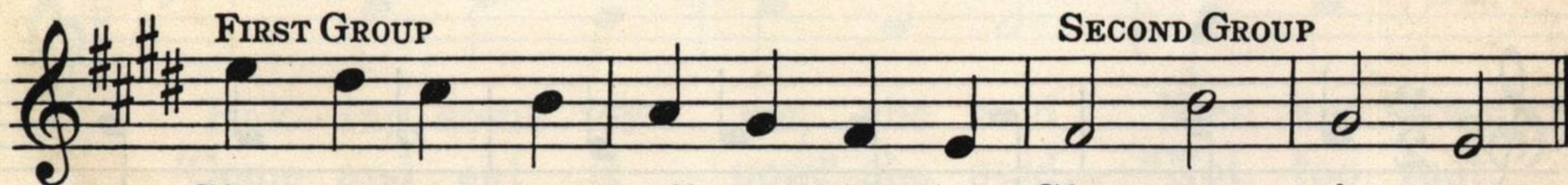
## Twilight

Harvey W. Loomis

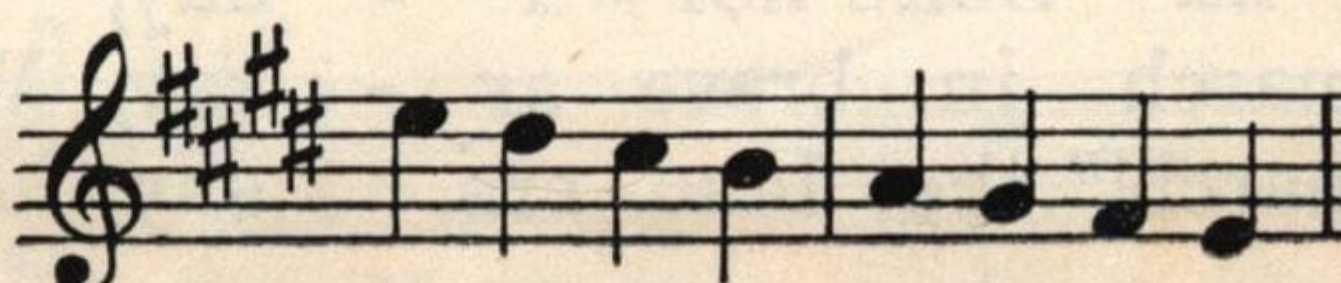
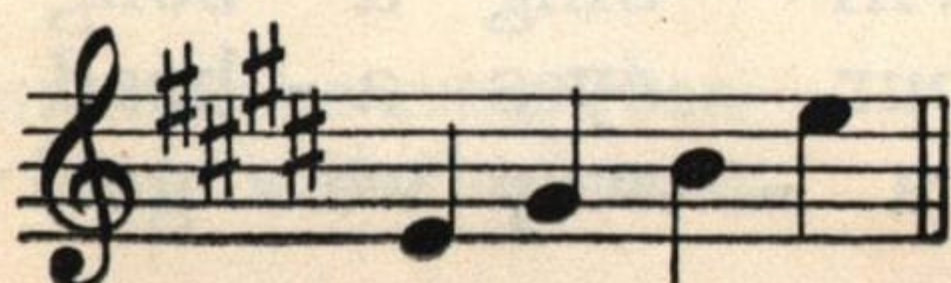
French Tune



Twilight bells are soft-ly ring-ing, Ding, dong, ding, dong.



Sleep-y songs we all are sing-ing, Sing, song, sing, song.

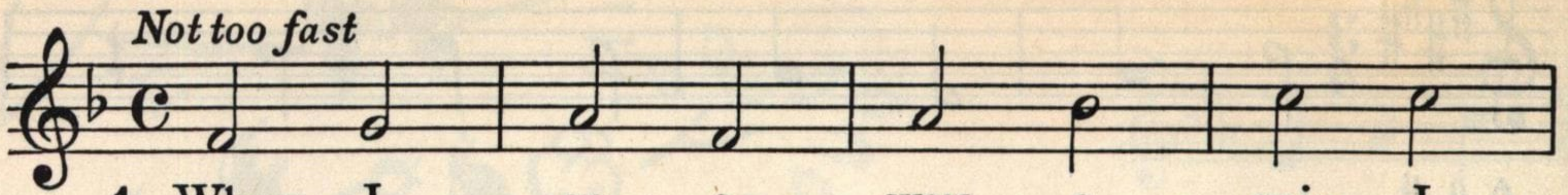




# Streamline Trains

Sidney Rowe

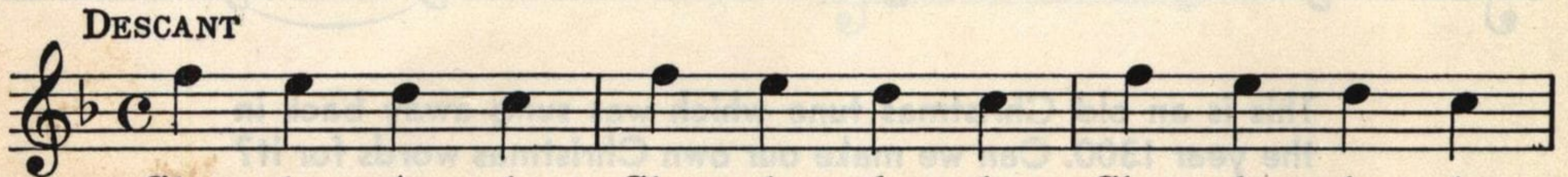
German Tune



1. When I go a - way a - gain, I  
2. Stream - line trains go whizz - ing past, They



think that I will trav - el on a stream - line train.  
look like fly - ing ar - rows when they go so fast.



Chug, chug, chug, chug, Chug, chug, chug, chug, Chug, chug, chug, chug,

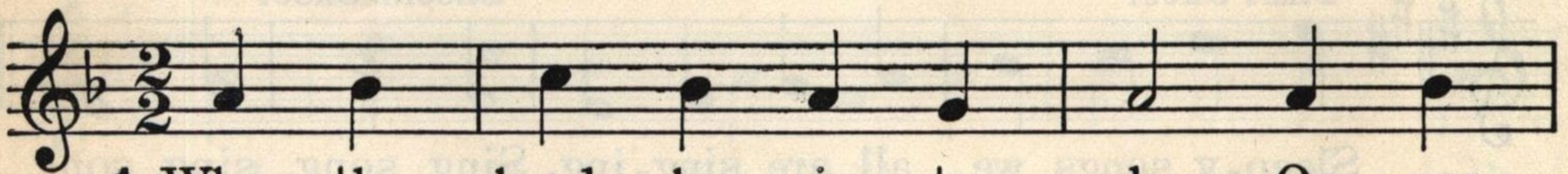


Chug, chug, chug, chug, Choo! Choo! Choo! Choo! Choo! Choo!

# When Bands Begin to Play

Stephen Fay

Ann Weston



1. When the bands be - gin to play, On our  
2. When the bands be - gin to play, We will  
3. When the bands be - gin to play, "For - ward



na - tion's hol - i - day, We will sing a song and  
march in brave ar - ray, With our eyes a - head and  
march!" the lead - ers say, And a - way we go with



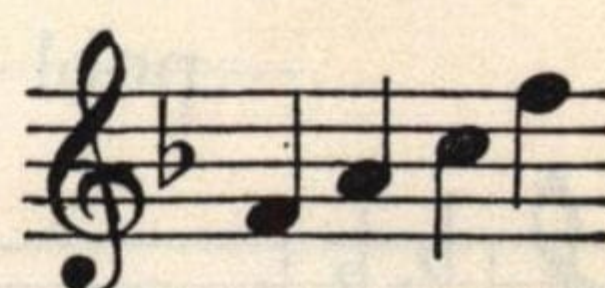
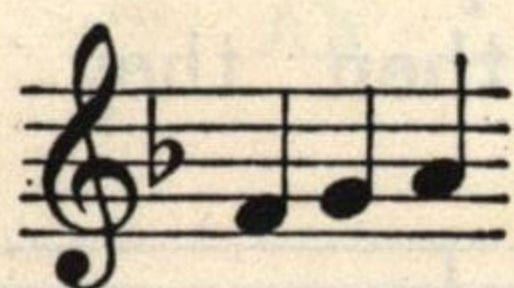


march a - long, When bands be - gin to play.  
stead - y tread, When bands be - gin to play.  
hearts a - glow, When bands be - gin to play.

Here is a descant that we  
may sing with this song.



Rub - a - dub - dub



## Hot Gingerbread

J. Lilian Vandevere



1. Moth - er's bak - ing gin - ger - bread,  
2. Moth - er's nice hot gin - ger - bread,

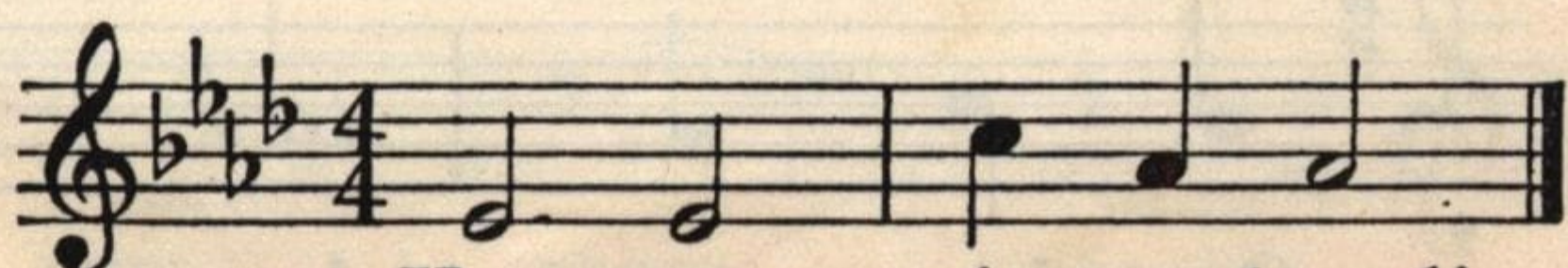


Bak - ing some for me, she said. Nice and brown,  
"Come and eat it now," she said. "Not too fast,



best in town, Moth - er's bak - ing gin - ger - bread.  
make it last" Moth - er's nice hot gin - ger - bread.

This tune may be sung when-  
ever it fits in with the music.



Yum, yum, gin - ger - bread!



# Water Lilies

Henry Snow

Harvey W. Loomis

1. I know a pool where the wa - ter  
 2. All thro' the day, on the qui - et

lil - ies grow, They have white pet - als  
 pool they lie, But at night, then they

smil - ing in the morn - ing's bright glow.  
 fold their pet - als 'neath the dark sky.

DESCANT

Ah Ah Ah Ah Ah

# My Piano Lesson

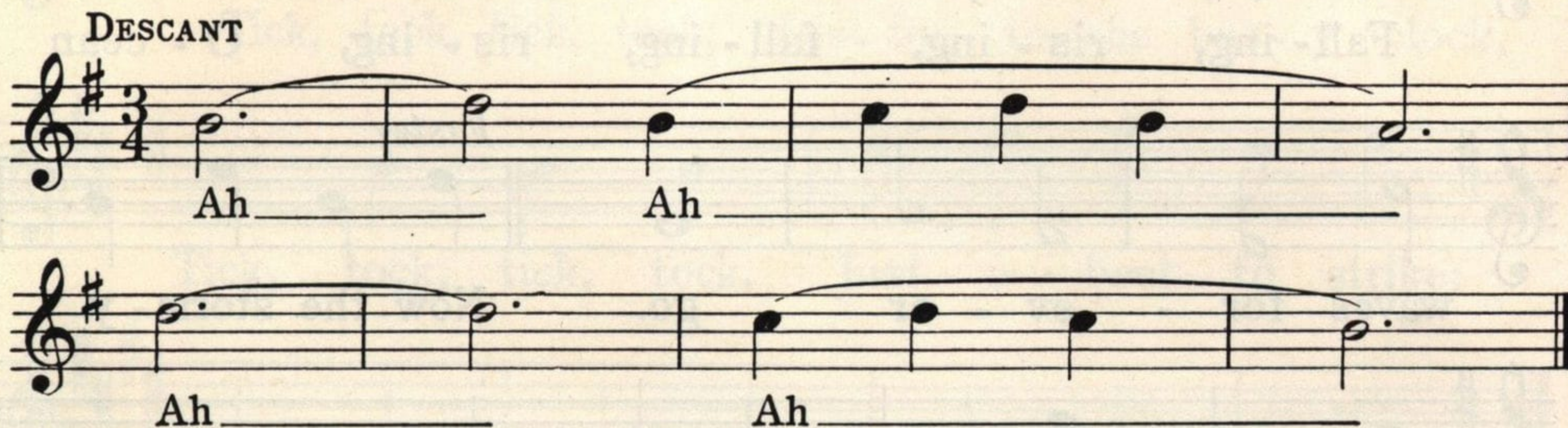
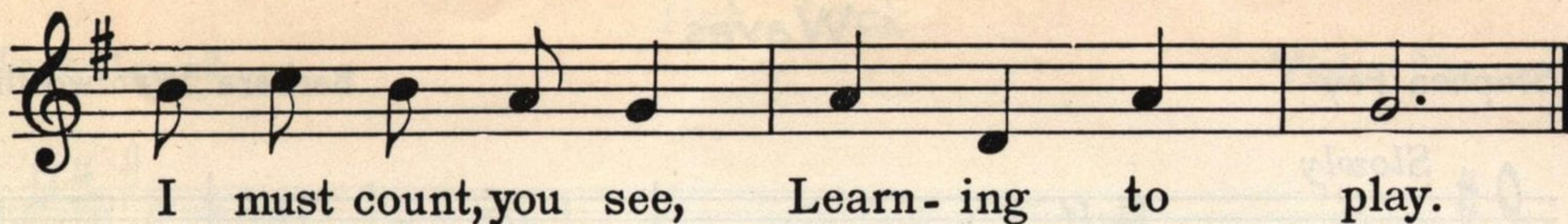
Stephen Fay

Samuel Drake

Up the scale I go, down the scale I go

One hour a day. One and two and three,

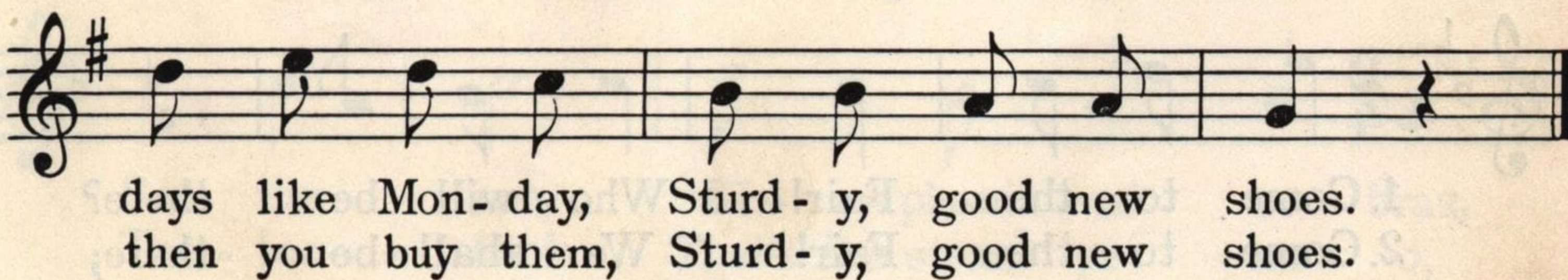
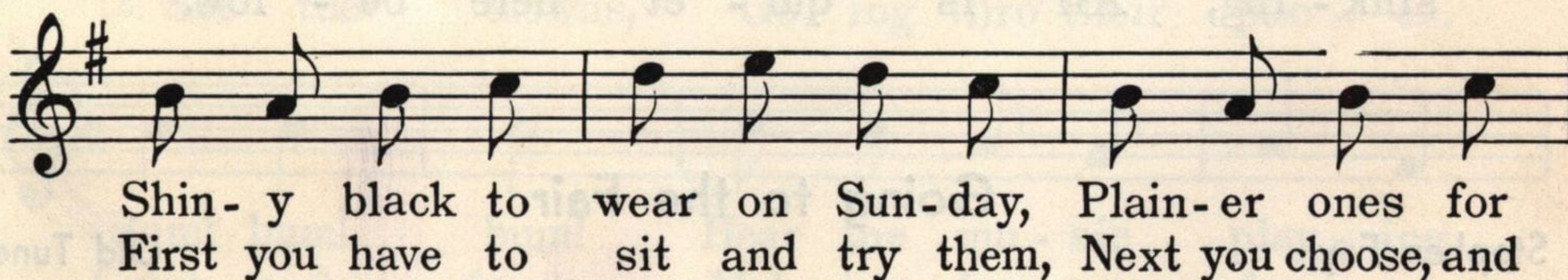
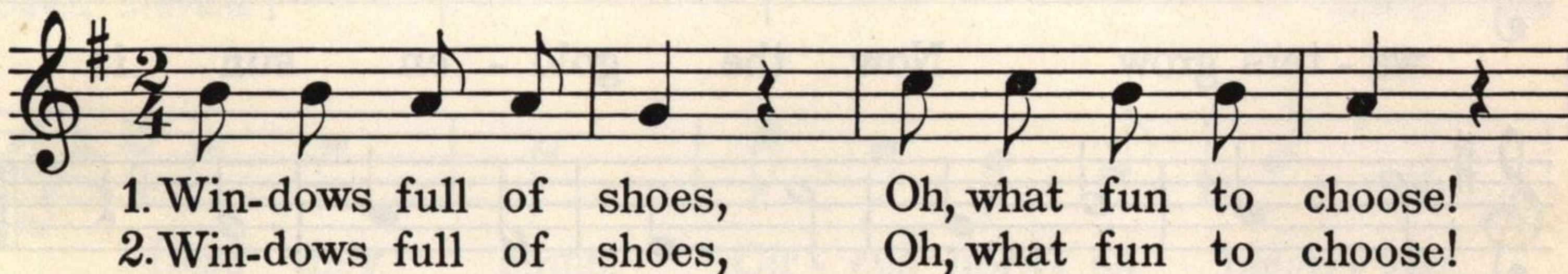




## Shoes

J. Lilian Vandevere

Old Tune



Let some of us sing this call, while others sing the song.





# Waves

Stephen Fay

Barbara Wentworth

*Slowly*

Fall - ing, ris - ing, fall - ing, ris - ing, O - cean

*Faster*

waves for - ev - er go. Now the storm - y

clouds are form - ing, Wild - er now the

*Dreamily*

wa - ters grow. Now the gold - en sun is

sink - ing, All is qui - et here be - low.

# Going to the Fair

Stephen Fay

Old Tune

1. Come to the Fair! Who will be there?  
2. Come to the Fair! We shall be there;


There will be a crowd, all go - ing to the Fair.  
Ear - ly in the day we're go - ing to the Fair.




## Tick, Tock

Emily Lowell

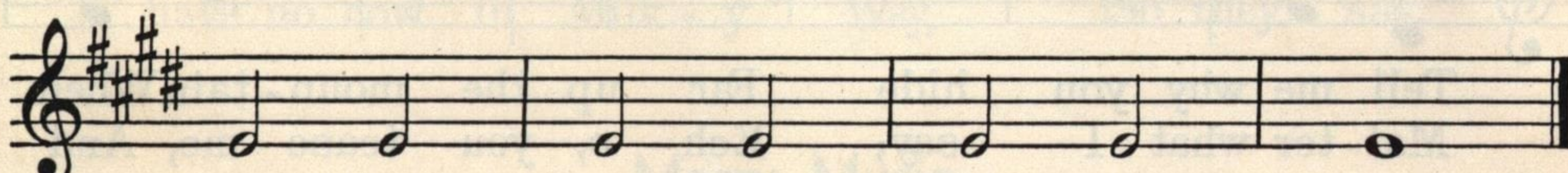
Victor Pierpont



Tick, tock, tick, tock, Lis - ten to the bus - y clock,



Tick, tock, tick, tock, Just a - bout to strike:




One, two, three, four, five, six, sev'n.


## Circus Parade

David Stevens


Italian Tune




1. Here they come! Cir - cus hors - es neigh - ing,  
2. See the clowns, Go - ing thro' their pac - es,



Bum! bum! bum! Hear the mu - sic play - ing.  
Grins and frowns, Mak - ing fun - ny fac - es.



See the zoo, El - e - phants and ze - bras,  
Too - too - too! That's the steam pi - an - o,



Ti - gers, too, The cir - cus is in town!  
Now it's through, We might as well go home.



## Echo Song

Grace E. Craig

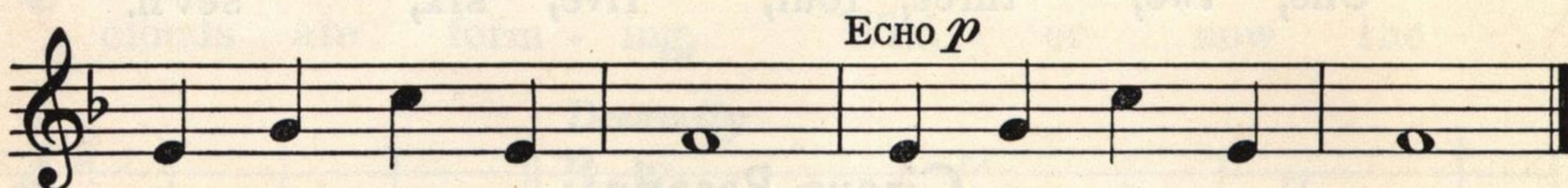
Edvard Grieg



1. Ech - o, where are you, Oh tell me why you hide,  
2. Ech - o, you mock me, No mat-ter what I say,



Tell me why you hide Far up the moun-tain Where  
Mat-ter what I say; Ech - o, you tease me, And



mist - y clouds a - bide, Mist - y clouds a - bide.  
so I'll say good - day, So I'll say good - day.



## The Milky Way

Stephen Fay

Polish Tune



1. Man-y mil-lion miles a - bove us, So they say,  
2. Now and then I won-der if the stars each day

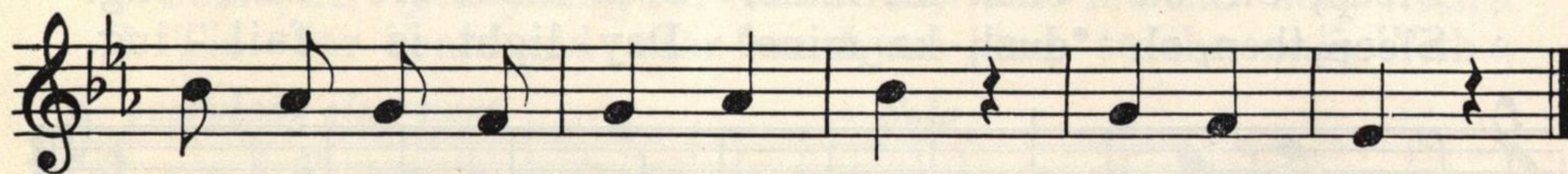


Shine a host of stars they call the Milk - y Way.  
Get their cream and but-ter from the Milk - y Way.





Watch on a pleas - ant night, And see there a  
Still I can - not see how, Be - cause why, they

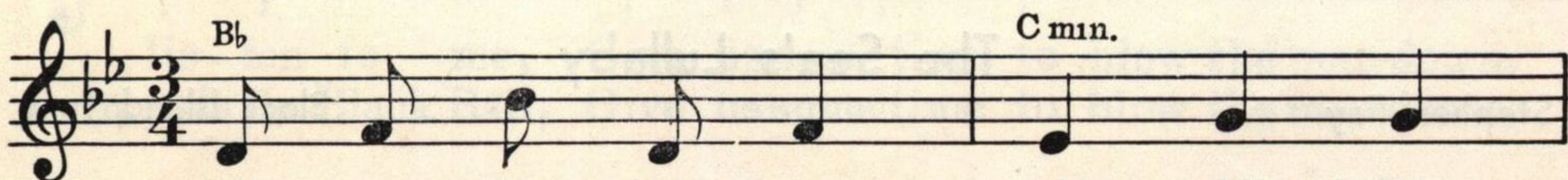


path of white, The Milk - y Way, So they say.  
have no cow In Milk - y Way, So they say.

## Merry Music

Maurice Talbot

Alpine Tune



Mi, so, do, mi, so, fa, la, la,  
Mi, so, do, mi, so, fa, la, la,



Makes a lit - tle song to sing.  
Makes a song a - bout the spring.



Do, mi, so, fa, mi, re, That keeps the tune



bright and gay. Mi, so, do, mi, so, fa, la, la,



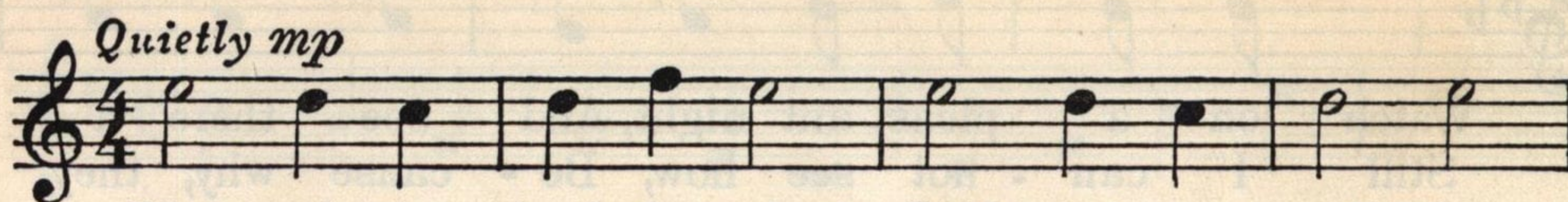
That's an eas - y song to sing.



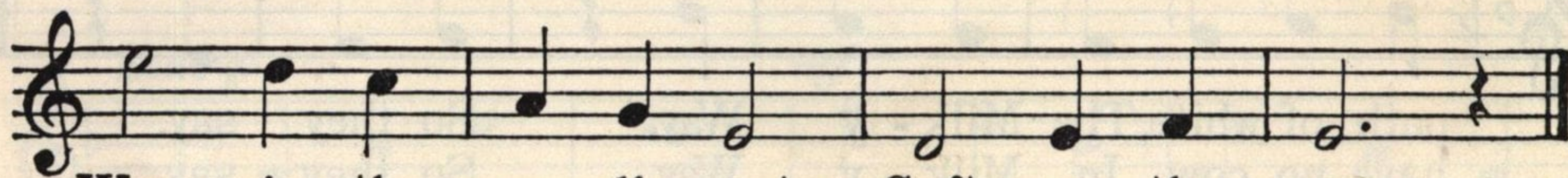
## Russian Cradle Song

J. Lilian Vandevere

Gladys Pitcher



Sleep, oh \*ba - bush-ka mine! Cold winds are wail - ing.  
Sleep, then, oh \*dush-ka mine! Day - light is fail - ing.



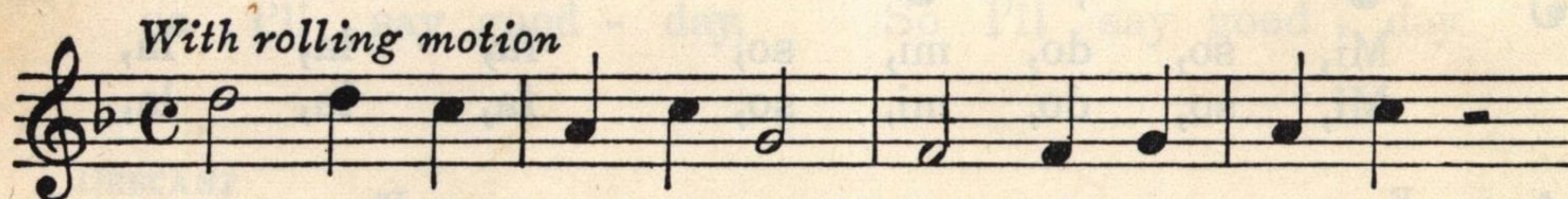
Warm is thy cra-dle nest, Soft as the snow.  
Bright, on thy cra-dle nest, Fire - light will glow.

\*Russian terms of endearment.

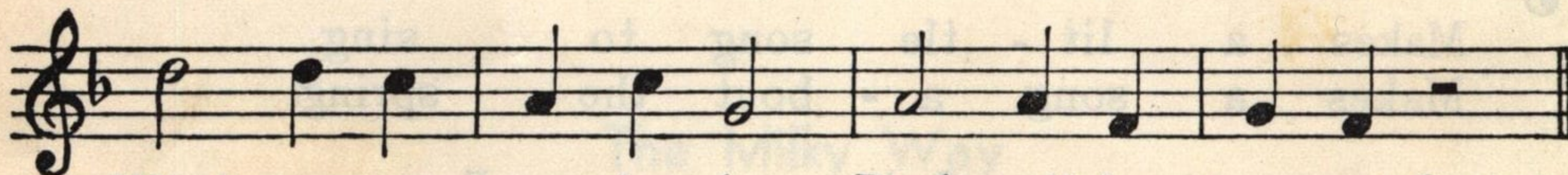
## The Sea's Lullaby

Stephen Fay

Block Island Tune



1. Hark to the rest-less sea, Ev - er in mo-tion;  
2. Soft sounds its lull-a - by, Low sings the bil-low.



What can your mean-ing be, Dark roll-ing o - cean?  
"Sleep, all who wak-ing lie, Peace be your pil-low."





# Blow the Man Down

Traditional

American Sailor's Chantey

*With swinging rhythm*

*Solo, or one voice part*

*Chorus, or*



1. Come, all you young fel - lows that fol - low the sea, With a

2. 'Tis lar-board and star-board, you jump to the call, With a

*everybody sing part*

*Solo*



yeo - ho! We'll blow the man down! And please pay at - ten - tion and

yeo - ho! We'll blow the man down! When Kick-ing Jack Wil-liams com-

*Chorus*



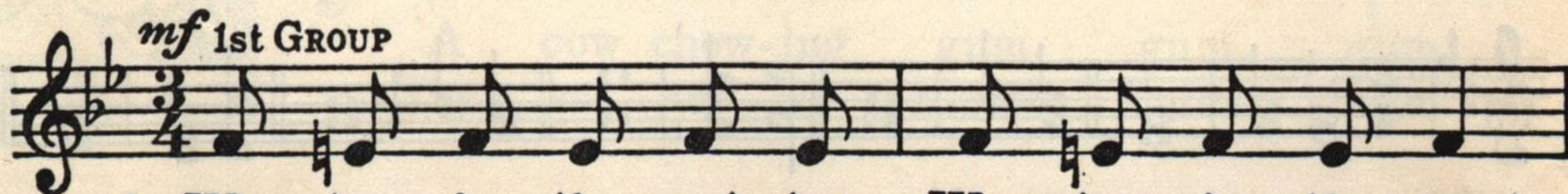
lis - ten to me, Give us some time to blow the man down.  
mands the Black Ball, Give us some time to blow the man down.

# In the Rain

H. W. L.

Harvey W. Loomis

*mf* 1st GROUP



1. Wa - ter in the gut - ter, Wa - ter in the street,

2. What a lot of black um - brel - las go - ing by!

3. Ev - 'ry one is sop - py, sop - py, sop - py wet.

2nd GROUP



Wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, wet - ting peo - ples' feet.

Wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, drip - ping from the sky.

Wa - ter, wa - ter, wa - ter, pelt - ing hard - er yet.

ALL



O, such a rain! But we won't com - plain.

O, how it pours! I'm glad we're out - doors.

O, such big drops! Let's stay till it stops.





"Let's blend our voices. You sing 'mi-fa-mi' while I sing 'do-re-do.' Ready! —"



"I know! Let's all try it! We can divide into teams and sing different notes."



"We will be captains. Your side can sing 'do-ti-do,' while we sing 'mi-re-mi!'"



### TUNEFUL TIM SAYS:

Have you ever sung two-part music? If you have, I know you thought it great fun, and liked to listen to the other part while you sang your own part.

You will find many such songs in this book as well as some jolly songs to sing in unison. Sometimes only part of the song will be in two parts, and sometimes the lower part, or "alto," will sing the tune, or "melody," as we call it.

See how nicely you can blend these two parts. Sing them slowly and smoothly. I just know that you will have more fun than ever with your singing.



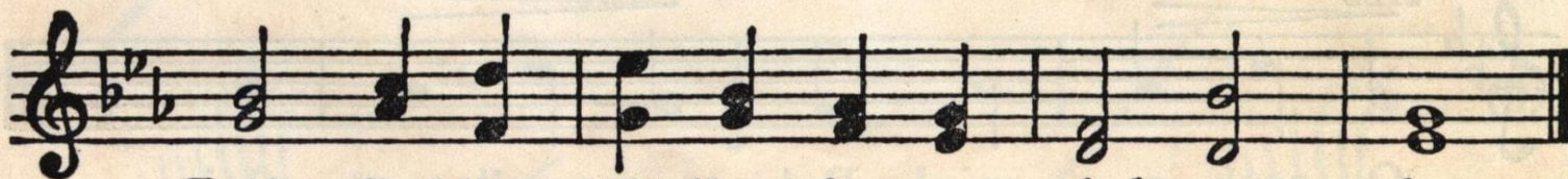
## Morning Hymn

Jane Landon

Robert W. Gibb



1. Work lies be - fore us, Join in a cho - rus,  
2. Ask His di - rec - tion, Seek His pro - tec - tion,



Praise God the Fa-ther, for a glad new day.  
Praise God the Fa-ther, as we go our way.



# Something Silly

J. L. V.

J. Lilian Vandevere



*With sustained "mm"*

1. A bee with a hum, hum, hum,—  
 2. They hap-pened to come, come, come,—

A boy with a drum, drum, drum,—  
 And each brought a chum, chum, chum,—

A girl with a plum, A bird with a crumb,  
 A duck that was dumb, A goose that was glum,

A cow chew-ing gum, gum, gum.  
 They sat on my thumb, thumb, thumb.

# Hidden Music

H. W. L.

Harvey W. Loomis

*Quietly p*

1. Out in the win-try wood-land Ti-ny riv-u-lets flow,—  
 2. Songs of the thrush and white-throat Now in win-ter de-part;—

*mf* *mp* *p*

Mak-ing a low sweet mu-sic, Sing-ing un-der the snow.—  
 Still you may hear their ech-o, Sing-ing down in your heart..



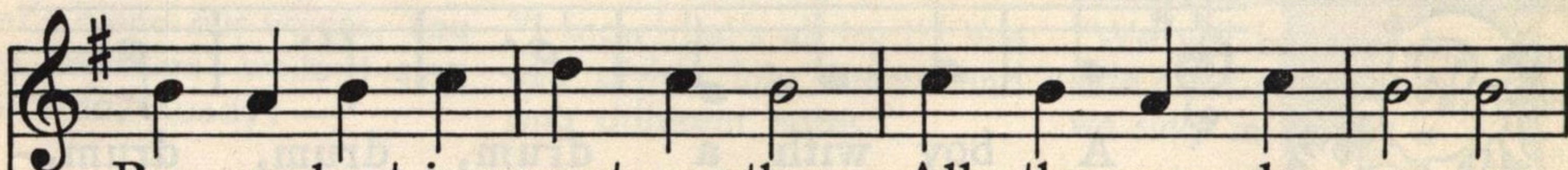
## Bees in Winter

Sidney Rowe

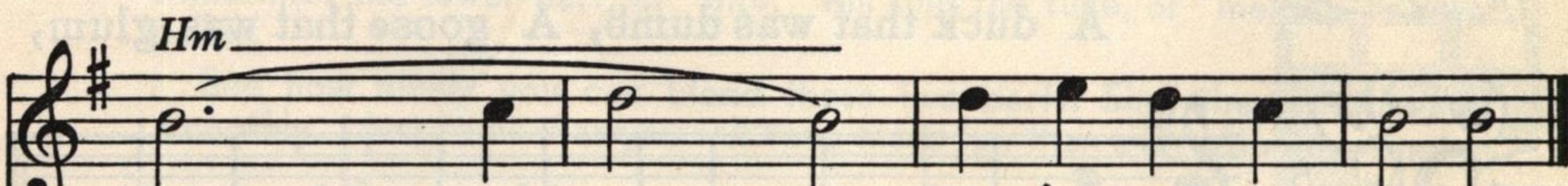
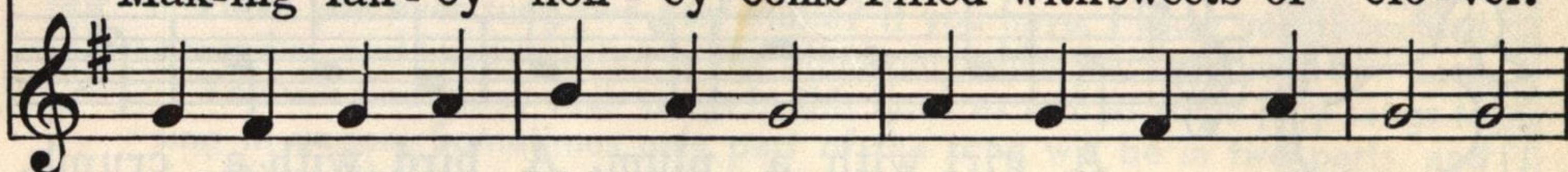
Lowell Bond



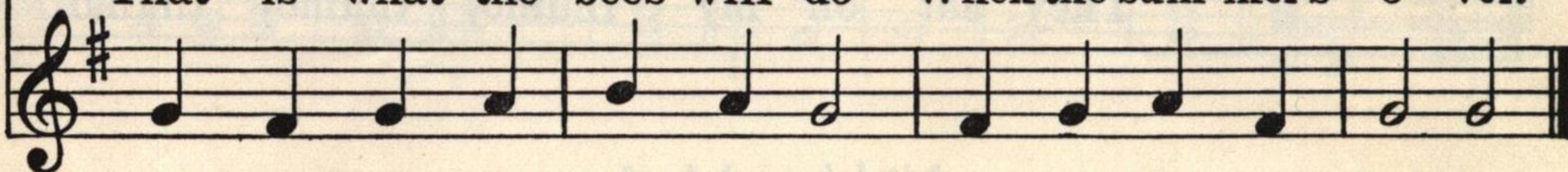
1. Hum-ming in the trump-et vine, Buz-zing in the clo-ver,
2. This is what we want to know, Bus-y, buz-zing rov-er,
3. "That's our job," a bee re-plied, Bus-y, buz-zing rov-er,



Bees are hunt-ing sweet-ness there, All the gar-den o-ver.  
 Tell us what you plan to do When the sum-mer's o-ver,  
 "Mak-ing fan-cy hon-ey-comb Filled with sweets of clo-ver.

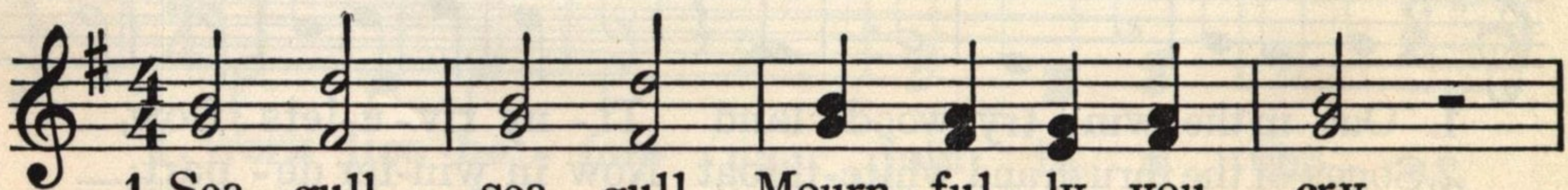


Here they come and there they go, Ev-'ry bee's a rov-er.  
 When there is no trump-et vine, Nei-ther an-y clo-ver.  
 That is what the bees will do When the sum-mer's o-ver."

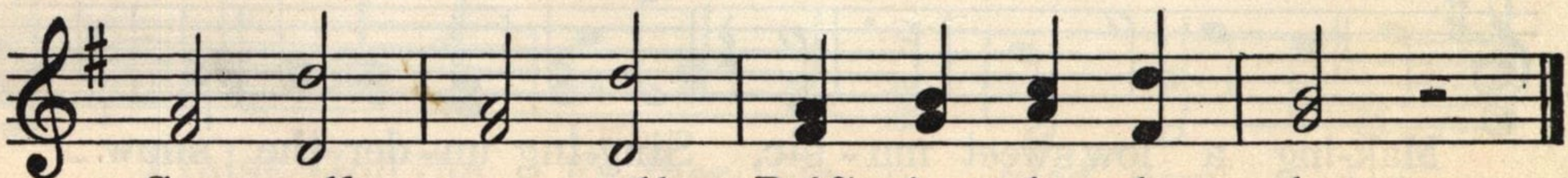


## Sea Gull

H. F.



1. Sea gull, sea gull, Mourn-ful-ly you cry.
2. Sea gull, sea gull, Take your si-lent way.



Sea gull, sea gull, Drift-ing slow-ly by.  
 Sea gull, sea gull, High a-bove the spray.



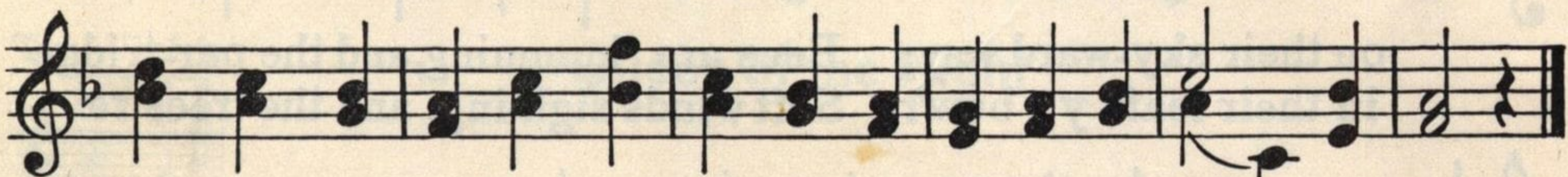
## Autumn

Sidney Rowe

Moravian Tune



1. Sum-mer is o - ver, and now come Oc-to-ber days; Paint-ing the  
Old Mis-ter Frost has been set-ting the trees a-blaze.
2. Har-vest is o - ver, the bar-ley and oats are stored; Thanks-giv-ing's  
Pump-kins are gath-er'd and heaped in a gold-en hoard.



green leaves all yel-low and red, In the for-est and wood-land ways.  
on - ly a few weeks a - way, Sing hur-rah for the fes - tive board!

## Young America Sings

Clinton Cole

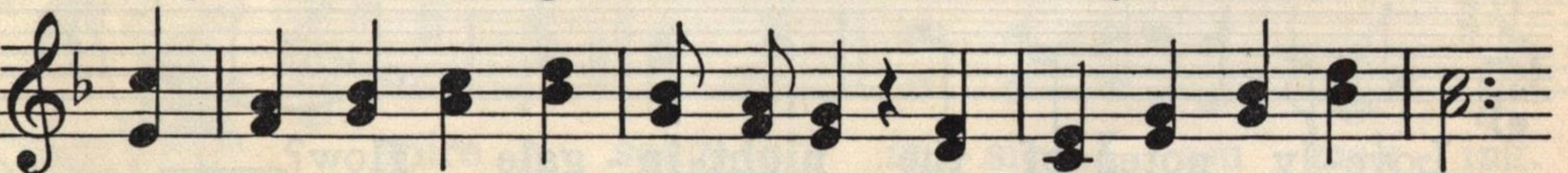
Stuart Bliss Hoppin



1. From New York and New Mex-i - co There comes a cheer-ful shout.
2. From Tex - as up to Or - e - gon The tune is loud and clear,



From moun-tain peaks in I - da-ho A stir-ring song rings out.\_  
Through Maine that song is roll-ing on, For ev-'ry-one to hear.\_



From Del - a - ware and Mich-i-gan You hear glad voic-es say,  
From state to state that mu-sic ran, And we join in to - day.



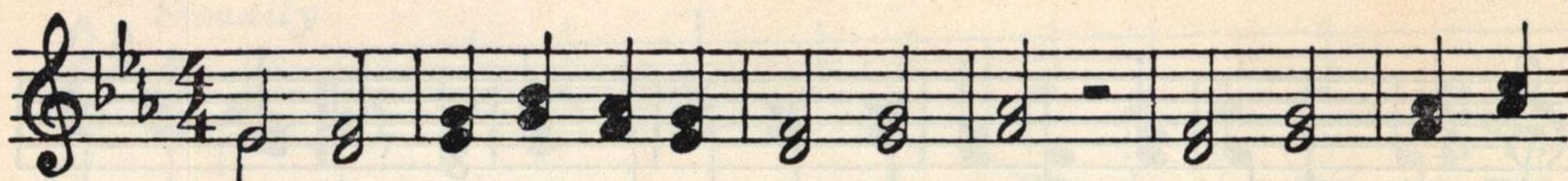
"I'm proud to be A - mer-i - can, And live in the U. S. A!"—  
"I'm proud to be A - mer-i - can, And live in the U. S. A!"—



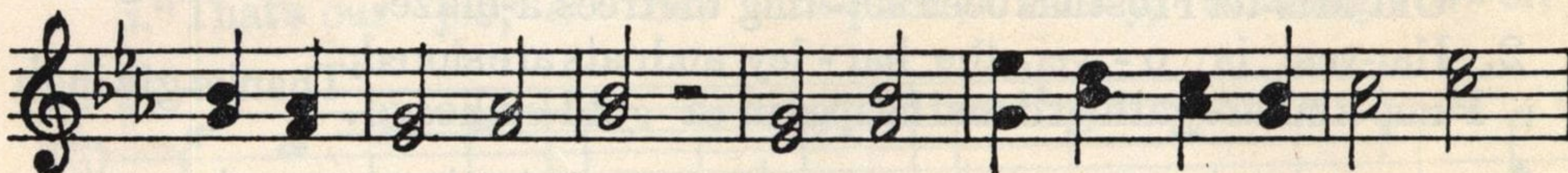
# They All Make Music

Sidney Rowe

Betsy Adams



1. Hear the mu-sic at the dawn of day: Lark and lin-net  
2. Hear the mu-sic in the eve-ning hour: Birds are keep-ing



on their sky-ward way; Bees are humming, and the par-tridge  
in their leaf-y bow'r; Soft winds sigh-ing, and the trees re -

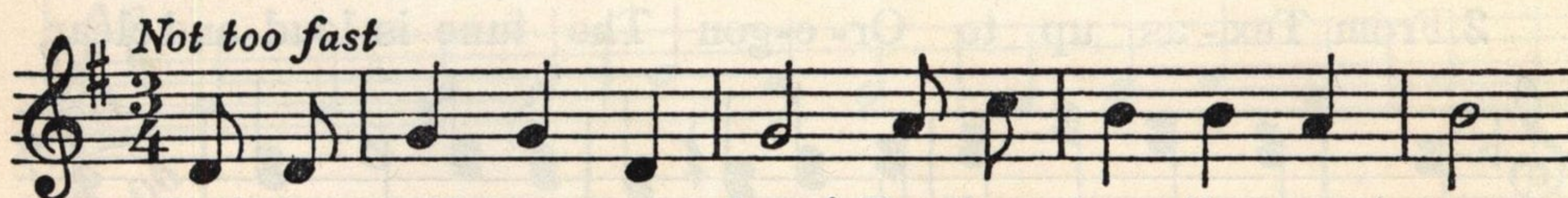


drumming, And they all make mu-sic at the dawn of day.  
ply - ing, And they all make mu-sic in the eve-ning hour.

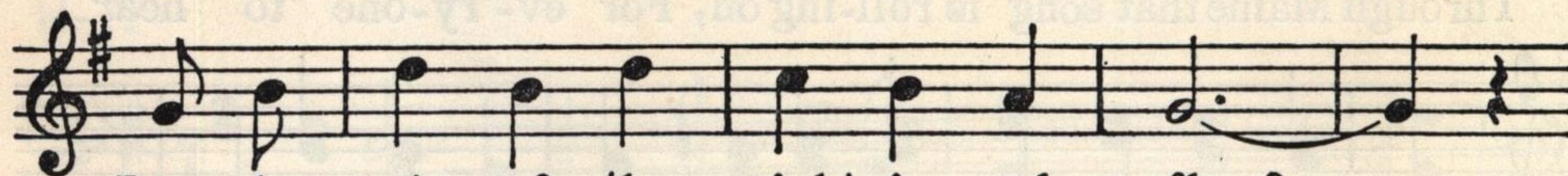
# Sweet Nightingale

Old English

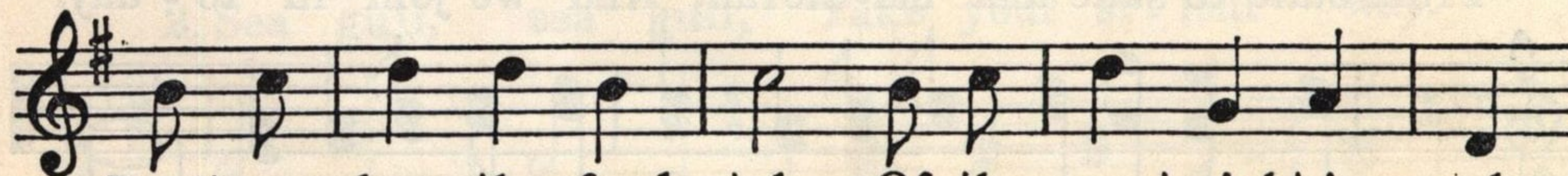
Old English Tune



1. Pret-ty maid, come a - long! Don't you hear the sweet song,  
2. Pret-ty Bet - ty, don't fail, For I'll car-ry your pail



Love-ly notes of the night-in - gale flow?\_\_\_\_\_  
Safe - ly home to your cot as we go.\_\_\_\_\_

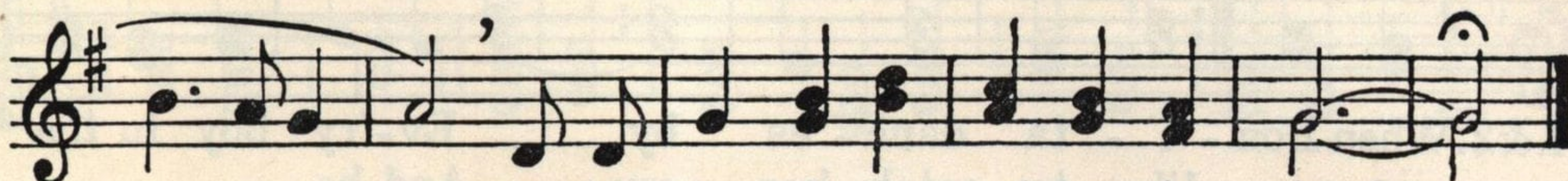


Don't you hear the fond tale Of the sweet night-in - gale,  
You shall hear the fond tale Of the sweet night-in - gale,





As he sings in the val-ley be - low,  
As he sings in the val-ley be - low,



As he sings in the val-ley be - low?\_\_\_\_  
As he sings in the val-ley be - low?\_\_\_\_

### Tune Ukelele



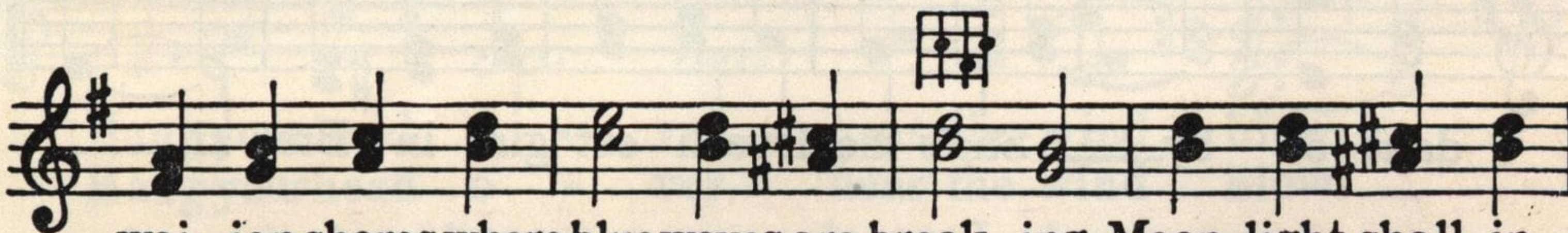
Agnes Ainsley

## Queen of the Night

Hawaiian Tune



1. Rise, love-ly moon, shine, for I am wak - ing; Light these Ha-  
2. Rise, love-ly moon, rise with gen-tle beam-ing; High o - ver



wai - ian shores where blue waves are break - ing. Moon-light shall in-  
cliff and sea your soft light is gleam-ing. Let your sil - ver



spire a song-this mu-sic I am mak - ing.  
ra-diance fall where trop-ic isles are dream-ing.



Rise, love - ly queen of the night. —





## When Bonita Dances

H. F.

Portuguese Tune  
Arranged by G. P.



1.&2. When Bon - i - ta danc - es by, — Ev-'ry boy in the  
— like to catch her eye, — And he . . .



town will stand still. — He would fer-vent-ly hopes that he will. —



1. In the folds of her hol - i - day shawl, —  
She is nod - ding a greet - ing to all. — When Bon - i - ta  
2. There is some - thing that strong - ly ap - peals —  
In the click of her ti - ny red heels. —



danc - es by — She's the love - li - est girl in Bra - zil. —

## Fog

J. L. V.

Gladys Pitcher



Fog, fog, soft and white, How can you hide the world from sight?



Fog, fog, all a - round, How can you creep, and make no sound?





**TUNEFUL TIM SAYS:** You have been singing in two parts—now let's try three parts. We call these three parts 1st soprano, 2nd soprano and alto. The 2nd sopranos will have to listen carefully to the part below theirs as well as to the part above.



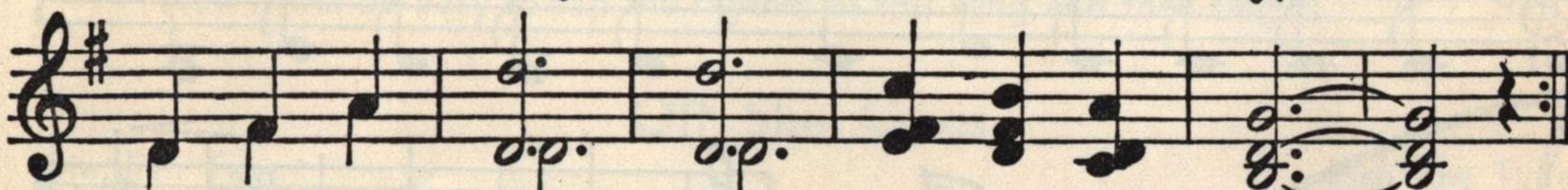
## Down in the Valley

Traditional

Kentucky Mountain Song

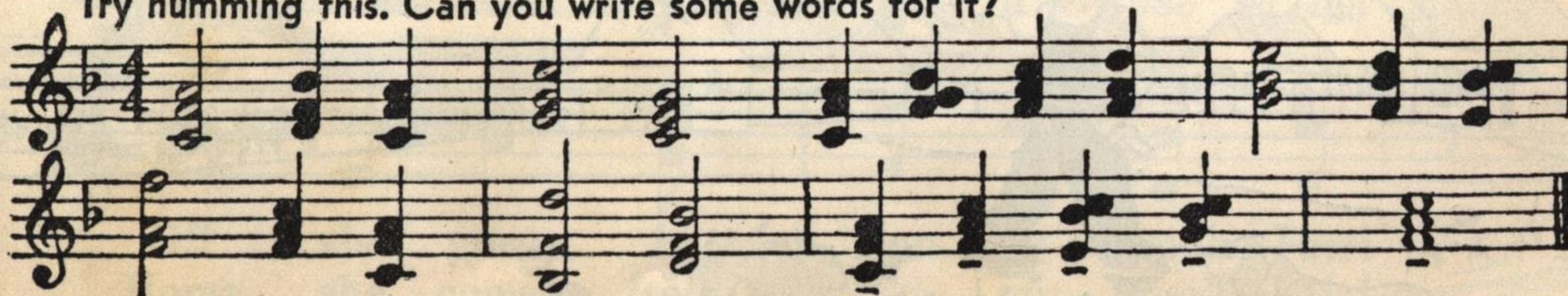


1. { Down in the val - ley, val - ley so low, —  
Hear the wind blow, dear, hear the wind blow, —
2. { Ros - es love sun - shine, vio - lets love dew, —  
Know I love you, dear, know I love you, —
3. { Build me a cas - tle for - ty feet high, —  
As he rides by, dear, as he rides by, —



Hang your head o - ver, hear the wind blow; —  
Hang your head o - ver, hear the wind blow. —  
An - gels in heav - en know I love you; —  
An - gels in heav - en know I love you. —  
So I may see him as he rides by; —  
So I may see him as he rides by. —

Try humming this. Can you write some words for it?





# Country Evening

Agnes Ainsley

Gladys Drake



1. Through the coun-try qui - et      peace that noth - ing mars,  
2. Gen - tle cows were feed - ing      where the pas-ture grows;



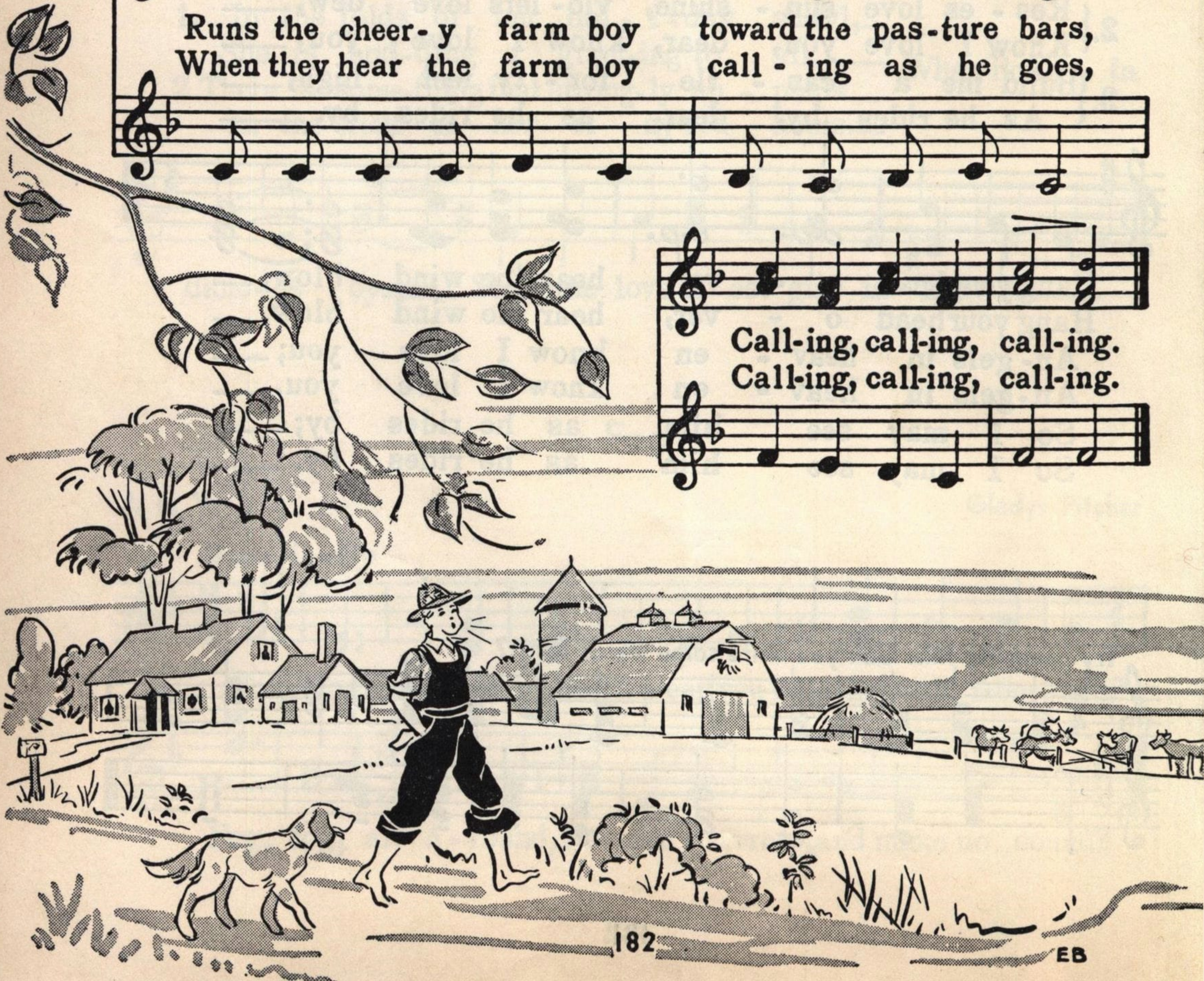
Through the fall - ing twi - light      set with ear - ly stars,  
Now they all turn home-ward through the sun-set rose,



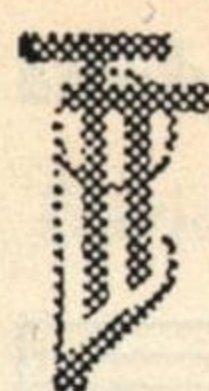
Runs the cheer-y farm boy      toward the pas-ture bars,  
When they hear the farm boy      call - ing as he goes,



Call-ing, call-ing, call-ing.  
Call-ing, call-ing, call-ing.







**TUNEFUL TIM SAYS:** Of course you remember the old jingle:

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall . . ."

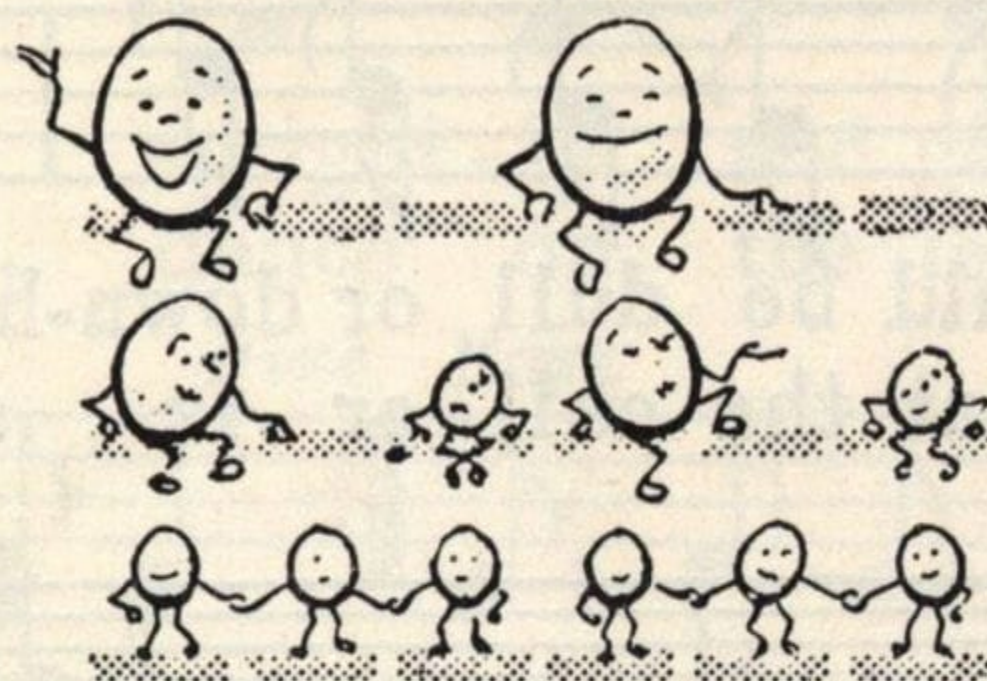
Have you ever sung any songs in this tripping rhythm, which we mark  $\frac{6}{8}$  (2.)?

Here are some patterns that are often used in this rhythm:

Hum- Dum-

Hump- ty Dump- ty

Hump-i-ty Dump-i-ty



Try tapping them over and over. Then let one group tap  $\text{♩} \text{♩}$  etc., while another taps  $\text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩}$  etc., or  $\text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩}$  etc.

Now tap any line of Humpty Dumpty, such as:

$\text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩} \text{♩}$   
Hump-ty Dump-ty sat on a wall

Can you write the notes for it?

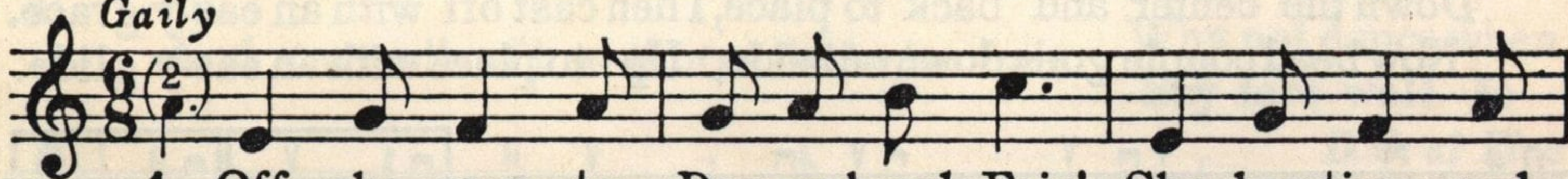
Now it will be easy to tap the rhythm of this song and then sing it.

## Off She Goes

Stephen Fay

Irish Jig Tune

*Gaily*



1. Off she goes to Don-ny-brook Fair! She has time and  
2. Home she comes from Don-ny-brook Fair! All was well, for



pen-nies to spare. Looks like rain, but she does-n't care,—  
John-ny was there. Blithe and gay, a rose in her hair,



Off she goes to Don - ny - brook Fair!  
Home she comes from Don - ny - brook Fair!



# Try a Contra Dance

J. Lilian Vandevere

Peter W. Dykema

*Moderately fast*  
Violin or Clarinet



1. Who could be dull or down-heart-ed— Fid-dlers play!  
2. Mind what the call-er is say-ing, Don't be slow.



Hur-ry! the sets have been start-ed. Let's be gay.  
Sim-ply keep time to the play-ing— Do-si-do.\*



Down the center and back to place, Then cast off with an eas-y grace.  
Now head couple goes down out-side, Up to place with an eas-y glide.



La-dies chain, ver-y plain, All may com-pre-hend it.  
Tho' it's fun, now it's done. Prom-e-nade and. . . end it.  
For-ward then, back a-gain, Swing the one be-low you.  
You would learn ev-'ry turn. Come, and we will. . . show you.

\*Do-si-do is an old American dance "call."



# Morris Dance

## (May Day Dance)

David Stevens

Old English Morris Dance

*Gaily*  
ALL

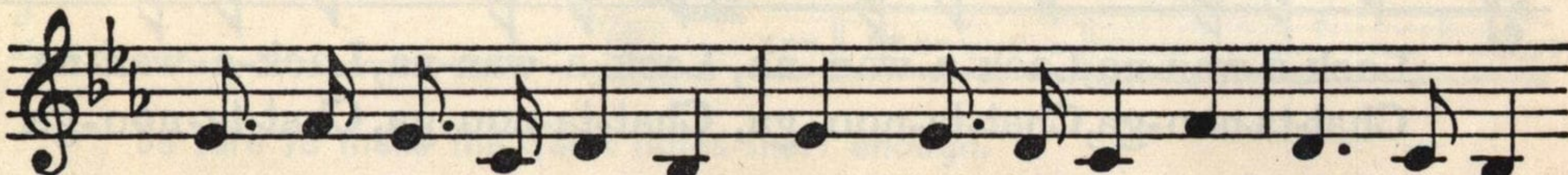


Strike up a meas-ure spright-ly and gay, And we'll  
Dance in the gar-den, dance on the lea To a

*Fine* Boys

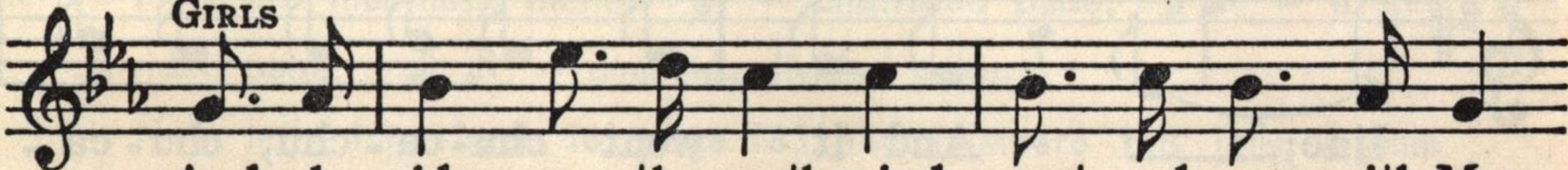


dance an i-dle hour a-way. Green-ly grow the rush-es,  
Mor-ris mu-sic, light and free.



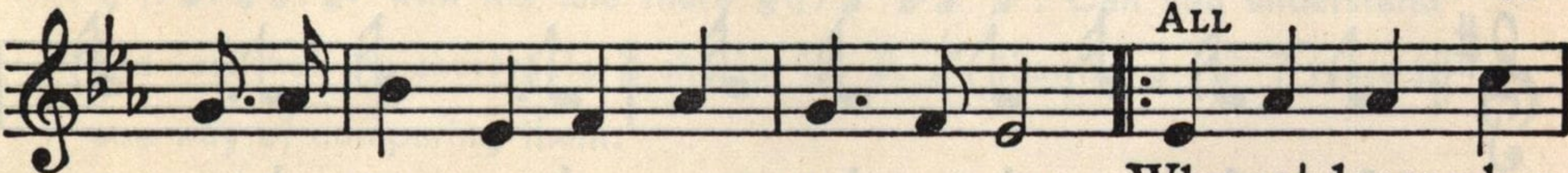
bud-ding is the wil-low, Spring now is here and all is fair,

GIRLS



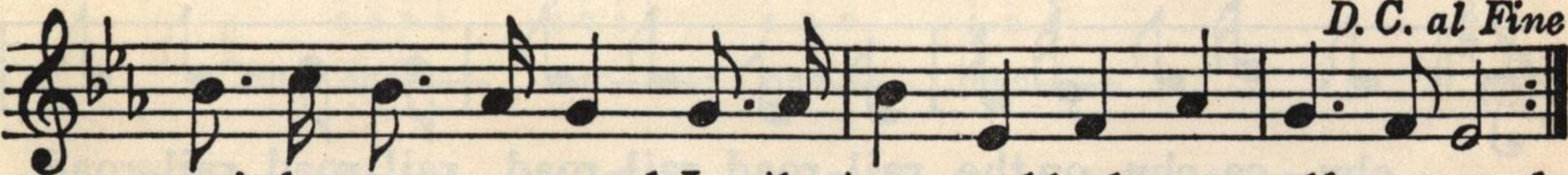
And she rides on the south wind, sweet and warm with May,

ALL



And a wreath of haw-thorne decks her hair. Why not dance when  
Say fare-well to

*D. C. al Fine*



gai-ly songs re-sound In the trees and hedg-es all a-round.  
toil and work-a-day, For the dance will drive dull care a-way.

The morris dance is a step, hop, step, hop, etc. Can you dance it?



**TUNEFUL TIM SAYS:** Can you hear and feel the "long-short" notes all through this song? What a jolly, tripping rhythm they give it! And doesn't this rhythm make the song sound gay—as if someone really wanted to dance?

Can you tap the steady, quarter-note pulses while you sing the song, watching the notes? Doesn't it seem natural to have the "long-short" notes both sung to one pulse?



## A Railroad Rhyme

J. L. V.

J. Lilian Vandevere



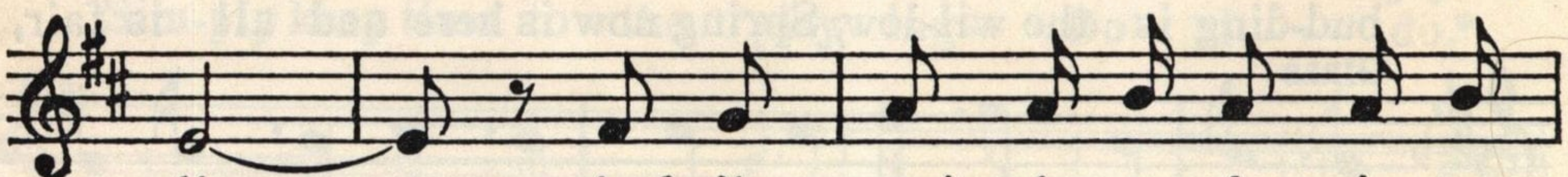
Once there was a roll-ing, rum-bling train, train,



train, train On the rail-road, rail-road, rail-road, rail-road



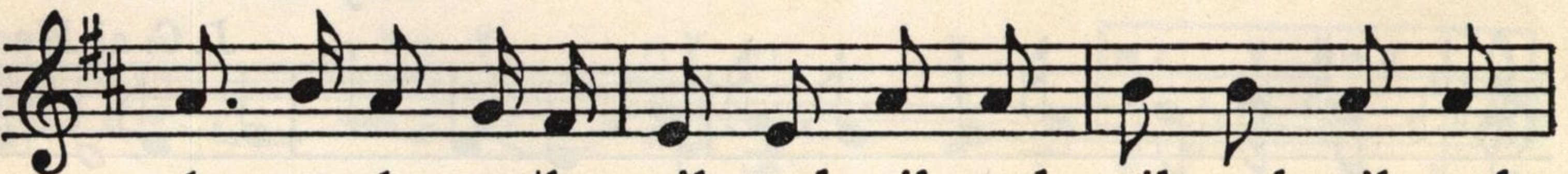
Lack-a-wan-na, Lack-a-wan-na, Lack-a-wan-na, Lack-a-wan-na  
Chat-ta-noo-ga, Chat-ta-noo-ga, Chat-ta-noo-ga, Chat-ta-noo-ga



line; — And it went chu-ca - chu, chu - ca -



chu, chu - ca - chu, chu - ca - chu - ca - chu - ca -



chu - ca-chu, on the rail-road, rail-road, rail-road, rail-road,



chu - ca-chu - ca - chu, on the rail-road line. —

At the top of the next page are patterns and pictures showing how the "long-short" (♪ ♪) notes fit into one pulse. Can you say them, tap them, and sing them?



train, train

rail - road, rail - road

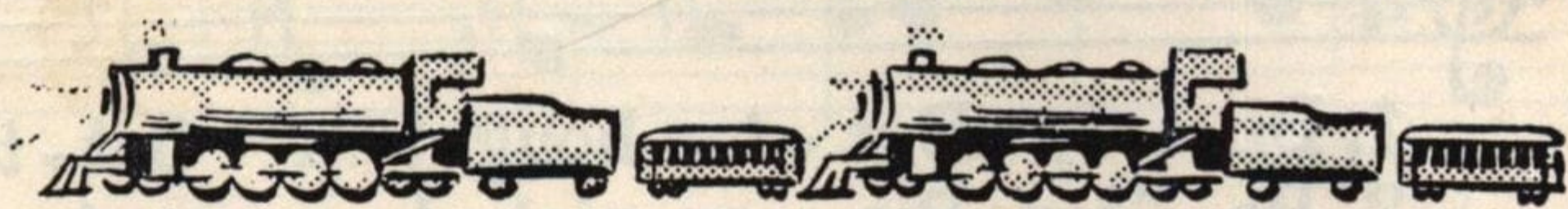
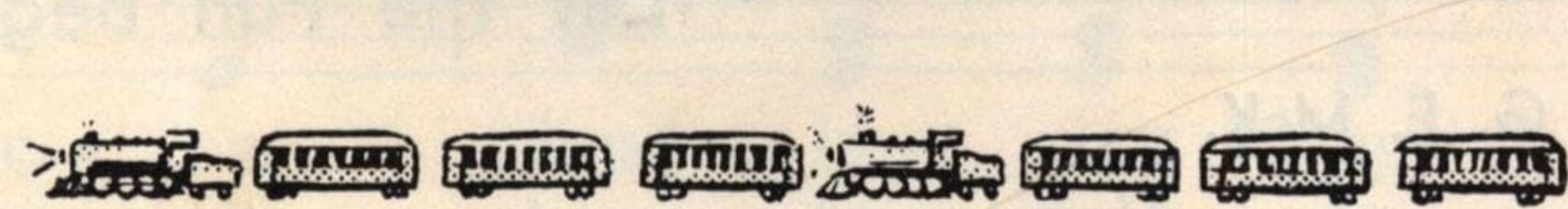
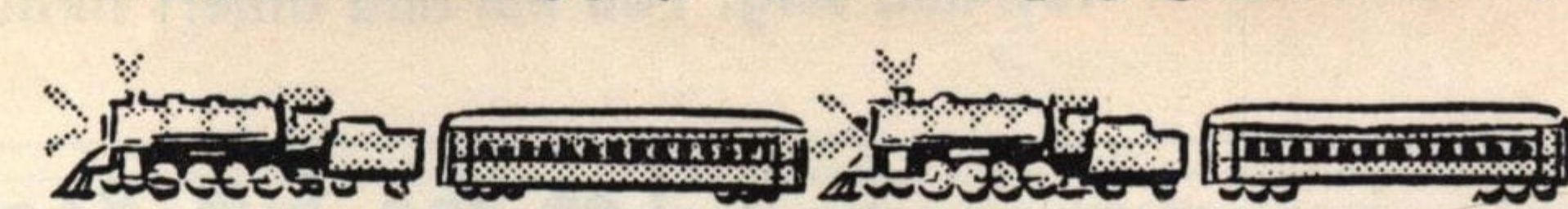
Lack-a - wan-na, Lack-a - wan-na  
Chat-ta - noo-ga, Chat-ta - noo-ga

chu chu-ca, chu - chu-ca

chu - ca, chu - ca

chu - ca, chu - ca

sh-h-h



Be sure to make the quick notes short enough.

Here are the music names:  $\text{♩}$  = undivided pulse;  $\text{♪}$  = evenly divided pulse;  $\text{♩. ♩}$  = unevenly divided pulse.

Now let's turn back to page 183 and compare this jolly rhythm  $\frac{2}{4}(\text{♩. ♩. ♩})$  with the one there  $\frac{6}{8}(\text{♩. ♩. ♩})$ . Can you understand and feel that the short note is shorter in  $\text{♩. ♩}$  than in  $\text{♩}$ ? Here is one way of comparing them:



Count one— two— one— two—

This seems like an arithmetic lesson,—and of course there is a mathematical likeness. But a musical person must *feel* the difference. The best way to do this is to remember good musical examples, and remember to make the short note a little shorter in  $\text{♩. ♩}$  than in  $\text{♩}$ .

Even if you find the short note first,—like this:  $\text{♪. ♩}$ , it should be very easy for you to sing. Look at the song on page 160 (Wait, Old Mule). Say to yourselves, "name was Minnie," and you will have  $\text{♪. ♩. ♩. ♩}$ ; or, "cotton grows," and you will have  $\text{♪. ♩. ♩}$ .

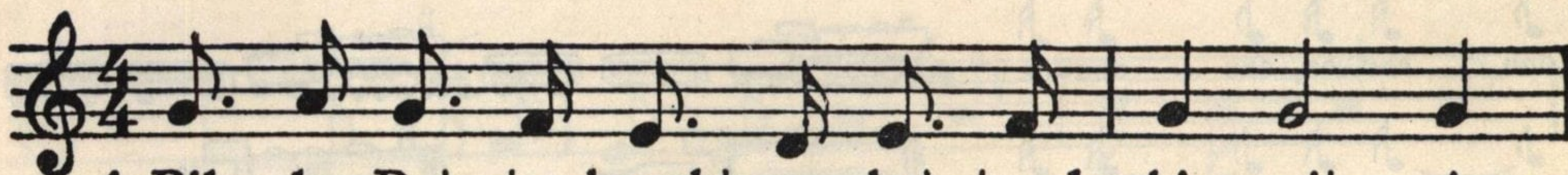


Here are a few more songs in this rhythm for you to tap and sing. You will find others throughout the book.

## Let the Fun Begin

G. F. McK.

George Frederick McKay



1. Bil - ly But - ton bought a but - tered bis - cuit, A  
 2. Pe - ter Pip - er picked a peck of pep - pers, A  
 3. Sis - ter Su - sie's sew - ing socks for sol - diers, —



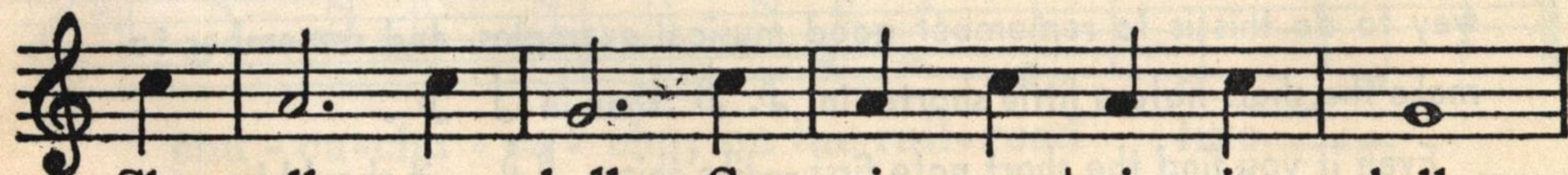
but - tered bis - cuit Bil - ly But - ton bought, If  
 peck of pep - pers Pe - ter Pip - er picked, If  
 Socks for sol - diers Sis - ter Su - sie sews, If



Bil - ly But - ton bought a but - tered bis - cuit, Then  
 Pe - ter Pip - er picked a peck of pep - pers, Then  
 Sis - ter Su - sie's sew - ing socks for sol - diers, Where

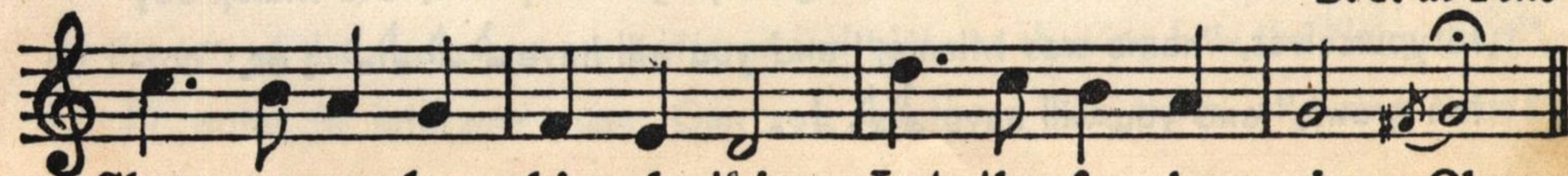


where's the but - tered bis - cuit that Bil - ly But - ton bought?  
 where's the peck of pep - pers that Pe - ter Pip - er picked?  
 are the socks for sol - diers that Sis - ter Su - sie sews?



She sells, sea shells, So swing, sweet sing - ing bells.

*D. C. al Fine*



Shave a ce - dar shin - gle thin, Let the fun be - gin. Oh,



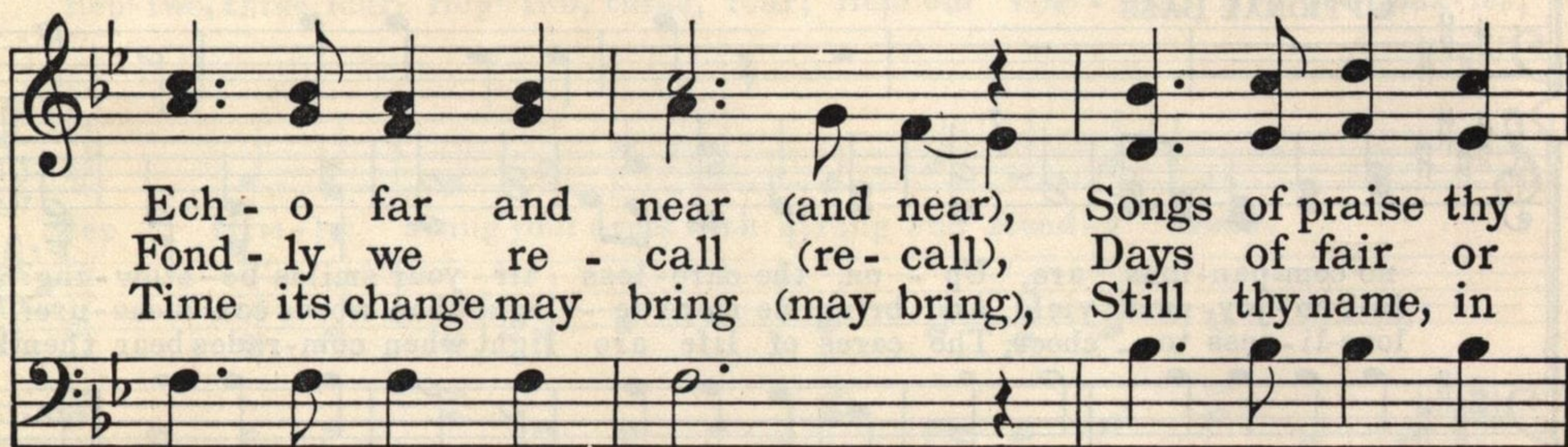
# Alma Mater

Stephen Fay

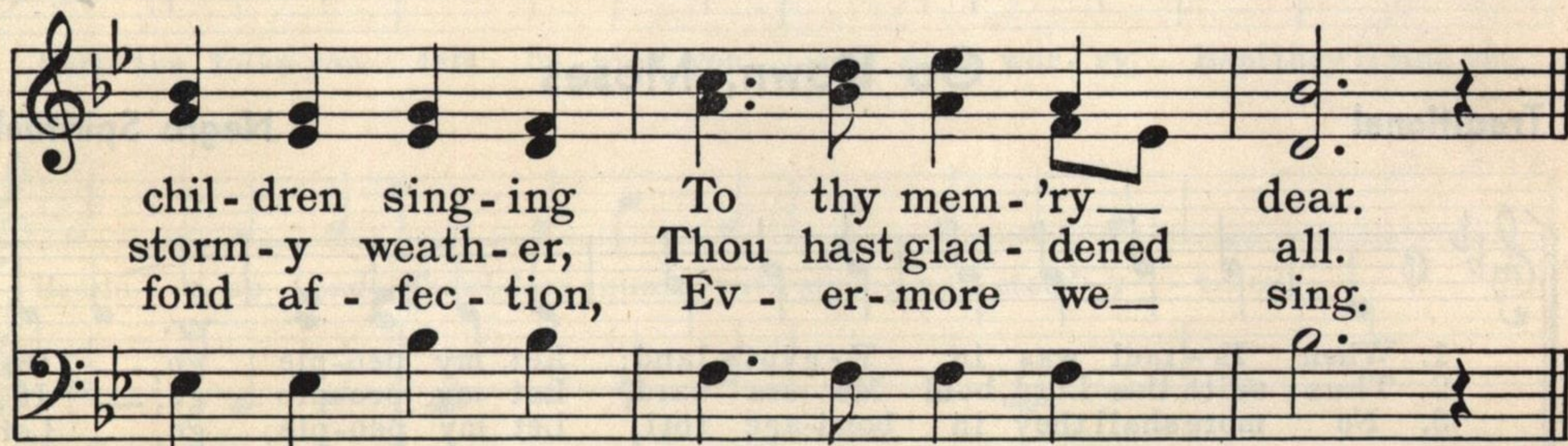
Old American Song



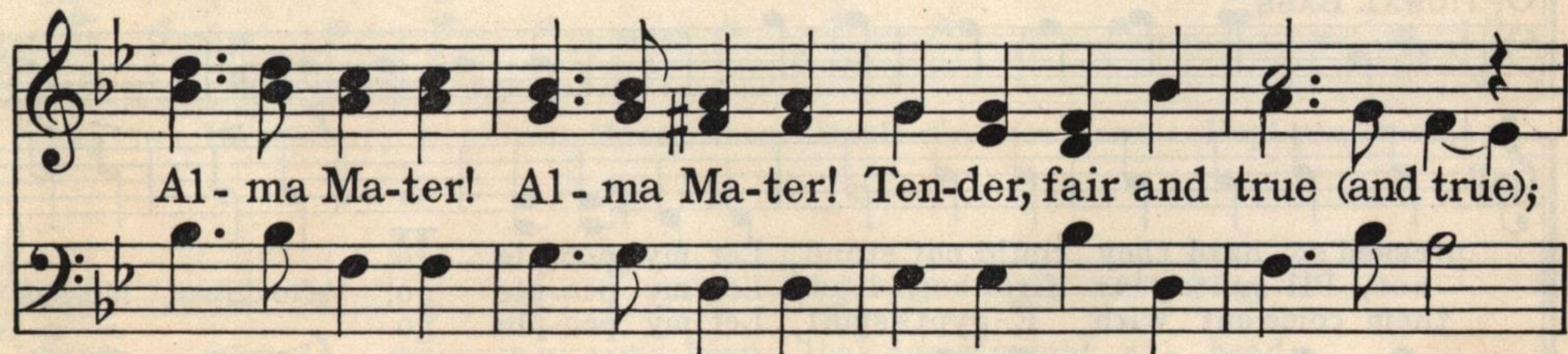
1. Let our voices, loud - ly ring - ing,  
 2. All the days we've been to - geth - 'er  
 3. Years may dim our rec - ol - lec - tion,



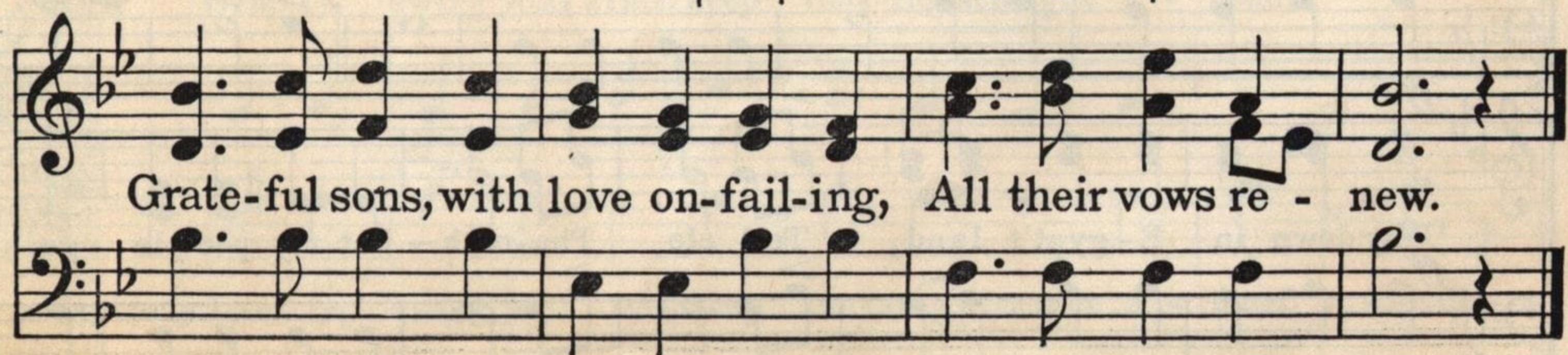
Ech - o far and near (and near), Songs of praise thy  
 Fond - ly we re - call (re - call), Days of fair or  
 Time its change may bring (may bring), Still thy name, in



chil - dren sing - ing To thy mem - 'ry — dear.  
 storm - y weath - er, Thou hast glad - dened all.  
 fond af - fec - tion, Ev - er - more we — sing.



Al - ma Ma - ter! Al - ma Ma - ter! Ten - der, fair and true (and true);



Grate - ful sons, with love on - fail - ing, All their vows re - new.



# Good Morning, Pretty Maid

A. J. Foxwell

Old Gloucestershire Melody

*Allegretto*

1. "Good-morn-ing, pret-ty\_ maid, where are you go - ing, Be - fore the lag-gard  
 2. "Oh, morn-ing is the time of peace and pleas-ure, When earth and sky be -  
 3. "But what are pleas-ant views if cares im-pair them, And what are all our

sun o'er earth is glow - ing? Why wan-der thus a - far where  
 stow their dear-est treas - ure; To me the ver - dant field can  
 joys with none to share them? Let but one friend be near, my

OPTIONAL BASS

no com-pan-ions are, Up - on the care-less air your smiles be - stow - ing?"  
 full en-joy-ment yield. And bring me more de - light than words can meas-ure?"  
 lone-li-ness to - cheer, The cares of life are light when com-rades bear them!"

# Go Down, Moses

Traditional

Negro Spiritual

1. When Is - rael was in E - gypt's land: Let my peo-ple go, — Op  
 2. Thus saith the Lord, bold Mo - ses said, Let my peo-ple go, — If  
 3. No more shall they in bond-age toil, Let my peo-ple go, — Let

OPTIONAL BASS

pressed so hard they could not stand, Let my peo-ple go.  
 not, I'll smite your first-born dead, Let my peo-ple go. Go down, Mo-ses  
 them come out with E-gypt's spoil, Let my peo-ple go

*ff* 'Way down in E - gypt's land, Tell ole Pha-roah — Let my peo-ple go.



# Hep! Hep!

Maurice Talbot

Robert W. Gibb

The first system of music is in 4/4 time. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody of eighth notes, a second treble staff with a similar melody, and a bass staff with a simple bass line. The lyrics 'Hep! two, three, four; Hep! two, three, four; Hep! old tim - ers, Hep! you rook-ies,' are written below the bass staff. The melody is composed of eighth notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. The bass staff has a simple line of eighth notes with occasional accents.

Hep! two, three, four; Hep! two, three, four; Hep! old tim - ers, Hep! you rook-ies,

The second system of music is in 4/4 time. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody of eighth notes, a second treble staff with a similar melody, and a bass staff with a simple bass line. The lyrics 'Step firm-ly, swing your arms with strong and stead-y tread.' are written below the bass staff. The melody is composed of eighth notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. The bass staff has a simple line of eighth notes with occasional accents.

Left! the folks you left be-hind you, Hep! don't wor-ry, Hep! they'll find you.

The third system of music is in 4/4 time. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody of eighth notes, a second treble staff with a similar melody, and a bass staff with a simple bass line. The lyrics 'Hep! two, three, four; Hep! two, three, four; Hep! old tim - ers, Hep! you rook-ies,' are written below the bass staff. The melody is composed of eighth notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. The bass staff has a simple line of eighth notes with occasional accents.

Hep! two, three, four; Hep! two, three, four; Hep! old tim - ers, Hep! you rook-ies,

The fourth system of music is in 4/4 time. It consists of three staves: a treble staff with a melody of eighth notes, a second treble staff with a similar melody, and a bass staff with a simple bass line. The lyrics 'Hep! step firm-ly, swing your arms, keep look-ing straight a - head, a - head.' are written below the bass staff. The melody is composed of eighth notes, with some measures containing beamed eighth notes. The bass staff has a simple line of eighth notes with occasional accents.

Hep! step firm-ly, swing your arms, keep look-ing straight a - head, a - head.



# HANSEL AND GRETEL

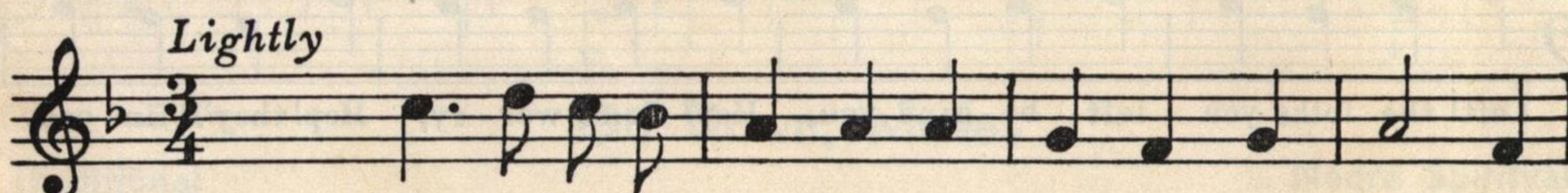
Adapted from the Opera of Humperdinck and Wette by Berta Elsmith

## ACT ONE

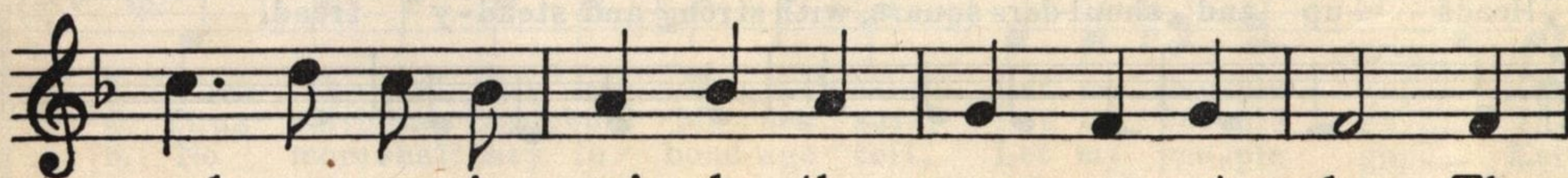


## At Home

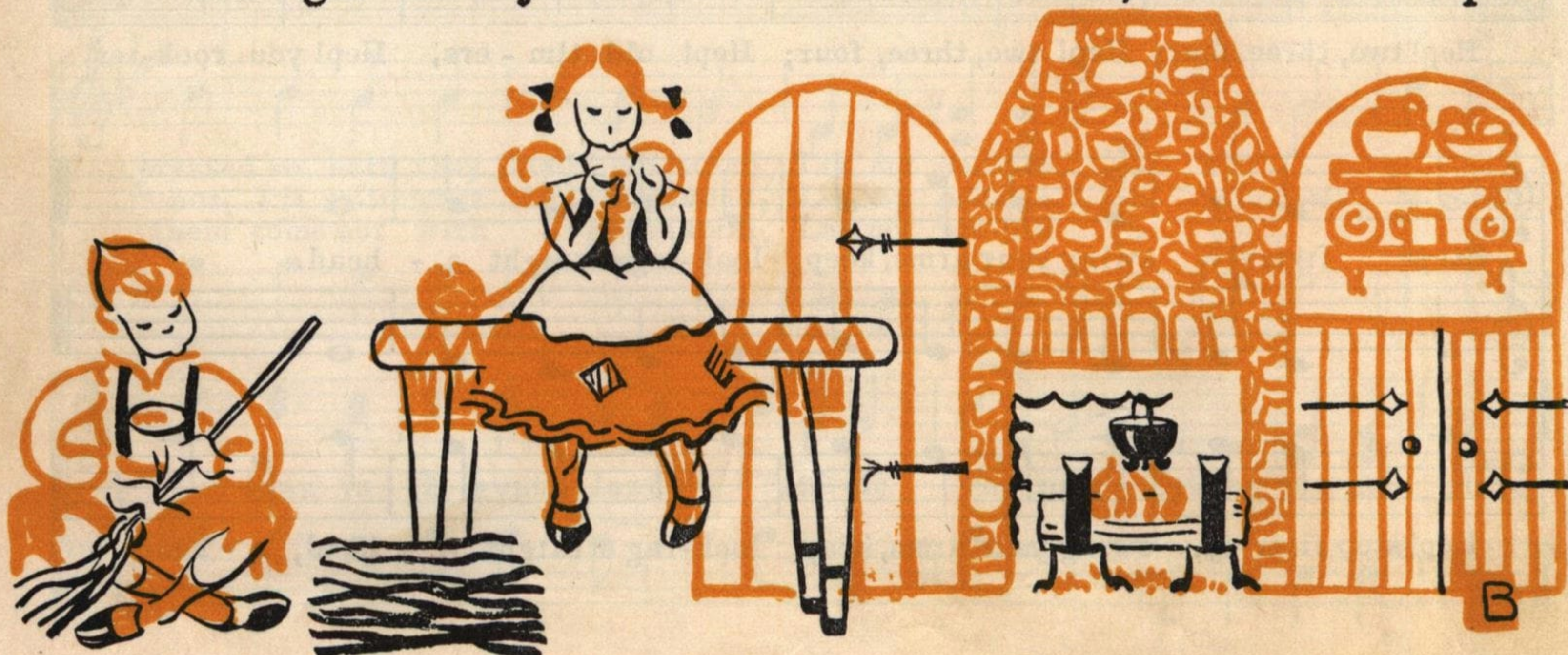
(The curtain rises in a bare room of a cottage, with a table and chairs in the center and a small table or cupboard at left, back, with two plates, mugs, a jug and a basket of rolls on it. HANSEL is sitting on the floor, left, binding brooms. GRETEL sits on the table swinging her feet and knitting. The chorus may be seated at the sides of the stage or in front of it and, if desired, may join in singing the solos.)



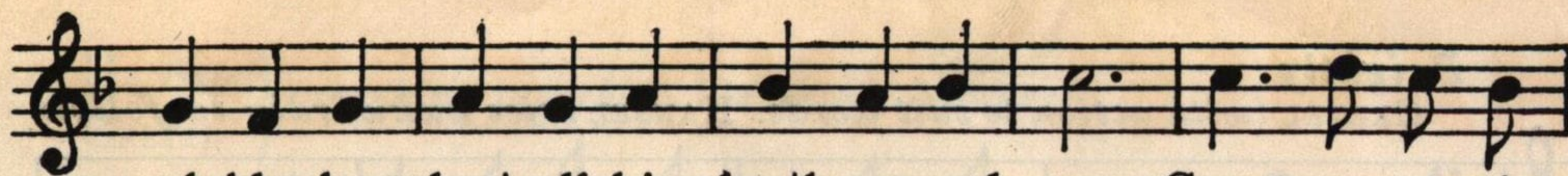
GRE. (with SOPs) 1. Sus-e, lit-tle Sus-e, what rus-tles there, pray? The  
HAN. (with ALTOS) 2. Lack-a-day and heigh-o! a sad world, my dear! No



reeds are sway-ing gai-ly, the geese are at play. The  
su-gar on my bread and no but-ter, I fear. Sup-



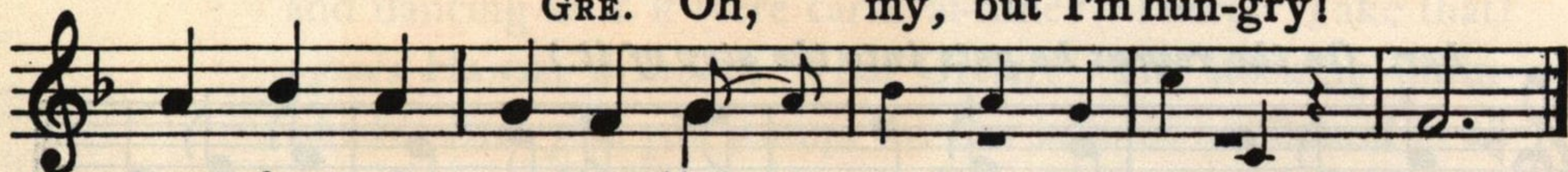




cob-bler has lost all his leath-er, and so Geese are run-ning  
pose I turn her-mit and live in a wood, Rasp-ber-ries and

HAN. Then why don't they try fly-ing?

GRE. Oh, my, but I'm hun-gry!



bare-foot wher - ev - er they  
mush-rooms my one dai - ly

GRE. go.

HAN. food.

HANSEL (*throws aside broom*) Dear me! If only Mother would come home.

GRETEL Oh, yes! I can hardly stand it, I'm so hungry!

HANSEL For weeks nothing but dry bread! No wonder a man gets discouraged.

GRETEL Oh, Hansel, hush! Remember what Father says to Mother when she worries so sometimes;

"When in deep distress I stand,  
God, the Father, takes my hand."

HANSEL Yes, yes, that all sounds well enough, but unfortunately it does not feed a man. Oh, Gretel, what a long time it's been since we've feasted on something good!

GRETEL (*hand over his mouth*) Sh — ! Mustn't be such an old grouch. This long face! Hoo! what a sight! (*She picks up broom and pretends to sweep him out of room. He eludes it, jumps over it, giggling.*)

GRETEL There! That's better. Come, peek in the pot — milk! — which our neighbor gave us today. When Mother comes home she'll make us a nice rice pudding.

HANSEL (*shouting*) Rice pudding! Yah! (*dances about*).

GRETEL Yes. But come, get back to your work. If Mother comes home and we haven't finished, we'll catch it!

HANSEL Work! This is time for dancing!

GRETEL (*gaily*) Oh! — dancing! I'd like that, too! Come on, Buddy!



*Brightly*

GRETEL (*with action to suit words. HANSEL tries awkwardly to follow*



GRETEL Lit-tle broth-er, dance with me. Both my hands in yours, you see,  
(*with SOPS*)

*her. On the repeat he gets into the step of it.)*



One, two, three, One, two, three, Round a-bout so mer-ry, Oh!



With your foot a - tap-tap-tap, With your hands a - clap-clap-clap,  
HANSEL With my foot a - tap-tap-tap, With my hands a - clap-clap-clap,  
(*with ALTOS*)



One, two, three, One, two, three, Round a-bout so mer-ry, Oh!  
One, two, three, One, two, three, Round a-bout so mer-ry, Oh!

(*They whirl around, lose their balance, and roll on the floor. At this instant the door opens and the MOTHER appears.*)

MOTHER Holla!





HANSEL }  
 GRETEL } (*speaking together*) Heavens! Mother!

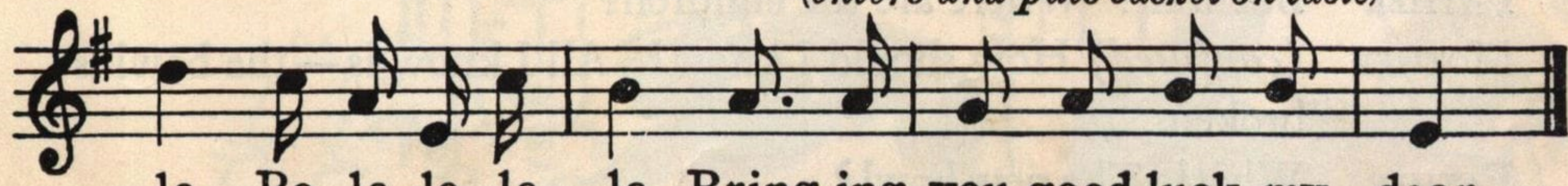
MOTHER Now what sort of behavior do you call this? Frolicking, what? (*puts down basket of wash; sits*) You naughty little good-for-nothings! Do you call this working? Shouting and singing and dancing as if it were carnival-time? There! Take that! (*gives HANSEL a shove*) What Gretel? The stocking unfinished? And you, you scamp, the few brooms not bound in all these hours. You lazy things! You shall have something to help you remember next time. (*She takes up a small stick; the children scuttle away, and as she follows them around the table she knocks down the pot of milk, which breaks.*) Oh, heavens! Now the pot is broken too! What on earth to cook for supper? (*HANSEL gives a sudden giggle.*) What! you ragamuffin! Laughing! (*He runs out of the house; she calls after him.*) Wait until your father comes home! (*She turns to GRETEL and thrusts a basket into her hand.*) There! Get out! Run into the wood with Hansel and gather strawberries. If you don't bring it back filled to the brim, you shall have a real beating for once. (*The CHILDREN run off into the woods. She sweeps up pieces and then sits at table discouraged.*) There lies our one good bowl. Yes, haste makes waste! Dear God, cast money down on us. We have nothing to live upon. Not a crumb to feed my chicks! (*She puts her head on her arm and falls asleep, murmuring*) Dear God, throw money — down — on —

FATHER (*sings off stage*)



Ra la la la, Ra la la la, Lis-ten moth-er I am here, Ra la la

(*enters and puts basket on table*)



la, Ra la la la la, Bring-ing you good luck, my dear.

FATHER Here, Mother, wake up! See what I have done!



MOTHER *(waking and rubbing her eyes)* Oho! Who is this that Ra-la-las and Fa-la-las me out of my sleep?

FATHER A roaring beast that bites within  
Was barking and you heard the din.

MOTHER Ah, so! Well, this barking beast has no chance of a feast today, I can tell you.

FATHER Well, well, let's see what there is for supper.

MOTHER Very simple bill of fare:  
Empty plate, empty pate,  
Empty cupboard, empty fate.

FATHER Cheerio, Mother, I am here!  
Look, what do you think of this? *(He goes to the basket and takes out packages, etc.)*

MOTHER Man, what do I see? Bacon and butter! Meal and beef! Fourteen eggs — and they are so high now! Beans, onions, and — oh, heavens! a quarter of a pound of coffee!

FATHER See! *(tips the basket and potatoes roll out. They dance about singing "Ra-la-la-la," with these words:)*

BOTH Ra la la la, Hop, sas sa, jolly is the word today!  
Ra la la la, Hop, sas sa, jolly is the word today!

FATHER Listen, and I will tell you how this came about. Over yonder by the Black Forest there are to be feasts next week — a wedding, — jubilations and merry-go-rounds. And they who would celebrate in splendor must sweep — so I hurried there and offered my brooms.

*(Meanwhile MOTHER has broken eggs in a pan on the stove, set the table with cloth, two plates and mugs and a jug. FATHER goes on talking.)*

FATHER See? Then I sold lots of them at highest prices. Hurrah!  
Toast me in a mug of mull. *(They lift their mugs.)*

FATHER But wait! Where are the children?

MOTHER *(confused)* How should I know? All I know is — the bowl is broken.

FATHER What! The new bowl?

MOTHER And all the cream spilled.

FATHER Bowl broken! Cream spilled! Those good-for-nothings!



MOTHER Still, it wasn't exactly — you see, when I heard them hopping about like wild colts, I dashed in — and —

FATHER You — smashed —

BOTH *(together)* The bowl!

*(FATHER bursts into laughter and then both laugh.)*

FATHER Well, little mother, don't take it ill. But where are the youngsters?

MOTHER *(still a little huffy)* For all I know, at the Witching Mere.

FATHER At the Witching Mere! Are you mad? If they should lose their way in the Black Forest — with night coming on —

MOTHER Oh, heavens!

FATHER That gruesome place where the Bad One hides.

MOTHER The Bad One! What do you mean?

FATHER The Cookie Witch! The witches all ride on broomsticks. Up the chimney — over hill and dale, in storm and hail they ride!  
*(Imitates riding a broomstick.)*

MOTHER Oh, dreadful! But the Cookie Witch?

FATHER Well, she has a crispy, crusty cookie house, where she lures little children, and when they are unaware, she pops them into her oven and when she takes them out, they are Cookie Children.

MOTHER Oh, horror! Help me, heaven! My children! *(rushes off.)*

FATHER *(taking a roll and the jug from the table)* Wait, let me go with you! *(He follows the mother.)*

CURTAIN





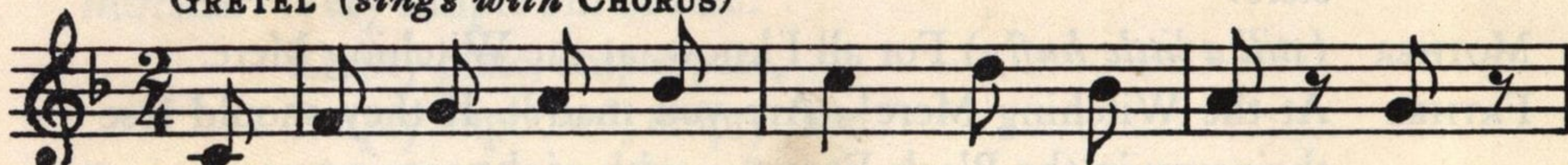
## ACT TWO



## *In the Wood*

*(A woodland scene. GRETEL is seated on a stump making a daisy chain.)*

GRETEL (*sings with CHORUS*)



1. A lit - tle man stands si - lent with-in the  
2. On one leg in the wood stands the man - kin



wood; Of soft-est pur-ple vel - vet his cloak and  
rare, And wears his lit - tle cap in the shad - ows



hood. Why, who can this man-kin be, Hid-ing there by  
there. Who is this queer man, I beg, Stand-ing there up -



yon-der tree, With the pur-ple vel - vet cloak and hood?  
on one leg, With his lit-tle cap in the shad-ows there?

*(HANSEL runs on and shows his basket full of berries.)*

HANSEL (*gleefully*) Hoorah! Look! My basket is full to the brim!  
Won't Mother praise her Hansel now!

GRETEL My wreath is finished, too. I never made such a pretty one.  
*(Tries to put it on HANSEL's head. He runs away.)*

HANSEL Boys don't wear such things. They are only for girls. *(He takes it and puts it on her head.)* Oh, pretty sister! You look like the Queen of the Woods.



- GRETEL *(preening herself)* If I look like the Queen of the Woods, present me with a bouquet.
- HANSEL *(giving her a flower)* Queen of the Woods, your sceptre. *(He points to the stump.)* Your throne. Allow me to offer these berries — only don't gobble them all up! *(He kneels on one knee and offers the berries.)*
- GRETEL *(eating a berry)* Oh, aren't they delicious!
- HANSEL Give me one.
- GRETEL Here you are — just one.
- HANSEL *(grabbing more)* And one is two. *(He grabs the basket and upsets it.)*
- GRETEL Hansel! What have you done! You'll be punished well. Mother was in no joking mood.
- HANSEL You! Gretel! You did it yourself. *(It gradually grows dark.)*
- GRETEL Let's gather more — quickly.
- HANSEL In the dark? Why, look! How dark it grows! Gretel . . . I don't know the way home!
- GRETEL Oh, — Oh! What are you saying? We are lost!
- HANSEL What a 'fraid cat you are! I'm a boy — I'm never — afraid.
- GRETEL Something will happen to us. Oh, Hansel, what shimmers there in the darkness?
- HANSEL Those are birches with their white bark!
- GRETEL And there! What grins at us from that stump?
- HANSEL Th — th — that's only a log!
- GRETEL What strange faces he makes at us. Don't you see him?
- HANSEL *(very loud)* I'll make a face at you! D'you hear, old thingumabob?
- GRETEL There! Look! That light! It's coming nearer!
- HANSEL Will-o-the-wisp! It dances back and forth. Gretel, stick close to me. Wait! I'll call long and loud. *(He faces back and shouts through hands)* Aye! *(Echo answers from behind the scenes.)*
- GRETEL *(softly)* Did you hear that? Someone called — *(singing)* "Aye!"
- HANSEL *(softly)* Yes, I heard.
- GRETEL Hansel, surely there is somebody there. I'm frightened! *(bursts into tears)* Oh, I'm frightened — I wish I were at home.



HANSEL Gretelkin, hold on to me, take my hand. I will protect you.  
(*The two CHILDREN cling together, trembling.*)

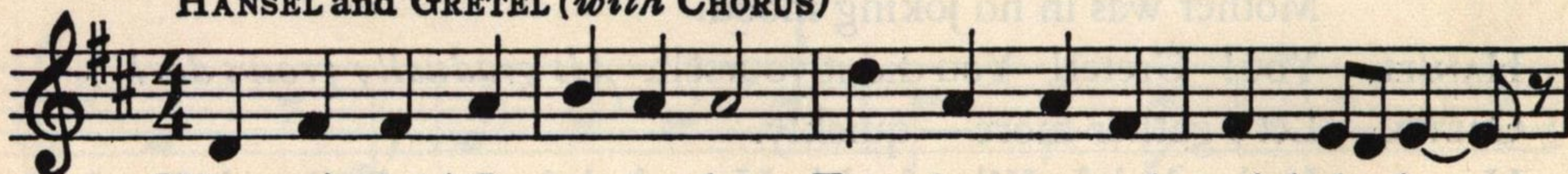
GRETEL There come the white ladies of the fog! See! They beckon us!  
They will grab us! (*She drops on knees hiding face. At back appear the little SANDMEN with packs on backs.*)

HANSEL Look there! that manikin! Sister, what little man can that be?  
(*The MEN come nearer in quiet, friendly fashion, scatter sand on the CHILDREN's eyes and disappear. The CHILDREN grow quieter and sit side by side on the ground.*)

HANSEL Sandman was here.

GRETEL Let's say our prayer.

HANSEL and GRETEL (*with CHORUS*)



When at night I go to sleep, Four-teen an-gels watch do keep.



Two stand here a - bove me; Two stand there be - low me.



Two who guard my right hand, Two who guard my left hand,



Two my sleep at - tend-ing, Two to wake me bend-ing,



Two to point, when I a-rise, The way to Heav-en's Par - a - dise.

(*The CHILDREN curl up and go to sleep. The SANDMEN reappear softly and draw the curtain.*)

CURTAIN



## ACT THREE



## At the Cookie House

*(A woodland scene, with the Cookie House at the center, back. A big oven is at the right and a barred caged at the left of the stage.)*

GRETEL *(awakens, stretches)* Where am I? Am I awake? Is it a dream? Why! I am lying under a pine-tree! Oh, how the birds sing, so soft and sweet. Little birds, good morning! *(turns to HANSEL)* Now see this lazy stay-a-bed. Wait! I'll wake him *(tickles him with grass)* Deedle — eedle — ee, tee-tee-tee-tee!

HANSEL *(Twists and turns. Finally leaps to his feet, flaps his arms and crows.)* Cock-a-doodle-doo! Oh, how well I feel; I never slept so well before — Cock-a-doodle-do! *(He turns. Both CHILDREN discover the Cookie House.)*

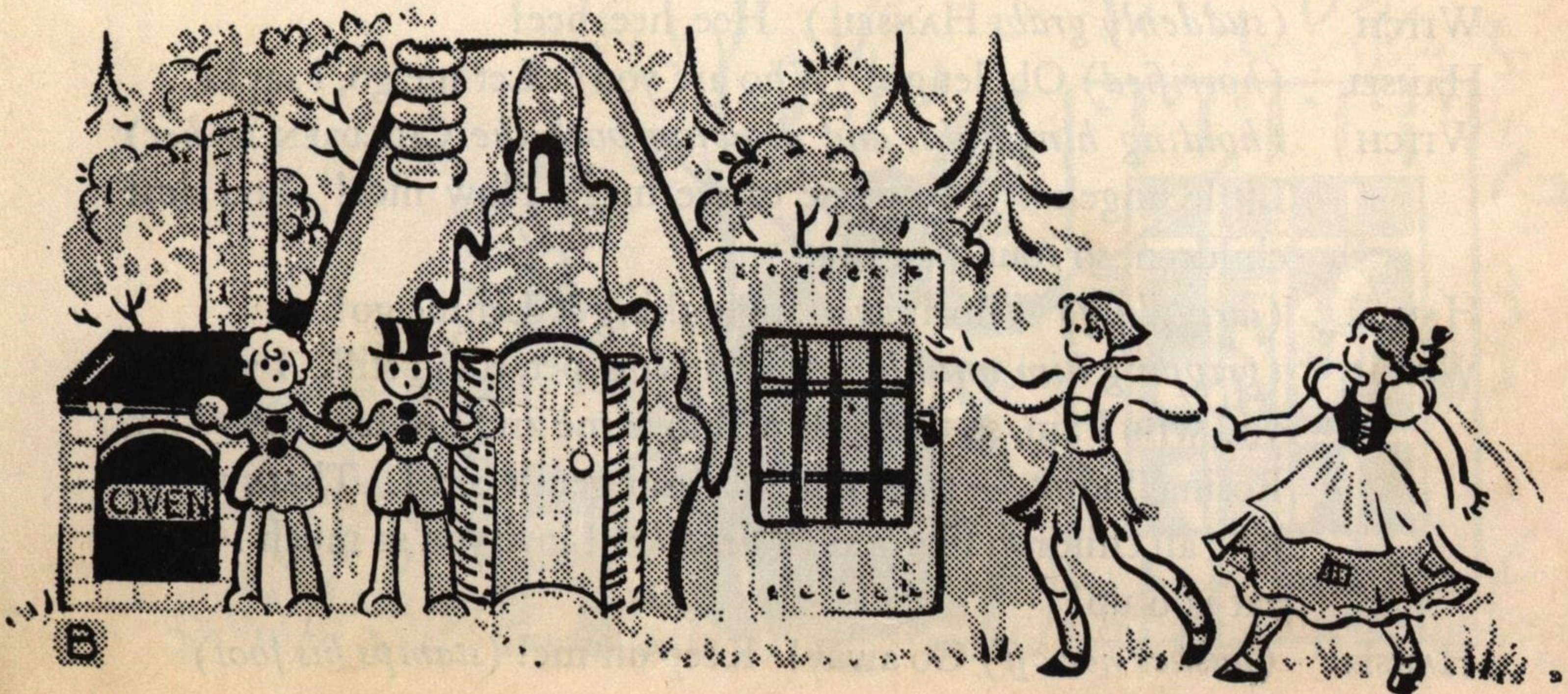
GRETEL Stand still! Stand still!

HANSEL Oh goodness! What a wonder! *(with great excitement)* No, never in my life have I seen anything like this.

GRETEL How delicious it smells! How splendid! A house made of cookies and tarts.

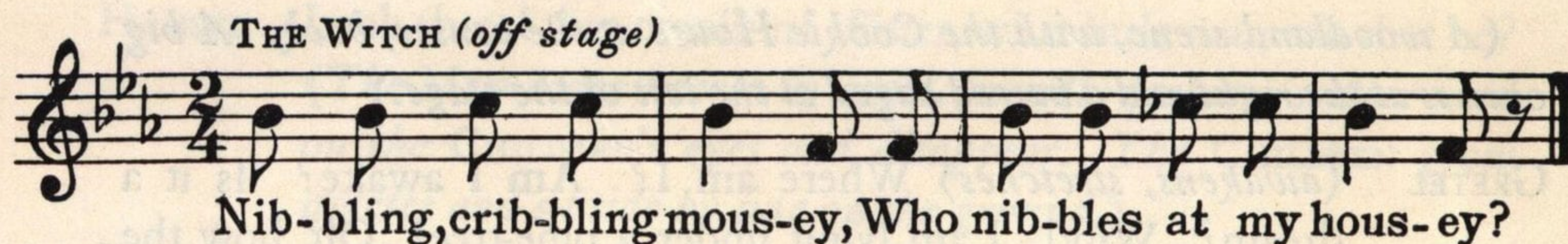
HANSEL Everything is quiet. Come, let's go in.

GRETEL Have you lost your wits? Who knows who may live here?





HANSEL But look! How the little house smiles at us. Come, we'll nibble a bit from it. (*They tiptoe gingerly to the house — touch it and draw away quickly. Finally HANSEL breaks off a cookie from the doorway.*)



(HANSEL, *startled, drops the cookie*)

HANSEL Did you hear that?

GRETEL (*nodding*) It was the wind.

(*Everything is still again. After a pause, GRETEL picks up the cookie gently and nibbles it.*)

GRETEL M-m-m-

HANSEL How does it taste?

GRETEL (*gives him a piece*) There you are.

HANSEL M-m-m. Perhaps a candy and cookie baker lives in this house!

GRETEL Watch out! Mr. Candy and Cookie Baker.

HANSEL A mouse is going to make a little hole in your housey! (*He breaks off a big piece from the edge of house. Behind the CHILDREN the WITCH appears and steals toward them.*)

WITCH (*suddenly grabs HANSEL.*) Hee, hee, hee!

HANSEL (*horrified*) Oh, let go! Who are you? Let me go, I say!

WITCH (*holding him tight, and drawing both the CHILDREN to her*) Little angels! You came to see me? How nice! You dear children, so round and fat!

HANSEL (*wriggling*) Who are you, ugly thing? Let me go!

WITCH (*gripping him until he winces*) Now pet, stand still. I will tell you who I am, so that you will love me and not fear me. I am Rosina Tidbit, — most friendly and gentle am I. That's why I love all children like you. (*fiercely*) I love you so much I could eat you up!

HANSEL (*pushes her off*) Go away! Keep off me! (*stamps his foot*)



WITCH *(laughing shrilly)* Hee, hee, hee! Come, little mousey, come into my housey, you shall have a party — chocolate, cream puffs, and rice pudding.

HANSEL I won't go, ugly old woman.

GRETEL What do you want to do with my brother?

WITCH Oh well! I want to feed him and stuff him with good things until he is soft and tender. Then you shall have a gr-r-reat surprise.

HANSEL Gretel, I do not trust the sweet sounding words — come, sister. *(The CHILDREN start to run. The WITCH takes a little stick from her girdle and lifts it commandingly.)*

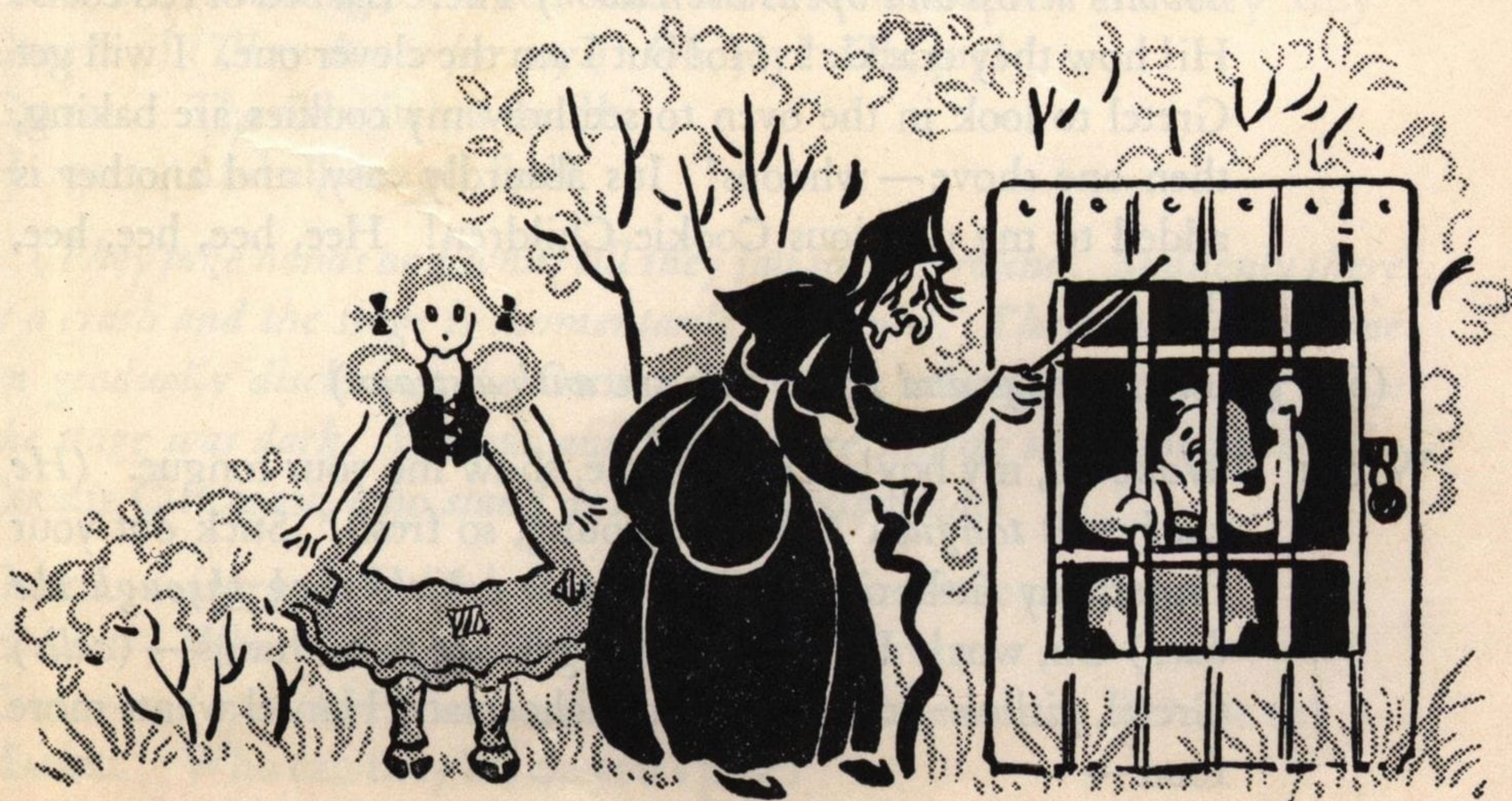
WITCH Halt!

Hokus-pokus, witching sticks!  
Stand and stare like stone, my chicks.  
Evil eye doth you transfix,  
One, two, three, four, five and six!

*(The CHILDREN follow the WITCH as she leads them toward the little stall at right. They give a sudden jump at the last word of each line. WITCH points HANSEL into the stall, leaving GRETEL standing motionless.)*

In the cell, my Hansel bright  
There I'll keep you safe and tight.

*(She puts down her wand. GRETEL still stands motionless.)*





WITCH (*pleased — to GRETEL*) Now Gretel, be a nice sensible girl. I'm going to get Hansel some almonds and raisins to make him nice and fat. Don't move from the spot. (*She enters house.*)

GRETEL (*still motionless*) Hoo! How the witch makes my flesh creep!

HANSEL (*through bars*) Gretel, pst! Keep your wits about you! Watch carefully! Seem to do all that the witch asks, and then — sh! here she comes!

WITCH (*returning, makes sure GRETEL has not moved. Feeds HANSEL nuts through bars — turns to GRETEL.*)



Ho-kus po-kus witch-ing stick. Mag-ic van-ish dou-ble quick!

(WITCH waves her hand to undo the spell. GRETEL moves one arm, then the other, one leg, then the other; gives a little hop when completely released.)

WITCH (*continuing*) Now, my sweet, run as fast as you like. Go, dearie, and set the table for me. Skip, or I'll lock you in the cage. (GRETEL scurries in house. WITCH laughs, looks at HANSEL who pretends to be asleep) Sleep on, my good sheep! Soon you shall sleep forever — but I shall begin with Gretel. (*She hobbles across and opens oven door*) There is a bed of red coals! Hi! how they crackle! Ho! but I am the clever one. I will get Gretel to look in the oven to see how my cookies are baking, then one shove — whoops! It's absurdly easy, and another is added to my delicious Cookie Children! Hee, hee, hee, hee, hee!

(*She goes to the cage and pokes HANSEL with a straw.*)

WITCH Wake up, my boy! Come, come, show me your tongue. (*He sticks out tongue*) Aha! So young, so fresh! Stick out your finger, my little one! (*He thrusts a little stick through the bars*) Oh, woe! Laddie, your fingers are poor things — (*calls*) Gretel, girlie! Bring raisins and chocolate, Hansel wants more food —



GRETEL *(running out with basket)* Here are the raisins. *(While the WITCH feeds HANSEL, she picks up a branch and waves it behind WITCH.)*

Hokus pokus, witching stick  
Stand and stare, obey me, quick!

WITCH *(turning)* Hee, hee, hee! There, my sugar plum! Down with this tidbit! *(puts raisin in GRETTEL's mouth. She turns and hobbles over to oven and opens door. HANSEL makes violent signs to GRETTEL. She helps him out of the cage.)*

HANSEL *(hiding behind GRETTEL's skirt)* Sister, be careful!

WITCH *(looking back at GRETTEL)* How my mouth waters when I look at that child! Come, Gretel, my sugar-plum, come here! Look in the oven at my cookies, and see if they are nice and brown. Come, it's little bother. Look carefully!

HANSEL *(still behind GRETTEL)* Sister — careful!

GRETEL *(awkwardly)* Oh, how do I manage it? How do I look in?

WITCH Why, just get up on your toes a little, bend over; it's very easy!

HANSEL Sister dear, careful!

GRETEL *(shyly)* I am so dull — Don't be angry with me. Only show me. How do I get my head in?

WITCH *(impatiently)* Bend over, like this — very easy. *(She looks into oven, HANSEL and GRETTEL give her an immense shove. She vanishes through oven door, someone on the other side pulling her through. They clap the door shut.)*

HANSEL } *(shouting)* "Then one shove — Whoops! It's very easy."

GRETEL } *(They dance for joy.)* Oh, joy! Oh, joy!

GRETEL The old witch is dead!

HANSEL And all danger fled!

*(They take hands and whirl till they fall to the ground. Suddenly there is a crash and the stage is momentarily darkened. Then the lights come on gradually disclosing the COOKIE CHILDREN who have come on while the stage was dark. HANSEL and GRETTEL are still on the floor facing the COOKIE CHILDREN, who stand as though spellbound.)*

GRETEL *(surprised)* Oh! Look at all the nice little children!

HANSEL Where in the world did they come from?

CHILDREN *(eyes closed, motionless, murmur)* Release us! Release us!

HANSEL Who can they be, do you s'pose?



CHILDREN (*murmur*) We were the Witch's Cookie Children!

GRETEL Their eyes are tight shut! Can they be asleep?

CHILDREN (*murmur*) Oh, wake us up! Touch us! Release us!

HANSEL Oh, I know. (*He jumps up and finds witching stick, which he lifts solemnly.*)

Hokus pokus, witching light!

Children, open eyes so bright.

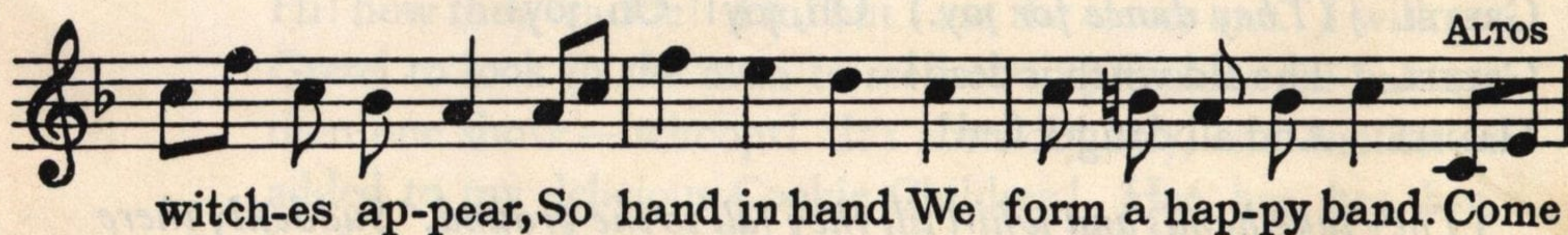
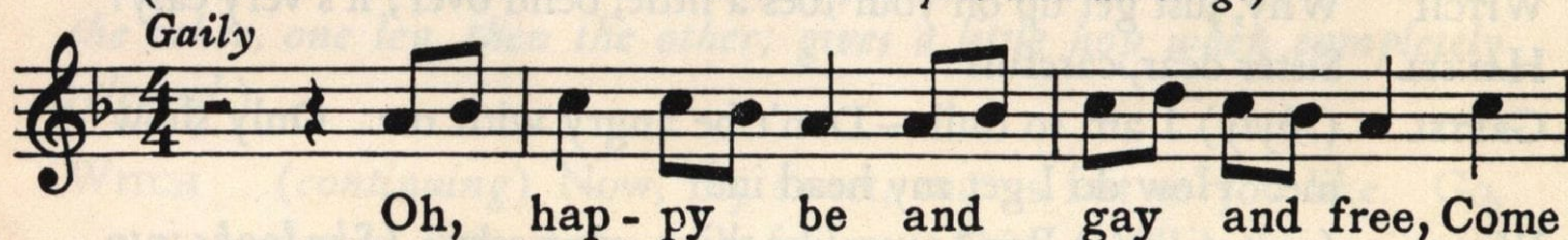
Hokus pokus, witching light!

Everything is now all right!

(*During this incantation, the COOKIE CHILDREN come to life gradually, each moving an arm, a leg, etc. At the end they give a little hop and surround HANSEL and GRETEL, dancing with joy.*)

CHILDREN (*babel of voices*) Oh, thank you! Thank you! You have saved us from the wicked witch! All our lives we will love you!

(*HANSEL and GRETEL are now on their feet and all sing.*)







bounds, And near and far our song re - sounds.

CHILDREN (*all chatter again*) How good of you to come — Oh thank you!  
How clever of you, — etc.

FATHER (*outside — singing alone*)  
Ra-la-la-la, — Ra-la-la-la. —  
Seek our children near and far.  
Ra-la-la-la, — Ra-la-la-la. —  
Still we — (*breaking off as he and MOTHER enter and see CHILDREN*) Why, there they are!

HANSEL } (*rushing into their arms*) Father! Mother!  
GRETEL }

MOTHER Darlings!

FATHER Well, what have you been doing, you little sinners?

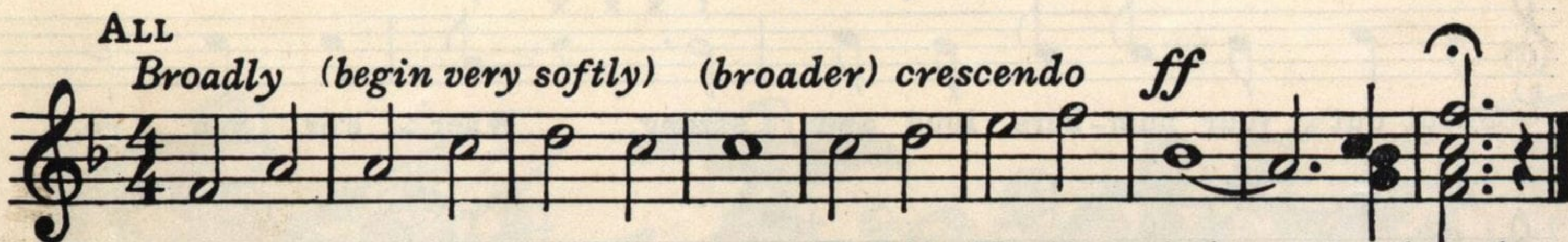
HANSEL } (*bringing up COOKIE CHILDREN — all chattering.*)  
GRETEL }

These are the Witch's Cookie Children. —  
Look at the Witch's Cookie House! Delicious!  
See where we stuck the wicked witch in her own oven! etc.

FATHER Children, look upon these wonders. The Cookie Witch is lost  
in her own wickedness. Yes, yes.

“When in deep distress you stand,  
God, the Father, takes your hand.”

(*All kneel*)



When in deep dis-tress I stand, God, the Fa-ther takes my hand.

(*They rise and all the CHILDREN dance round FATHER and MOTHER as the curtain falls.*)

THE PLAY ENDS







## SONGS FOR EVERYBODY

### Caisson Song

U. S. Army Song

*Brisk march tempo*

1. O - ver hill, o - ver dale. As we hit the dust - y trail,  
2. In the storm in the night, Ac - tion left or ac - tion right,

And the Cais-sons go roll-ing a - long. In and out, hear them shout, -  
See the Cais-sons go roll-ing a - long Lim-ber front, lim - ber rear, Pre

Coun-ter- march and right a - bout! And the Cais-sons go roll-ing a - long  
pare to mount your can-non-eer! And the Cais-sons go roll-ing a - long

Then it's hi' hi' hee' In the field ar - til - ler - y,

*Spoken* 2 3 4  
Shout out your num-bers loud and strong, Wher - e'er you go,

You will al-ways know That the Cais-sons are roll ing a - long,

Keep them roll-ing! And those Cais-sons go roll-ing a - long



# The Marines' Hymn

Arranged by A. Tregina

*In march time*



1. From the Halls of Mon - te - zu - - ma To the shores of  
2. Our — flag's un furl'd to ev - 'ry breeze From — dawn to  
3. Here's — health to you and to our Corps Which we are



Trip - o - li — We — fight our coun - try's bat - tles In the  
set - ting sun, — We have fought in ev - 'ry clime and place Where  
proud to serve; — In — many a strife we've fought for life, And —



air, on land and sea; — First to fight for right and  
we could take a gun, — In the snow of far - off  
nev - er lost our nerve. — If the Ar - my and the



free - dom, And to keep our hon - or clean, — We are  
North - ern lands And the sun - ny trop - ic scenes, — You will  
Na - vy Ev er look on Heav - en's scenes, — They will



proud to claim the ti - tle Of U - nit - ed States Ma - rines. —  
find us al - ways on the job — The U - nit - ed States Ma - rines. —  
find the streets are guard - ed By U - nit - ed States Ma - rines. —





# The Star-Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key

John Stafford Smith



O — say! can you see — by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so  
O — thus be it ev - er, when — free - men shall stand Be -



proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing? Whose broad  
tween their loved homes and grim war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with



stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the  
vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land Praise the



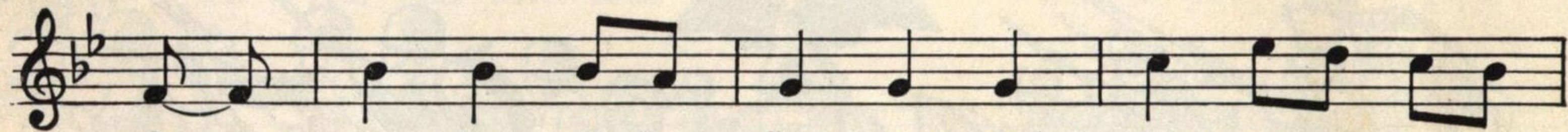
ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the  
Pow'r that has made and pre - served us a na - tion! Then —



rock - et's red glare, The bombs burst - ing in air Gave  
con - quer we must, For our cause it is just, And



proof thro' the night — that our flag was still there.  
this be our mot - to, "In — God is our trust!"



O — say does that — Star - span - gled Ban - ner — yet —  
And the Star - span - gled — Ban - ner in tri - umph shall



wave — O'er the land — of the free and the home of the brave!  
wave — O'er the land — of the free and the home of the brave!

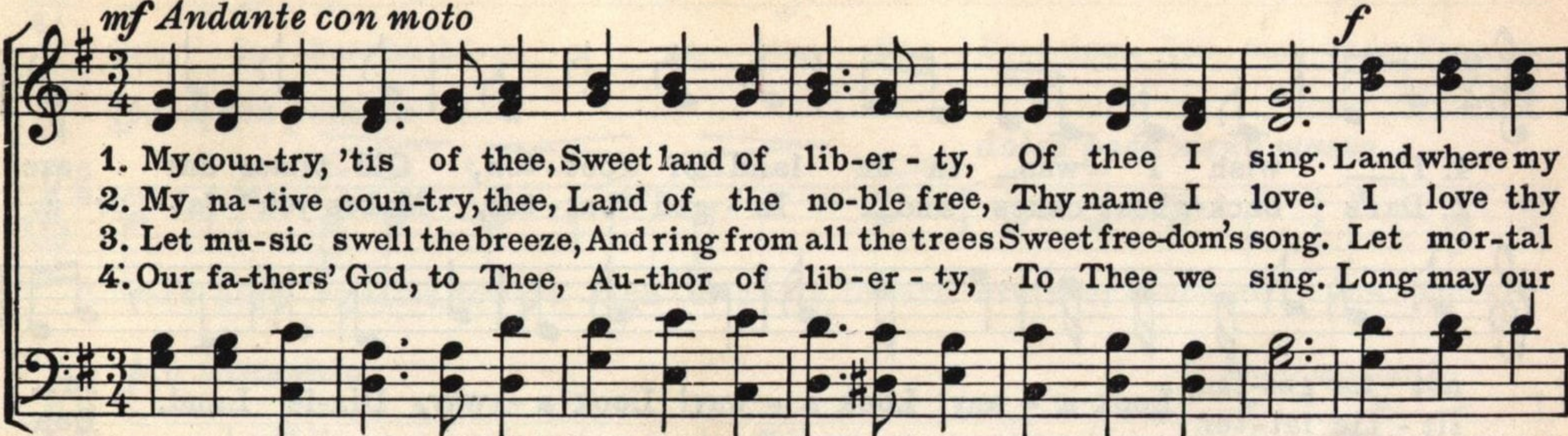


# America

Samuel F. Smith

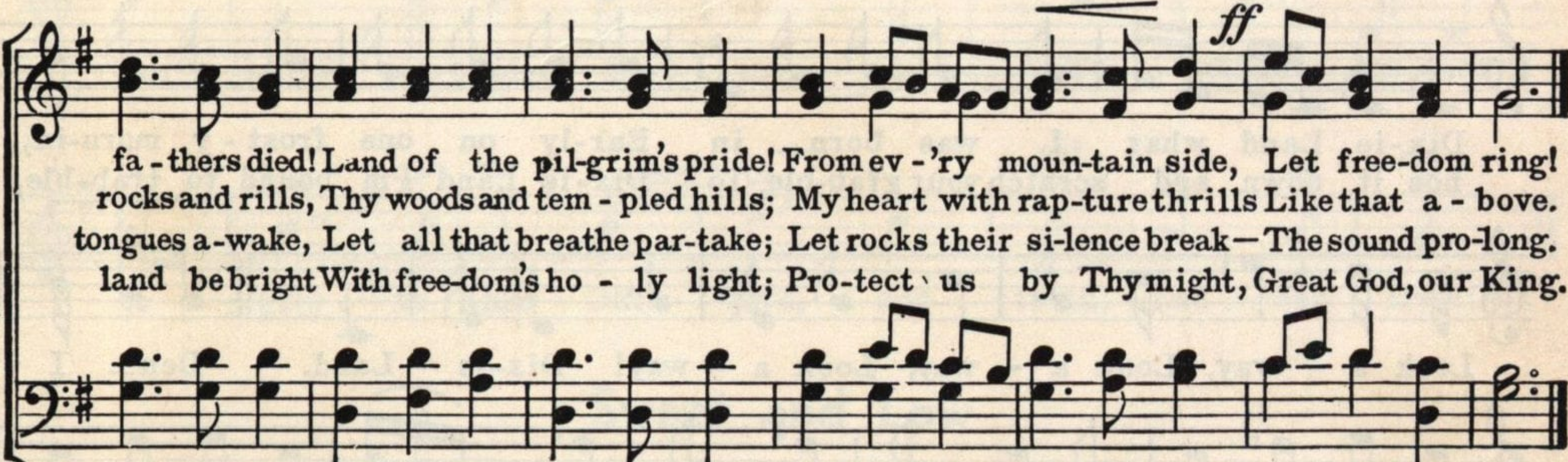
Henry Carey

*mf Andante con moto* *f*



1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er - ty, Of thee I sing. Land where my  
 2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love. I love thy  
 3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet free-dom's song. Let mor-tal  
 4. Our fa-thers' God, to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er - ty, To Thee we sing. Long may our


fa - thers died! Land of the pil-grim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side, Let free-dom ring!  
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.  
 tongues a-wake, Let all that breathe par-take; Let rocks their si-lence break - The sound pro-long.  
 land be bright With free-dom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.



# America, the Beautiful

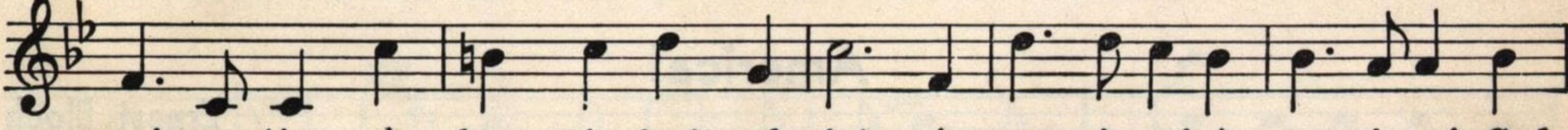
Katharine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward

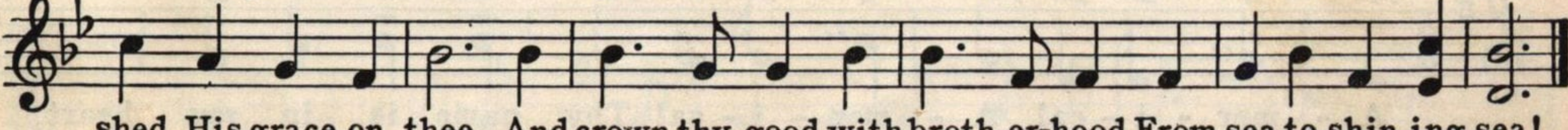


1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain, For pur-ple moun-tain  
 2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern im-pas-sioned stress A thor-ough-fare for  
 3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at - ing strife, Who more than self their  
 4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years Thine al - a - bas-ter

maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit-ed plain. A - mer-i-ca! A - mer-i-ca! God  
 free-dom beat A - cross the wil-der-ness. A - mer-i-ca! A - mer-i-ca! God  
 Coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life. A - mer-i-ca! A - mer-i-ca! May  
 cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu - man tears. A - mer-i-ca! A - mer-i-ca! God



shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!  
 mend thine ev - 'ry flaw, Con-firm thy soul in self con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.  
 God thy gold re-fine Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness And ev-'ry gain di-vine.  
 shed His grace on thee, And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!





# Dixie

D. E.

Daniel Emmett

1. I — wish I was in de land of cot-ton, Old times dar are  
 2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes and In-gen bat-ter, Makes you fat or a  
 not for got-ten, lit-tle fat-ter, Look a - way! Look a - way! Look a - way, Dix-ie Land. In-Den  
 Dix-ie Land whar I was born in Ear-ly on one frost-y morn-in',  
 hoe it down and scratch your grab-ble, To Dix-ie Land I'm bound to trab-ble,  
 Look a - way, Look a - way, Look a - way! Dix-ie Land. Den I  
 wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In — Dix-ie Land I'll  
 take my stand To lib and die in Dix-ie. A - way, a - way, A -  
 way down south in Dix-ie. A - way, a - way, A - way down south in Dix-ie.

# America!

Ernest Bloch

*Andante moderato*  
*breve*  
*breve*  
*a tempo menof*  
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! Thy name is in my heart,  
 My love for thee a - rous - es me to no - bler thoughts and deeds.



*poco più mosso*  
*p*  
 Our fa - thers build - ed a na - tion For Free - dom, Jus - tice and Peace,  
*poco più pesante*  
*dolce poco meno mosso*  
 Toward high - er aims, toward high - er goals, toward broth - er - hood of na - tions.  
*più sostenuto*  
*poco animato*  
 Our hearts we pledge, A - mer - i - ca, To stand by thee,  
*rit.*  
 to give to thee Our love, our faith, and our lives!

## Sweet and Low

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Joseph Barnby

*p*  
 1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea, Low, low, —  
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. Rest, rest on  
*mf*  
 breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea. — O - ver the roll - ing  
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon. — Fa - ther will come to his  
*pp* *f*  
 wa - ters go; Come from the dy - ing moon, and blow, Blow him a - gain to  
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver  
*dim.* *p*  
 me, — While my lit - tle one, While my pret - ty one sleeps. —  
 moon, — Sleep, my lif - tle one, Sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. —



Tune  
Ukelele



# Aloha Oe

English version by Stephen Fay

Queen Liliuokalani

*Tranquillo*

Melody

1. Proud - ly sweeps the rain - cloud o'er the cliff, Borne  
2. I have fond - ly watched thy love - ly face, Bright  
3. Sweet the thoughts I bear a - way with me, Dear

swift - ly by the west-ern gale, — While the song of lov - ers'  
rose of Mau-na - wi - li's bow'r, — Where the birds sip hon - ey  
mem - 'ries of the hap - py past, — And tho' now we whis - per,

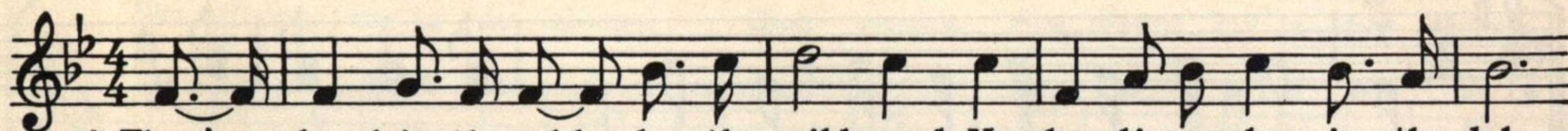
part - ing grief Sad - ly ech - oes a - mid the flow-'ring vale;  
from thy lips, Sweet-er far than the dew - y op - 'ning flow'r.  
fare - thee - well, Yet we know we shall meet a - gain at last.

Fare - well to thee, fare - well to thee! The winds will car - ry  
back my sad re - frain; — One fond em - brace be -  
fore we say good - bye, Un - til we meet a - gain. —



# Little Brown Church in the Vale

Dr. W. S. Pitts



1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No lov-li-er place in the dale;

2. How— sweet on a bright Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the clear ring-ing bell;



No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

Its tones so— sweet-ly are call-ing, O— come to the church in the vale.



O come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,



dale;

After 2nd verse repeat Cho. pp



come, come, come. No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.



# Mistress Shady

Traditional

American Song

Gaily (The melody is in the alto)



O Mis-tress Sha-dy,— She is a la-dy,— She has a daugh-ter—whom I a - dore;—



Each day I court her,— I mean the daugh-ter,— Ev-'ry Sun-day, Mon-day, Tues-day,



Wednes-day, Thurs-day, Fri-day, Sat-ur-day, Sun-day af-ter-noon at half-past four.—



# Who's That A-Calling?

Traditional

Southern Song  
Arranged by Gladys Pitcher

*Allegretto*

1. { The moon is beam-ing o'er the spark-ling rill;- Who's that a - call-ing? The  
 { The birds are rest-ing till the gold-en dawn, A  
 2. { The leaves are rust-ling with the star-lit sky, Who's that a - call-ing? The  
 { Is this a mes-sage from a - cross-the sea, Is

OPTIONAL BASS

flow'rs are sleep-ing on the plain and hill; Who's that call-ing so sweet?  
 sound like sing-ing of the one now gone, Who's that a-  
 stream-let mur-murs as it pass-es by, Who's that call-ing so sweet?  
 this my dar-ling one who speak to me, greet?

call-ing? Who's that a - call-ing? Is it one we long to greet, we long to greet?  
 greet? sweet?  
 Who's that a - call-ing? Who's that a - call-ing? Who's that a - call-ing so sweet, so sweet?  
 sweet?

## Stars of the Summer Night

Henry W. Longfellow

J. B. Woodbury

1. Stars of the sum-mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your gold-en light,  
 2. Moon of the sum-mer night, Far down yon west-ern steep, Sink, sink in sil-ver light,  
 3. Dreams of the sum-mer night, Tell her her lov-er keeps Watch, while, in slum-ber light,



She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps, She sleeps, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

Time Ukelele

G C E A

Anonymous

## Home on the Range

Cowboy Song

Arranged by Gladys Pitcher

1. O give me a home where the buf - fa - loes roam, Where the deer and the

2. The air is so pure and the zeph - yrs so free, And the breez - es so  
3. How of - ten at night when the heav - ens are bright With the light from the

an - te - lope play, Where sel - dom is heard a dis - cour - ag - ing

balm - y and light, That I would not ex - change my home on the  
glit - ter - ing stars, Have I stood there a - mazed and - asked, as I

word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day. Home, home on the

range For all of the cit - ies so bright. Home, home on the  
gazed, If their glo - ry ex - ceeds that of ours.

range, Where the deer and the an - te - lope play, Where sel - dom is

heard A dis - cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day.

heard A dis - cour - ag - ing word, And the skies are not cloud - y all day.

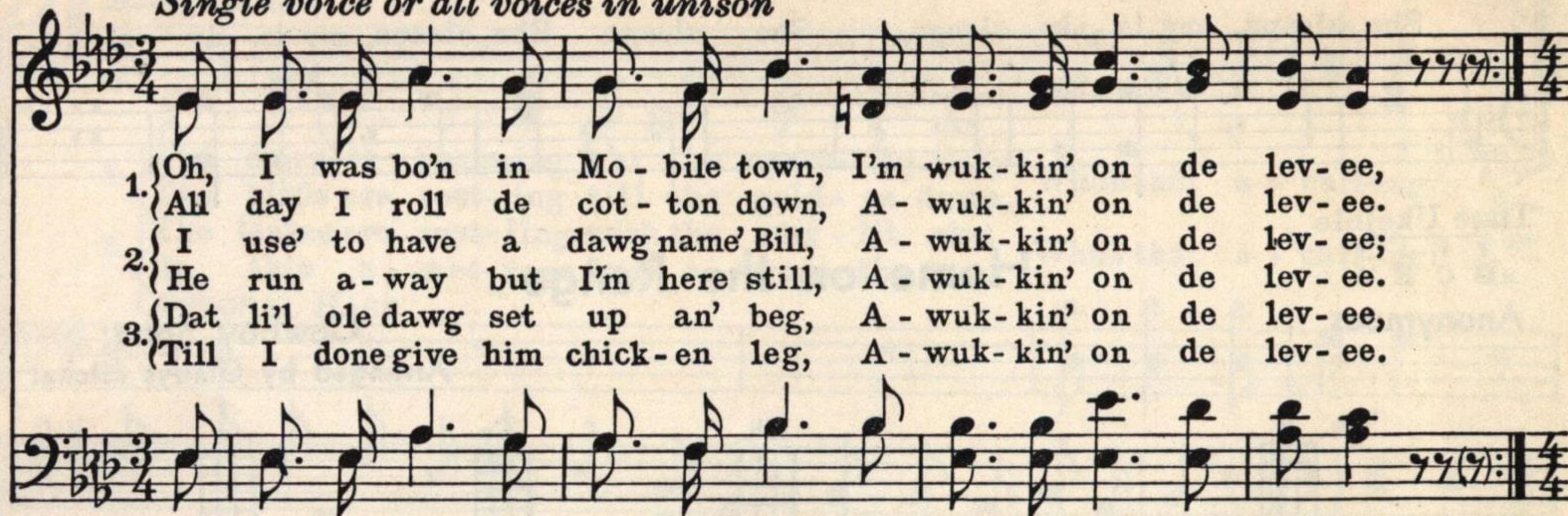


# Levee Song

Traditional

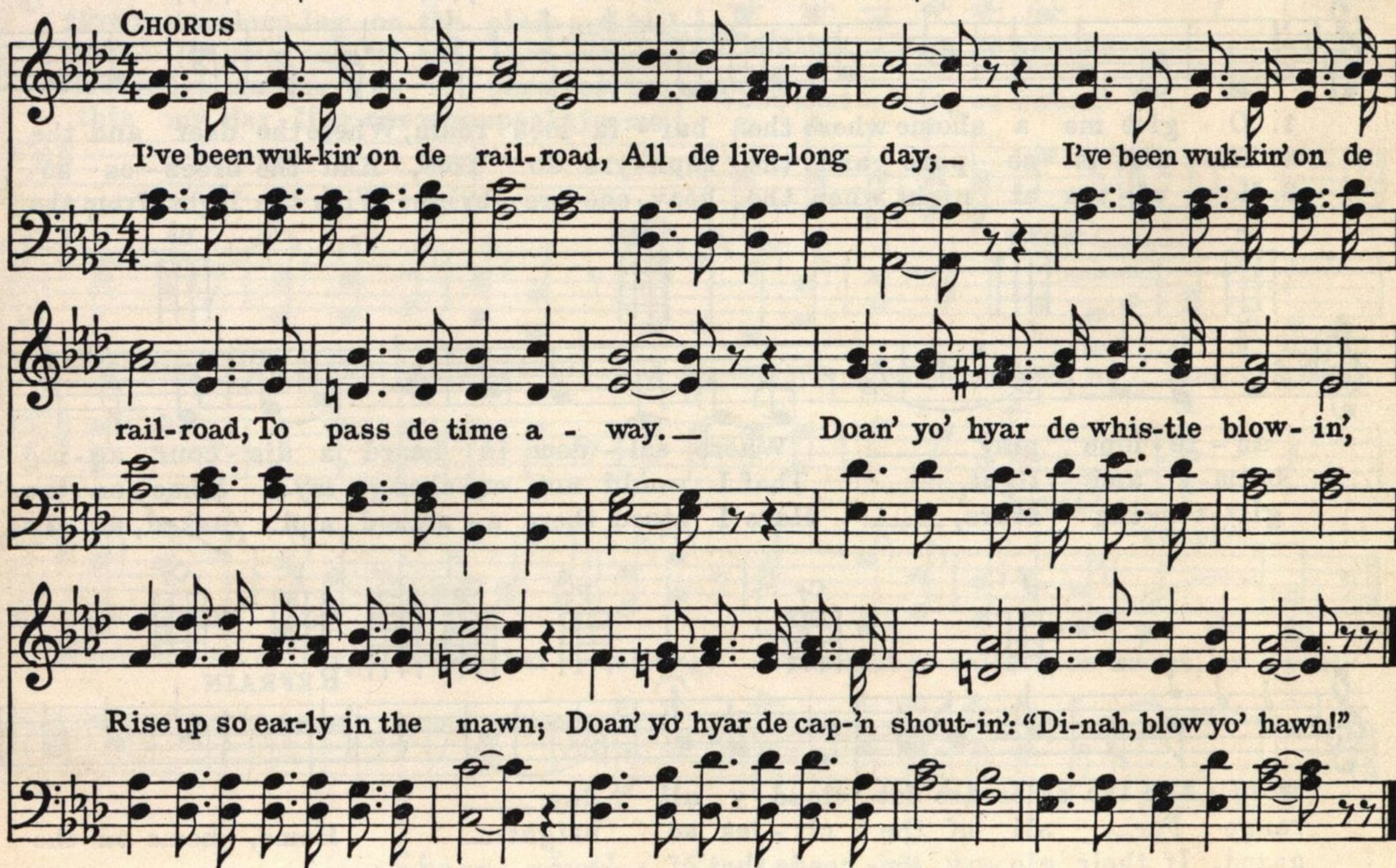
American Melody

*Single voice or all voices in unison*



1. { Oh, I was bo'n in Mo - bile town, I'm wuk-kin' on de lev-ee,  
 { All day I roll de cot - ton down, A - wuk-kin' on de lev-ee.  
 2. { I use' to have a dawg name' Bill, A - wuk-kin' on de lev-ee;  
 { He run a - way but I'm here still, A - wuk-kin' on de lev-ee.  
 3. { Dat li'l ole dawg set up an' beg, A - wuk-kin' on de lev-ee,  
 { Till I done give him chick-en leg, A - wuk-kin' on de lev-ee.

## CHORUS

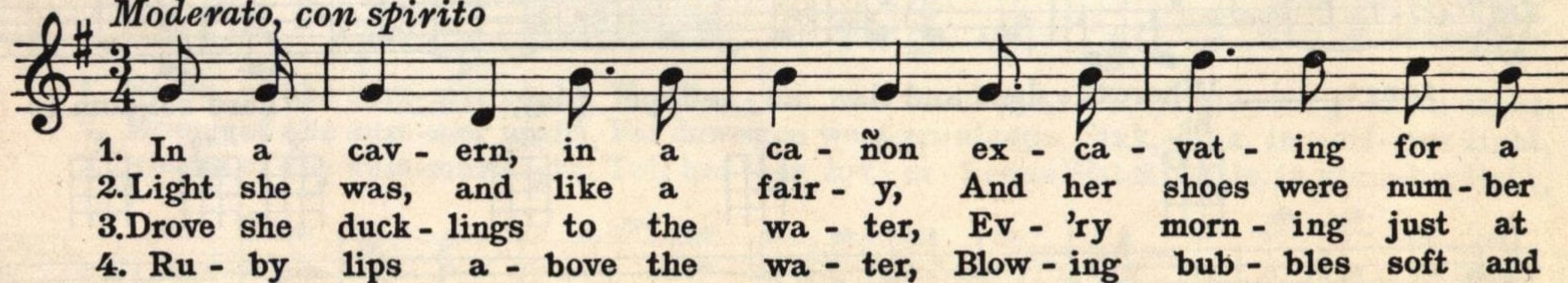


I've been wuk-kin' on de rail-road, All de live-long day;— I've been wuk-kin' on de  
 rail-road, To pass de time a - way.— Doan' yo' hyar de whis-tle blow-in',  
 Rise up so ear-ly in the mawn; Doan' yo' hyar de cap-'n shout-in': "Di-nah, blow yo' hawn!"

# Clementine

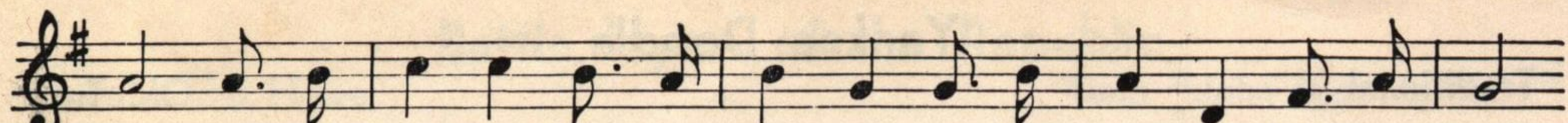
Percy Montrose

*Moderato, con spirito*




1. In a cav - ern, in a ca - ñon ex - ca - vat - ing for a  
 2. Light she was, and like a fair - y, And her shoes were num - ber  
 3. Drove she duck - lings to the wa - ter, Ev - 'ry morn - ing just at  
 4. Ru - by lips a - bove the wa - ter, Blow - ing bub - bles soft and






nine, Dwelt a min-er, for-ty-nin-er, And his daugh-ter, Clem-en-tine.  
 nine, Her-ring box-es with-out top-ses, San-dals were for Clem-en-tine.  
 nine, Hit her foot a-gainst a splin-ter, Fell in-to the foam-ing brine.  
 fine, As for me, I was no swim-mer, So I lost my Clem-en-tine.



Oh my dar-ling, Oh my dar-ling, Oh my dar-ling Clem-en-



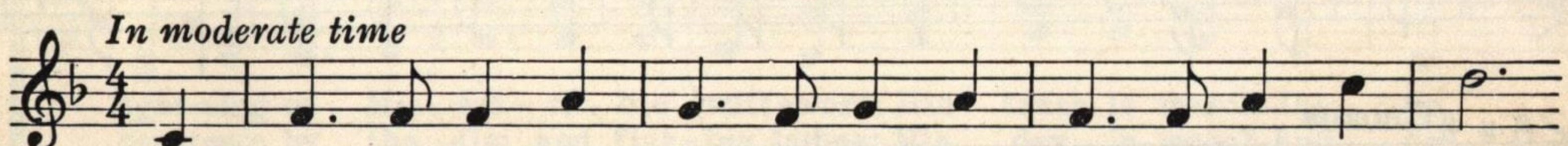
tine, You are lost and gone for-ev-er, Dread-ful sor-ry, Clem-en-tine.

## Auld Lang Syne

Robert Burns

Scottish Tune

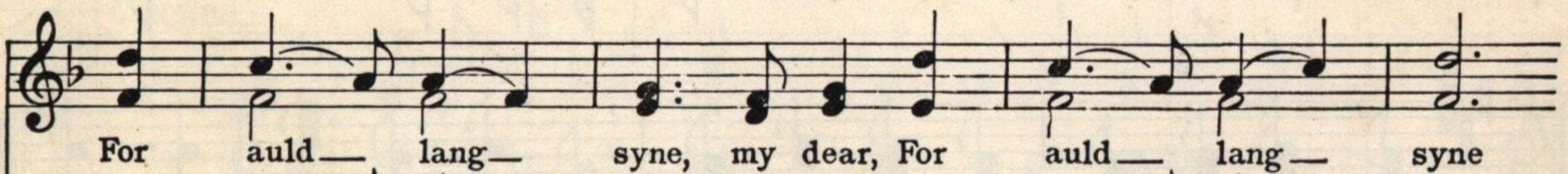
*In moderate time*



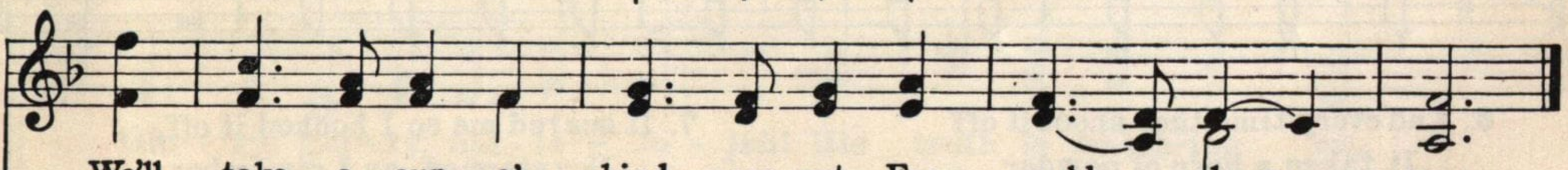
1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind?  
 2. And here's a hand, my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine.



Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got And days of auld lang syne.  
 We'll take a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld—lang—syne.



For auld—lang—syne, my dear, For auld—lang—syne



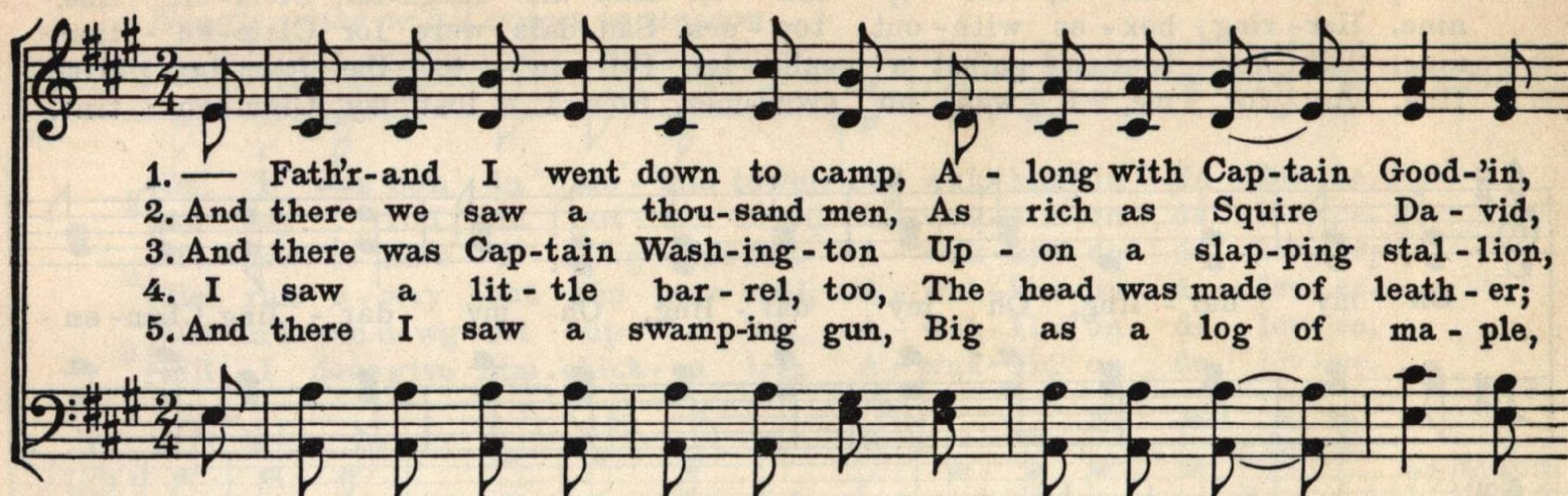
We'll take a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld—lang—syne.



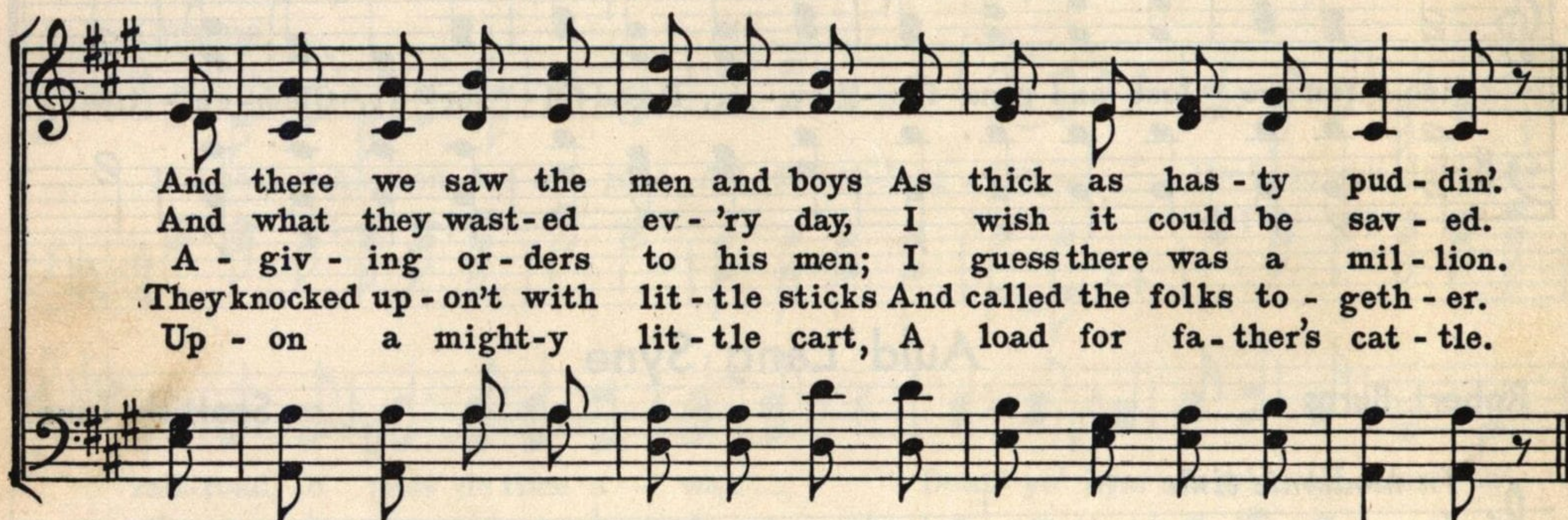
# Yankee Doodle

Traditional

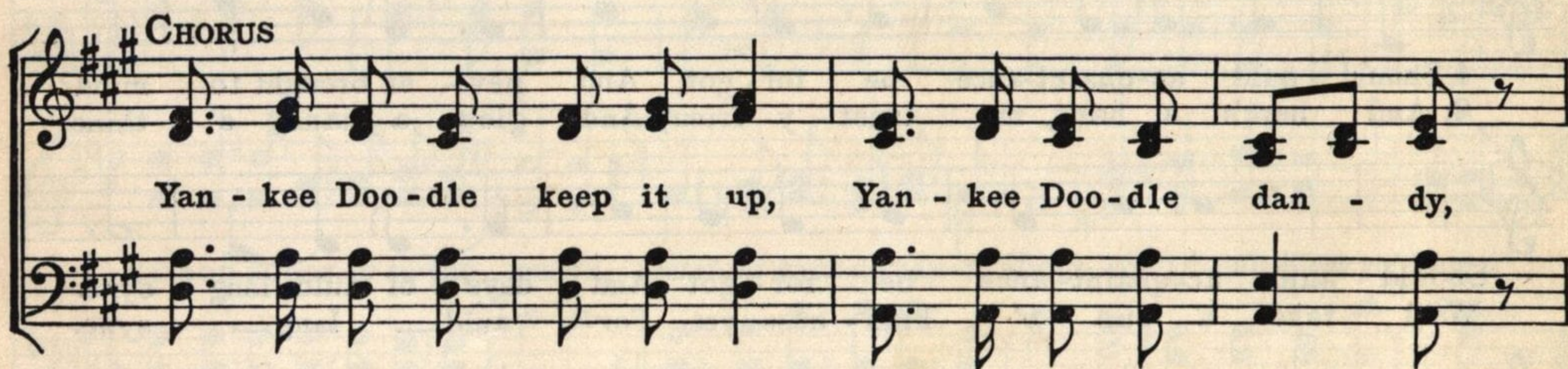
Old Tune



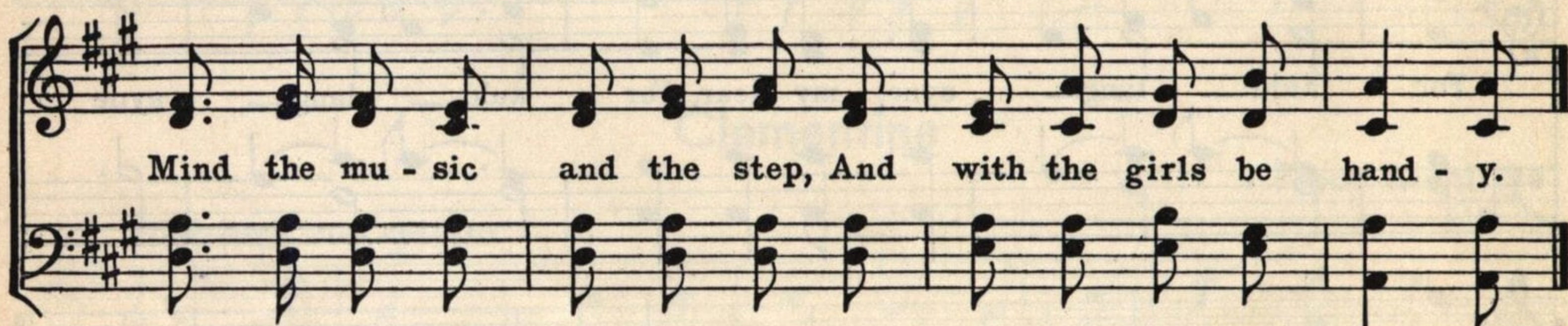
1. — Fath'r-and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap-tain Good-'in,  
2. And there we saw a thou-sand men, As rich as Squire Da - vid,  
3. And there was Cap-tain Wash-ing-ton Up - on a slap-ping stal-lion,  
4. I saw a lit-tle bar-rel, too, The head was made of leath-er;  
5. And there I saw a swamp-ing gun, Big as a log of ma - ple,



And there we saw the men and boys As thick as has - ty pud - din'.  
And what they wast-ed ev - 'ry day, I wish it could be sav - ed.  
A - giv - ing or - ders to his men; I guess there was a mil-lion.  
They knocked up - on't with lit-tle sticks And called the folks to - geth - er.  
Up - on a might-y lit-tle cart, A load for fa-ther's cat - tle.



CHORUS  
Yan - kee Doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee Doo - dle dan - dy,



Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be hand - y.

6. And every time they shoot it off  
It takes a horn of powder,  
And makes a noise like father's gun,  
Only a nation louder.

7. It scared me so I hooked it off,  
Nor stopped, as I remember,  
Nor turned about till I got home  
Locked up in mother's chamber.



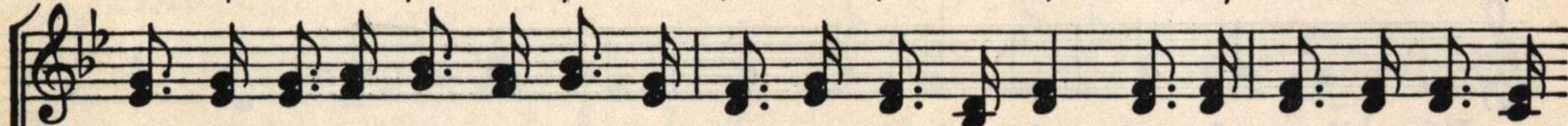
# Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

Tune "John Brown's Body"



1. Mine— eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps, They have
3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel writ in bur - nished rows of steel: "As ye
4. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful  
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right - eous  
deal with My con - tem - ners so with you My grace shall deal: "Let the He - ro born of  
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat. Oh, be swift, my soul, to  
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men



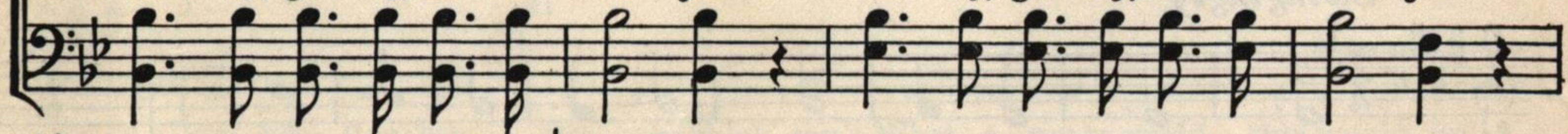
light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing on.  
sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.  
wom - an crush the ser - pent with His heel, Since God is march - ing on.  
an - swer Him! Be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.  
ho - ly let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.



## CHORUS



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

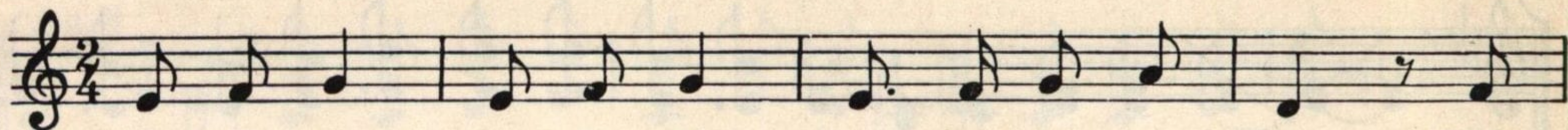




# Nelly Bly

S. C. F

Stephen Collins Foster



Nel - ly Bly, Nel - ly Bly, Bring the broom a - long, We'll



sweep the kitch-en clean, my dear, And have a lit - tle song.



Poke the wood, my la - dy love, And make the fire— burn, And



while I take the ban - jo down, Just give the mush a turn.



Heigh! Nel - ly, Ho! Nel - ly, Lis - ten, love, to me, I'll



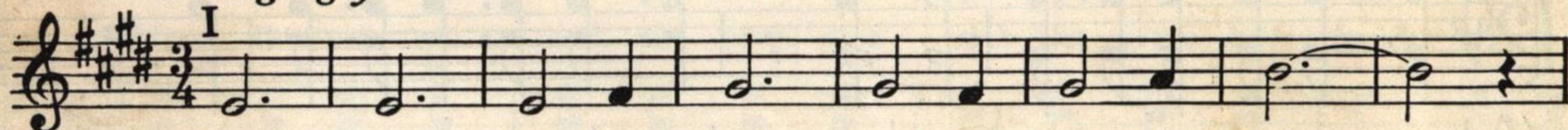
sing for you, play for you, A dul - cem mel - o - dy.

## Row Your Boat (Round)

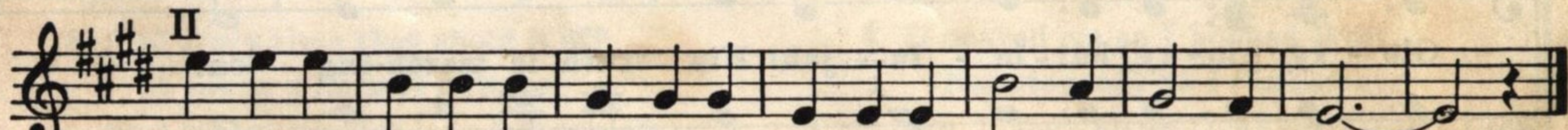
Traditional

Traditional

*Swingingly*



Row, row, row your boat Gen - tly down the stream,—



Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Life is but a dream.—



# Goodbye, My Lover, Goodbye

Traditional

American Song

SOLO OR UNISON

CHORUS

1. The ship is sail-ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye;—  
My heart will ev-er-more be true, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye;—  
2. Then cheer up till we meet a-gain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye;—  
Tho' far I roam a-cross the sea, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye;—

SOLO

CHORUS

We may not meet for man-y a day, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!—  
Tho' now we sad-ly say a-dieu, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!—  
I'll try to bear my wea-ry pain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!—  
My ev-'ry thought of you shall be, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!—

By-low, my ba-by, By-low, my ba-by, By-low, my ba-by, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!

# Reuben and Rachel (Canon)

Traditional

American Folk Tune

When the first group has reached II, the second group starts at the beginning.

I II  
1. Reu-ben, Reu-ben, I've been think-ing, What a queer world this would be  
2. Ra-chel, Ra-chel, I've been think-ing, What a queer world this would be  
If the men were all trans-port-ed Far be-yond the north-ern sea.  
If the girls were all trans-port-ed Far be-yond the north-ern sea.



# Sing-a-Ling-a-Ling

Traditional

American Greeting Song

*Moderato*



Oh, Mis-ter\* Wing we sing-a-ling-a-ling With all our hearts to you; We  
 hope there'll be some-thing-a-ling-a-ling That we can do for you. In  
 au-tumn, win-ter, spring-a-ling-a-ling And all the whole year through, We'll  
 sing-a-ling-a-ling, Praise bring-a-ling-a-ling, Cheers ring-a-ling-a-ling for you!

\*Use other names if you like.

# All Through the Night

Harold Boulton

David Owen

*Quietly*



1. Sleep, my child, and peace at-tend thee All through the night;  
 2. While the moon her watch is keep-ing All through the night;  
 Guard-ian an-gels God will send thee, All through the night.  
 While the wea-ry world is sleep-ing All through the night,  
 Soft the drow-sy hours are creep-ing, Hill and vale in slum-ber steep-ing,  
 O'er thy spir-it gen-tly steal-ing, Vi-sions of de-light re-veal-ing,  
 I my lov-ing vig-il keep-ing, All through the night.  
 Breathes a pure and ho-ly feel-ing, All through the night.



# Polly-Wolly-Doodle

Traditional

Old College Song

*Allegro*

1. Oh, I went down south for to see my Sal, Sing- Pol- ly - wol - ly -  
 2. Oh, my Sal, she am a — maid - en fair, My- Sal - ly am a spunk - y gal, Sing Pol-ly-  
 doo-dle all the day! With curl - y eyes and laugh - ing hair, wol - ly - doo - dle all the day!  
 Fare thee well! Fare thee well! Fare thee  
 well, my fair - y fay! For I'm off to Lou' - si - an - a for to  
 see my Su - sy - an - na, Sing - ing Pol - ly - wol - ly - doo - dle all the day!

# Good Night, Ladies

Traditional

Traditional

*Semplice*  
*f*

1. Good - night, la - dies! Good - night, la - dies! Good - night, la - dies! We're going to leave you now.  
 2. Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies! We're going to leave you now.  
 3. Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! We're going to leave you now.

*Allegro* *Repeat pp* *riten. molto*

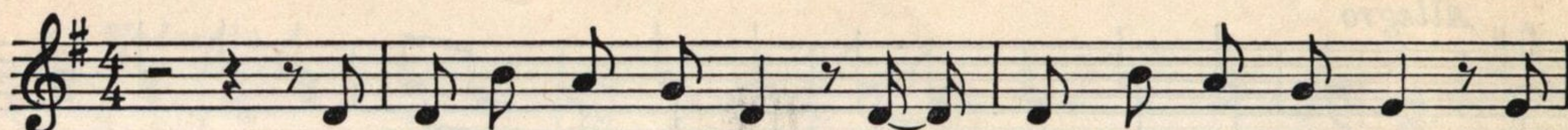
1. Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.  
 2.



# Jingle, Bells

Traditional

Old Song



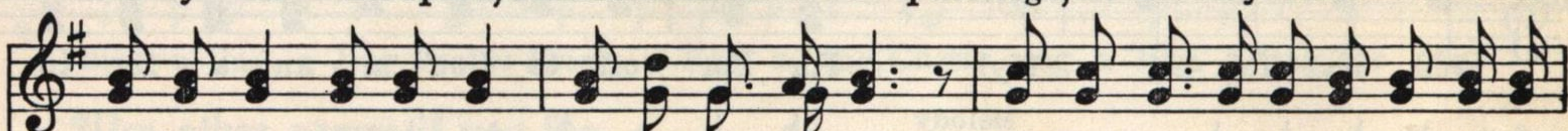
1. — Dash-ing thro' the snow In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; —  
 2. A day or two a - go, I — thought I'd take a ride, And  
 3. — Now the ground is white; — Go it while you're young; —



O'er the fields we go, — Laugh-ing all the way; — Bells on bob-tail ring, —  
 soon Miss Fan-nie Bright, Was seat - ed by my side. The horse was lean and lank, Mis-  
 Take the girls to - night, And sing this sleigh-ing song. Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-



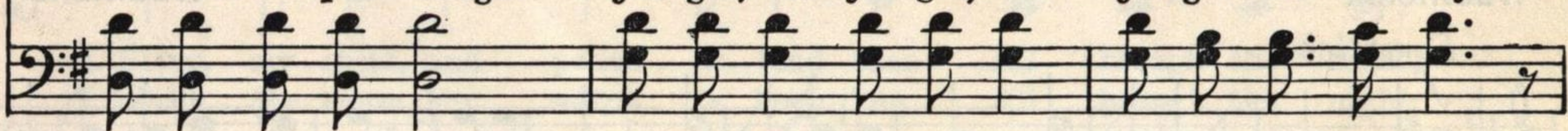
Mak-ing spir - its bright, What fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night!  
 for-tune seemed his lot; He got in-to a drift-ed bank And we, we got up-sot.  
 for-ty for his speed; Then hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead.



Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a



one-horse o - pen sleigh! Jin-gle, bells! jin-gle, bells! Jin-gle all the way!



Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse o - pen sleigh!



## A Merry Life

From the Italian

Luigi Denza



1. Some think — the world is made for fun and frolic, — And so do I! —  
 2. Ah, me, — 'tis strange that some should take to sigh-ing, — And like it well! —



CHORUS SOLO

— And so do I! — Some think — it well to be all mel-an-chol-ic, —  
 — And like it well! — For me, — I have not thought it worth the try-ing, —

CHORUS SOLO

— To pine and sigh; — To pine and sigh; — But I, — I love to spend my time in  
 — So can-not tell! — So can-not tell! — With laugh and dance and song the day soon

CHORUS SOLO

sing-ing, — Some joy-ous song, — Some joy-ous song; — To set — the air with  
 pass-es, — Full soon is gone, — Full soon is gone; — For mirth — was made for

*f* CHORUS

mu-sic brave-ly ring-ing — Is far from wrong! — Is far from wrong! —  
 joy-ous lads and lass-es — To call their own! — To call their own! —

*f* 1st time SOLO *p*

Hark-en! Hark-en! Mu-sic sounds a-far! Hark-en! Hark-en! Mu-sic sounds a-far! Tra-la-la-

*mf* *f*

la, tra-la-la - la, tra-la-la - la, tra-la-la - la! Joy is ev'-ry-where, Tra-la-la - la, tra-la-la - la!

## Hunting Song (Round)

Of unknown origin

I II

Ta ra ta ra ta ra ta ra, Ta ra ta ta ra ta ta ra ta ra,

III IV

Ta ra ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ta ta, Ta ra ta ra ta ra. —



# Santa Lucia

Traditional

Neapolitan Boat Song

*Andantino (Verse may be sung, melody in unison)*

*p*

1. { Now 'neath the sil-ver moon o - cean is glow-ing, O'er the calm bil - low  
 1. { Here balm-y breez-es blow, pure joys in - vite us, And, as we gen-tly row,  
 2. { When o'er thy wa - ters light winds are play-ing, Thy spell can soothe us,  
 2. { To thee, sweet Na - po - li, what charms are giv - en, Where smiles cre - a - tion,

1. 2.

soft winds are blow-ing.  
 all things de - light us. Hark, how the sail-or's cry Joy-ous - ly  
 all care al - lay-ing;  
 toil blest by heav-en. Home of fair Po - e - sy, Realm of pure

1. 2.

ech-oes nigh: San-ta Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!  
 har-mo-ny, San-ta Lu - ci - a! San-ta Lu - ci - a!

# Jacob's Ladder

Traditional

Negro Spiritual

*Con spirito*

2

We are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, lad-der, We are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, lad-der, We are —

OPTIONAL  
2

We are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad - - der, We are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad - - der, We are



climb-ing— Ja-cob's lad-der, Sol-diers of the light.— light, yes, of the light.

climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, We are sol-diers of the light.— light, yes, of the light.

## Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Traditional

Negro Spiritual

*mp* SOLO OR UNISON *mf* CHORUS

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home!

*mp* SOLO *mf* CHORUS *Fine*

Swing low, sweet char-i-ot,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home!

*f* SOLO *ff* CHORUS

1. I looked o-ver Jor-dan an' what did I see,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home!  
 2. If you get— there be-fore— I do,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home!  
 3. I'm some-times up and— some-times down, Com-in' for to car-ry me home!

*mf* SOLO *mp* CHORUS *rall.* *D.C. al Fine*

A band of an-gels com-in' af-ter me,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home!  
 Jes' tell— my frien's that I'm a-com-in', too,— Com-in' for to car-ry me home!  
 But still— my soul feels heav-en-ly— boun', Com-in' for to car-ry me home!



# Soldier's Farewell

Adapted by Sidney Rowe

Johanna Kinkel

*Andante con espressivo*

*p*

1. How can I bear to leave thee! One part-ing kiss I give thee, And  
 2. I say fare-well with griev-ing, My fond-est hopes I'm leav-ing, Yet

OPTIONAL BASS

*cresc.*

then, what-e'er be-falls me, I go where hon-or calls me.  
 faith shall nev-er fail me, Tho' death him-self as-sail me!

*Tranquillo*

*p* *f* *p*

Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love! Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love!

# Ti-Ri-Tomba

Cordelia Brooks Fenno

Italian Fisherman's Song

*mf*

1. Now the gold-en sun is ris-ing o'er the o-cean, As we  
 2. Well we know the man-y dan-gers of the o-cean, But we


hoist our rud-dy sail;— Lit-tle waves are danc-ing light in gay com-  
 love it still the same; For old Nep-tune has the fish-er-man's de-

mo-tion, And the morn-ing star grows pale. Ti-ri-tom-ba, ti-ri-  
 vo-tion, And we bold-ly sing his fame. Ti-ri-tom-ba, ti-ri-





tom - ba, Is the song that sounds a - cross the sum-mer seas; Ti - ri -  
 tom - ba, Tho' the storms may rage, the sun will shine a - gain; Ti - ri -




tom - ba, ti - ri - tom - ba, Borne a - long on fresh-ning breeze.  
 tom - ba, ti - ri - tom - ba, Sun - ny weath - er fol - lows rain.


## In Remembrance (For Memorial Day and Armistice Day)

Helen Fitch


Felix Mendelssohn



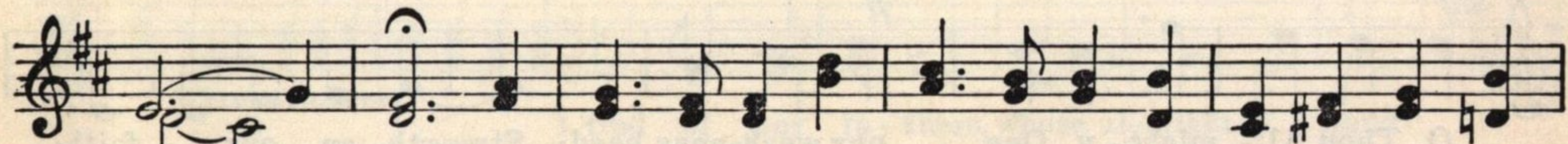
We pause to-day with grate-ful thought, And you who no - bly toiled and wrought




We cher - ish, we cher - ish. You loved the right and gave your all



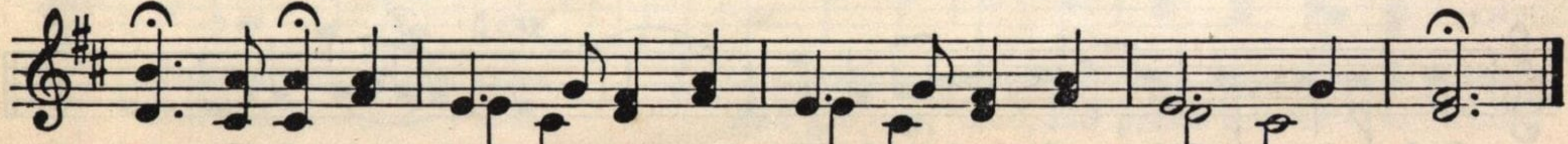
That lib - er - ty should nev - er fall, should nev - er fall, Or per - ish, or



per - ish. Our peace to-day was brave-ly won By val-iant deeds that



you have done, And while the star-ry flag shall fly, Our grat - i - tude shall



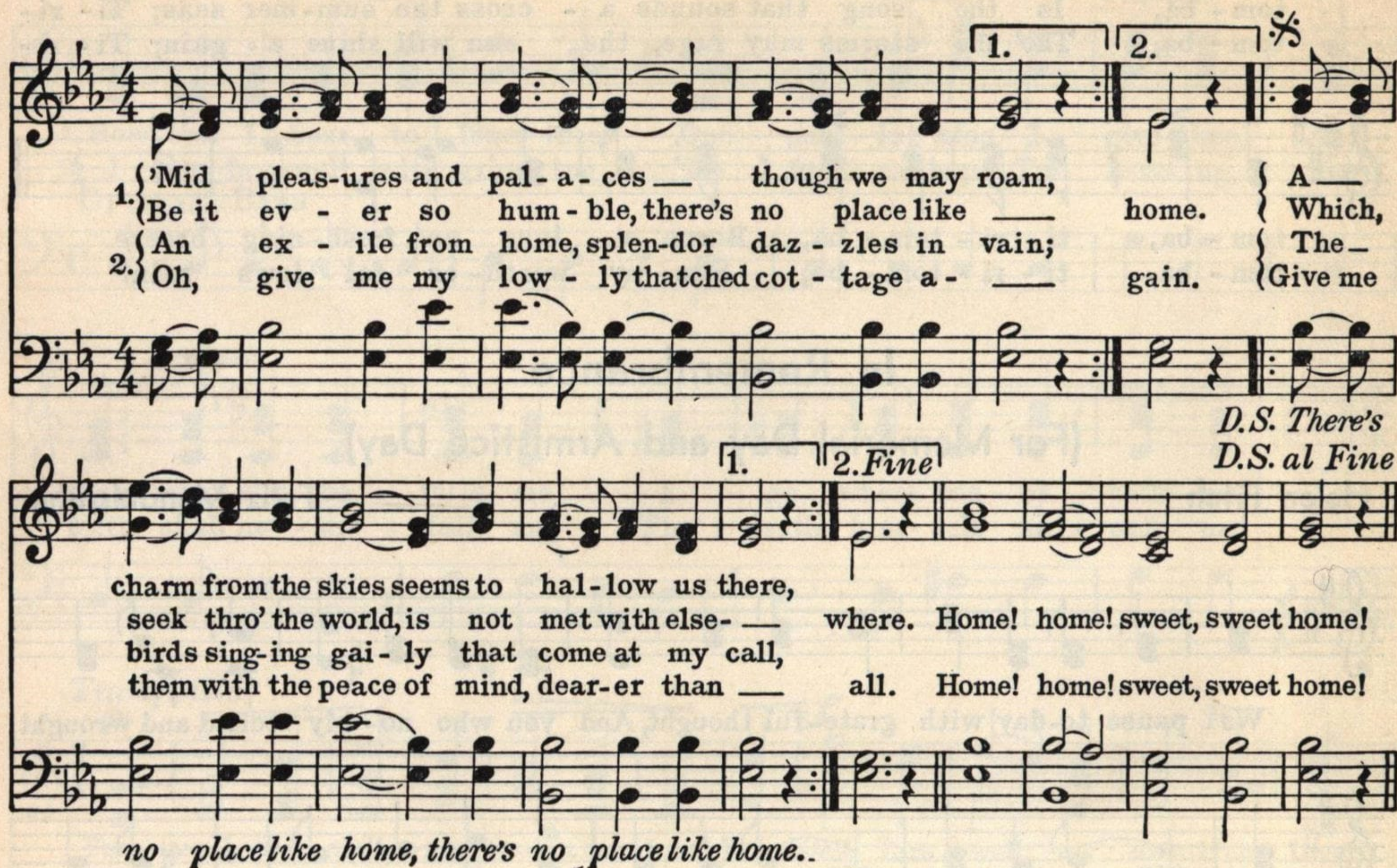
nev - er die, Our grat - i - tude shall nev - er die, shall nev - er die.



# Home, Sweet Home

John Howard Payne

Henry R. Bishop



1. { 'Mid pleasures and pal-a-ces — though we may roam, } A —  
 1. { Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like — home. } Which,  
 2. { An ex - ile from home, splen-dor daz - zles in vain; } The —  
 2. { Oh, give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - — gain. } Give me

*D.S. There's*  
*D.S. al Fine*

charm from the skies seems to hal-low us there,  
 seek thro' the world, is not met with else- — where. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!  
 birds sing-ing gai-ly that come at my call,  
 them with the peace of mind, dear-er than — all. Home! home! sweet, sweet home!

no place like home, there's no place like home..

## Largo

Thomas Williams

George Frederick Handel



*Largo*  
*mp*

Fa - - ther in — heav'n, Thy chil-dren — hear, As they a - dor-ing bow,

*mf* *p*

O Thou Al - might- y One, our weak-ness heed; Strength-en our — faith;

*f* *rit.*

With hope in - spire our hearts; Quick-en our souls — with love like un - to Thine.

*pp a tempo* *f*

Then — shall Thy works a-bound, Men — shall pro - claim that God, our Lord, — is

*p* *3*

God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly His name, — And ho - ly His name.



*ff* *rall.*

God, our Lord, is God a-lone, And ho - ly, ho - ly His name.

## Come, Thou Almighty King

Charles Wesley

F. De Giardini

1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa-ther all-  
 2. Come. Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our prayer at-tend! Come, and Thy  
 3. Come, Ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour! Thou who al-  
 glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days!  
 peo-ple bless, And give Thy word suc-cess: Spir-it of ho-li-ness, On us de-scend!  
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!

## God of Our Fathers

David C. Roberts

George W. Warren

(Three trumpets)


1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand  
 2. Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toil-some way;  
 Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band Of shin-ing worlds' in  
 Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day; Fill all our lives with  
 splen-dor through the skies, Our grate-ful songs be-fore Thy throne a-rise.  
 love and grace di-vine, And glo-ry, laud, and praise be ev-er Thine.



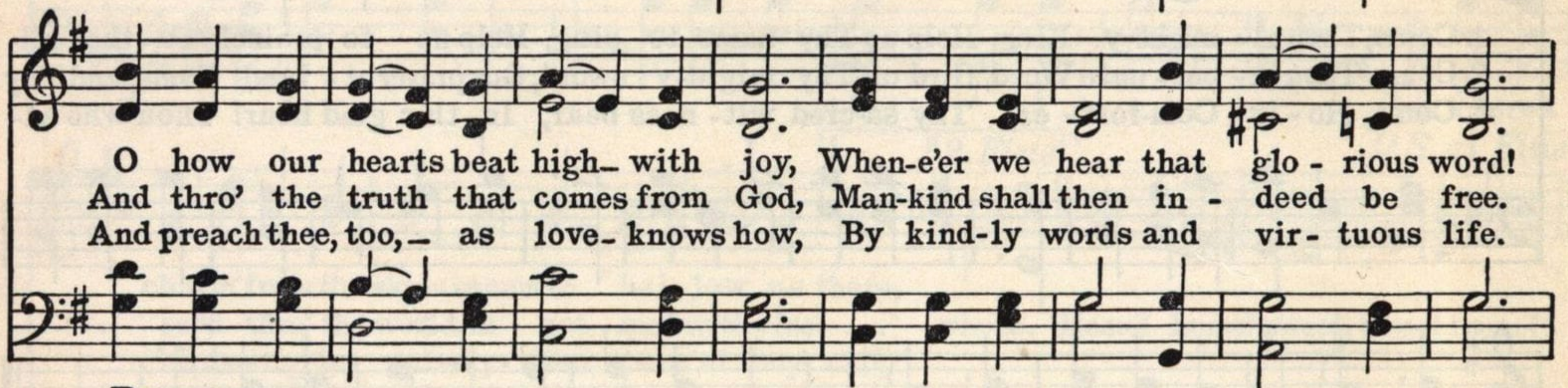
# Faith of Our Fathers

Frederick W. Faber

Henry F. Hemy and J. G. Walton

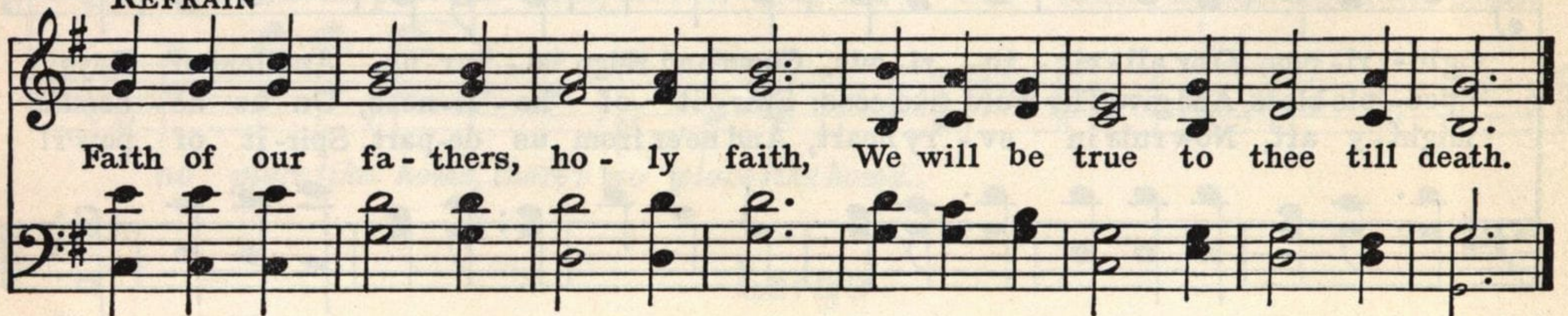


1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire - and sword,  
 2. Faith of our fa - thers, we - will strive To win all na - tions un - to thee;  
 3. Faith of our fa - thers, we - will love Both friend and foe in all - our strife,



O how our hearts beat high - with joy, When-e'er we hear that glo - rious word!  
 And thro' the truth that comes from God, Man-kind shall then in - deed be free.  
 And preach thee, too, - as love - knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life.

## REFRAIN



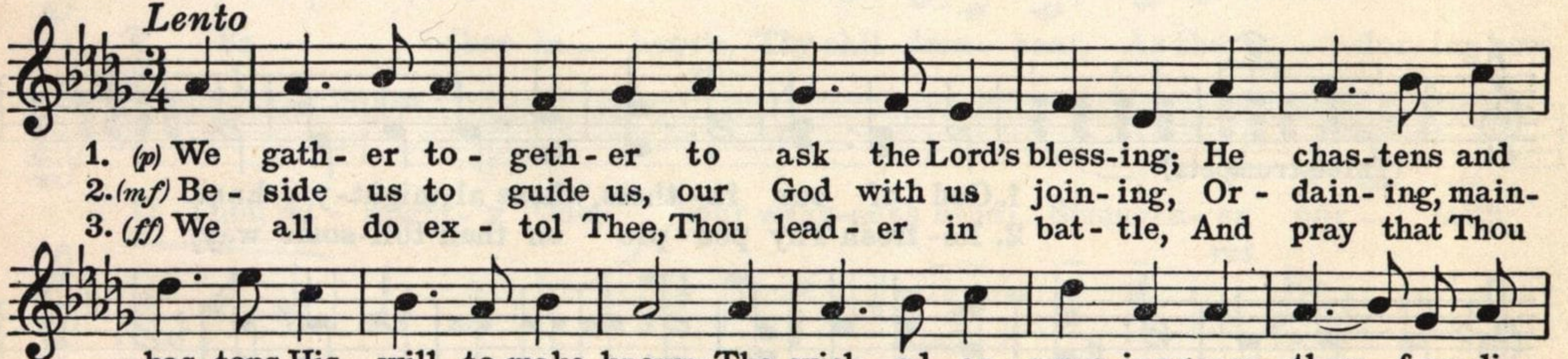
Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.

# Prayer of Thanksgiving

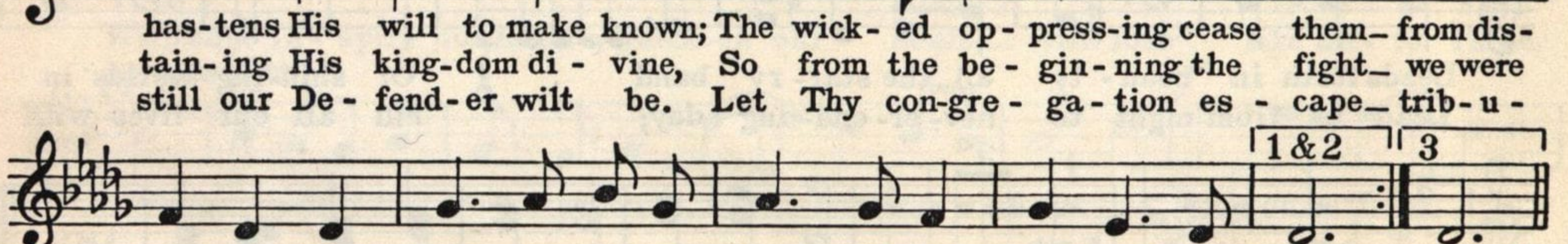
Anonymous

Netherlands Tune

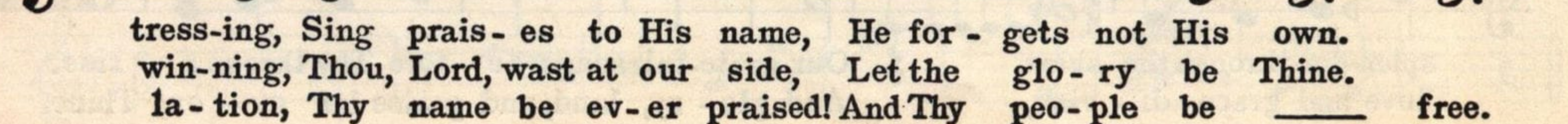
*Lento*



1. (p) We gath - er to - geth - er to ask the Lord's bless - ing; He chas - tens and  
 2. (mf) Be - side us to guide us, our God with us join - ing, Or - dain - ing, main -  
 3. (ff) We all do ex - tol Thee, Thou lead - er in bat - tle, And pray that Thou



has - tens His will to make known; The wick - ed op - press - ing cease them - from dis -  
 tain - ing His king - dom di - vine, So from the be - gin - ning the fight - we were  
 still our De - fend - er wilt be. Let Thy con - gre - ga - tion es - cape - trib - u -



tress - ing, Sing prais - es to His name, He for - gets not His own.  
 win - ing, Thou, Lord, wast at our side, Let the glo - ry be Thine.  
 la - tion, Thy name be ev - er praised! And Thy peo - ple be free.



*After last verse*



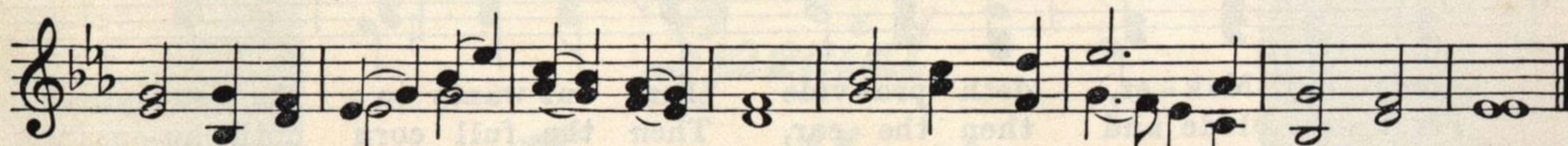
## O God, Beneath Thy Guiding Hand

Leonard Bacon

John Hatton



1. O God, be-neath Thy guid-ing- hand, Our ex-iled fa-thers crossed the sea,  
2. And here Thy name, O — God of — love, Their chil-dren's chil-dren shall — a - dore,



And when they trod the win-try- strand, With prayer and psalm they wor-shipped Thee.  
Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And Spring a - dorns - the earth no more.

## Holy! Holy! Holy!

Reginald Heber (1827)

J. B. Dykes (1861)

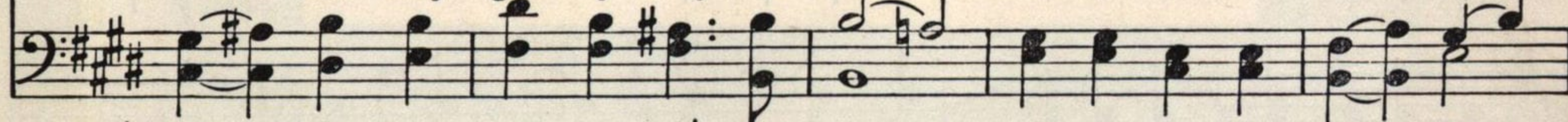
*Moderato*



1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, — Lord- God Al- might- y! Ear- ly in the  
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! — all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast- ing down their  
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! — tho' the dark-ness hide Thee, Though the eye of



morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! —  
gold-encrowns a - round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim  
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho - ly, —



Mer-ci-ful and Might-y! Who wert and art, and — ev-er-more shalt be.  
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert and art, and — ev-er-more shalt be.  
there is none be-side Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in — love and pur - i - ty.





# Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

H. Alford

G. J. Elvey

*Allegro*

1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home;  
 2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un-to His praise to yield;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in Ere the win - ter storms be - gin.  
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy and sor - row grown,

God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;  
 First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn doth ap - pear;

Come to God's own tem - ple, come; Raise the song of har-vest home.  
 Lord of har-vest, grant that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.

# Silent Night

Joseph Mohr

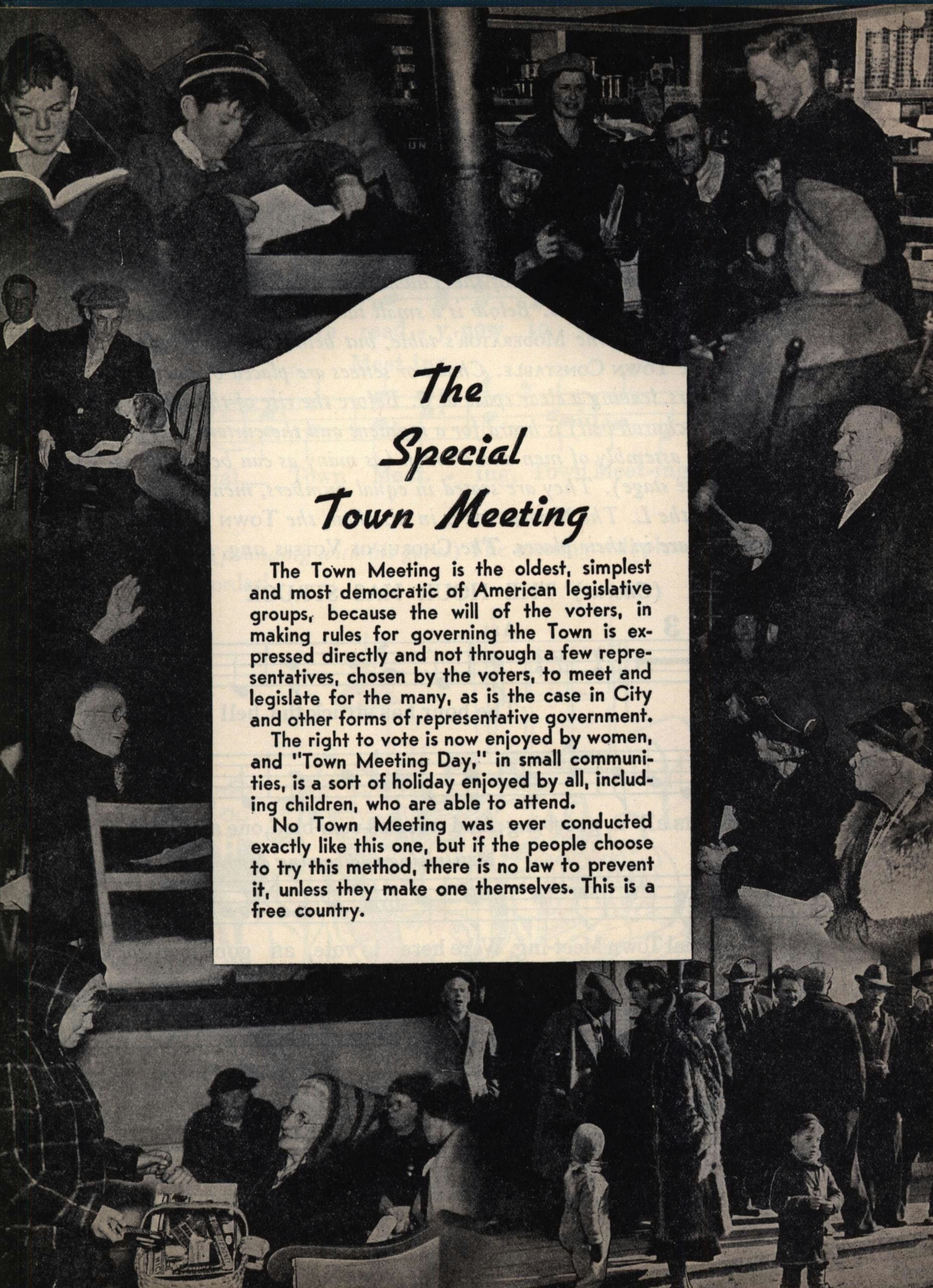
Franz Grüber

*pp*

1. Si-lent night! ho-ly night! All is— calm, all is bright Round yon vir - gin moth-er and Child!  
 2. Si-lent night! ho-ly night! Shep-herds quake at the sight! Glo-ries stream from Heav-en a - bove,  
 3. Si-lent night! ho-ly night! Son of— God, love's pure light Ra-diant beams from Thy ho-ly face,

Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.  
 Heav'n - ly hosts sing Al - le - lu - ia, Christ the Sav - iour is born! Christ the Sav - iour is born!  
 With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace, Je - sus Lord at Thy birth, Je - sus Lord at Thy birth.





## *The Special Town Meeting*

The Town Meeting is the oldest, simplest and most democratic of American legislative groups, because the will of the voters, in making rules for governing the Town is expressed directly and not through a few representatives, chosen by the voters, to meet and legislate for the many, as is the case in City and other forms of representative government.

The right to vote is now enjoyed by women, and "Town Meeting Day," in small communities, is a sort of holiday enjoyed by all, including children, who are able to attend.

No Town Meeting was ever conducted exactly like this one, but if the people choose to try this method, there is no law to prevent it, unless they make one themselves. This is a free country.



# THE SPECIAL TOWN MEETING

*An Operetta in One Act*

Libretto by DAVID STEVENS

Music by GLADYS PITCHER

SCENE: *The Assembly Room of the Town Hall, a table for the MODERATOR on a raised platform. Below is a small table for the TOWN CLERK. A chair at R. near the MODERATOR's table, but below on the floor is a chair for the TOWN CONSTABLE. Chairs or settees are placed on each side for the voters, leaving a clear space at C. Before the rise of the curtain a bell (like a church bell) is heard for a moment and the curtain rises and discloses an assembly of men and women (as many as can be accommodated on the stage). They are seated in equal numbers, men on the R., women on the L. The MODERATOR is in his chair, the TOWN CLERK and CONSTABLE are in their places. The CHORUS OF VOTERS sing, seated:*

## (Chorus) THE HOUR HAS STRUCK

The musical score is written for a chorus of voters. It consists of five staves of music in 6/8 time, with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats, and a time signature of 6/8. Above the first staff is a '3' indicating a triplet, and above the second staff is 'ALL' indicating the start of the chorus. The lyrics are: 'The hour has struck, the bell has rung To give us all a greet-ing; And we're as-sem-bled, one and all, For the special Town Meet-ing. We're here to vote, as good men do, On ev - 'ry pub - lic meas-ure. And don't for-get we're vo - ters, too, A right we dear - ly treas-ure. So'. The music is arranged in a way that allows for different vocal parts to enter at different points. The lyrics are written below the notes, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The final staff ends with a double bar line and the word 'ALL' above it.

3 ALL

The hour has struck, the bell has rung To

give us all a greet-ing; And we're as-sem-bled, one and all, For the

MEN (*rising and coming down front, R.*)

spe-cial Town Meet-ing. We're here to vote, as good men do, On

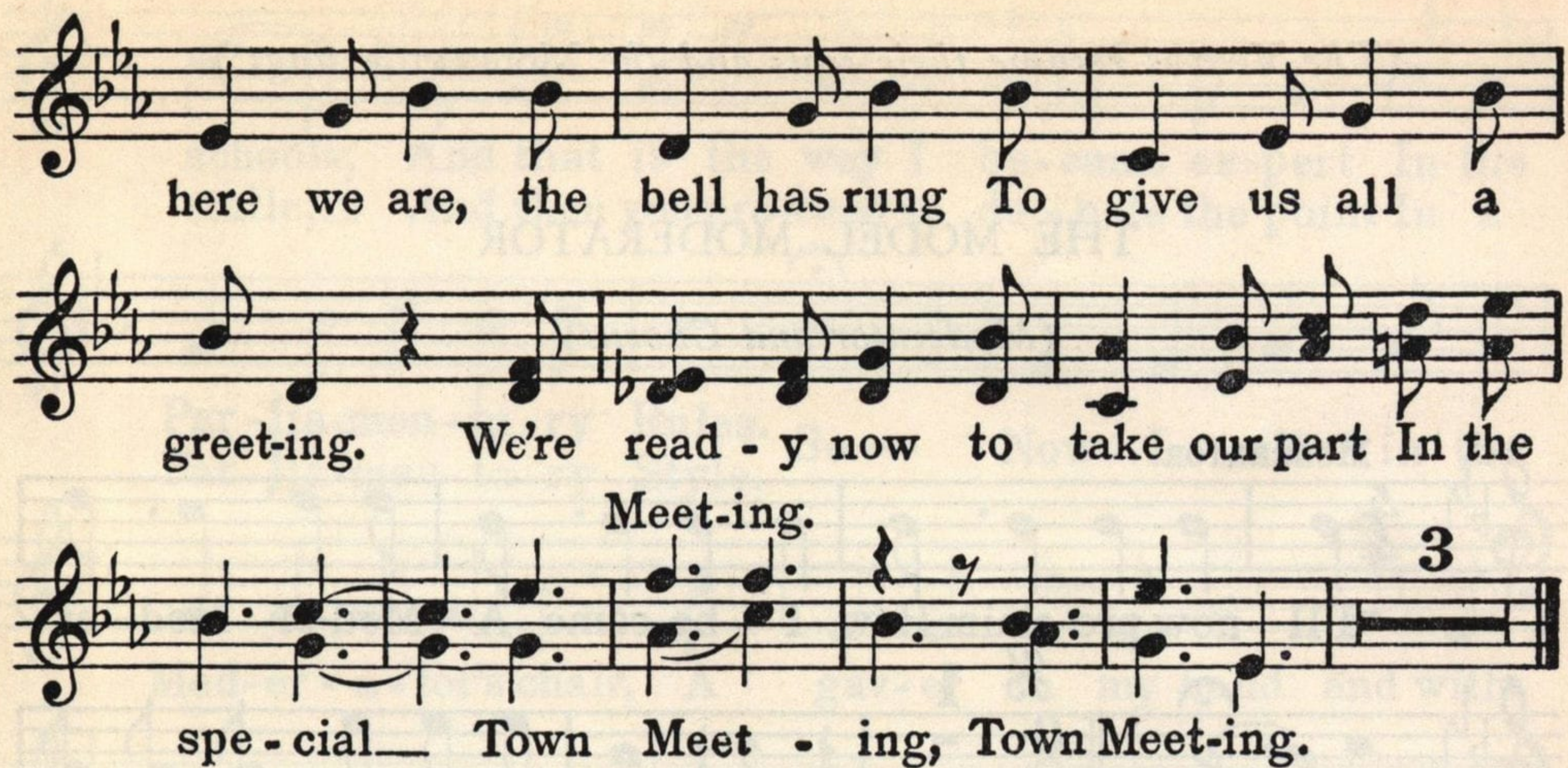
WOMEN (*rising and coming front, L.*)

ev - 'ry pub - lic meas-ure. And don't for-get we're

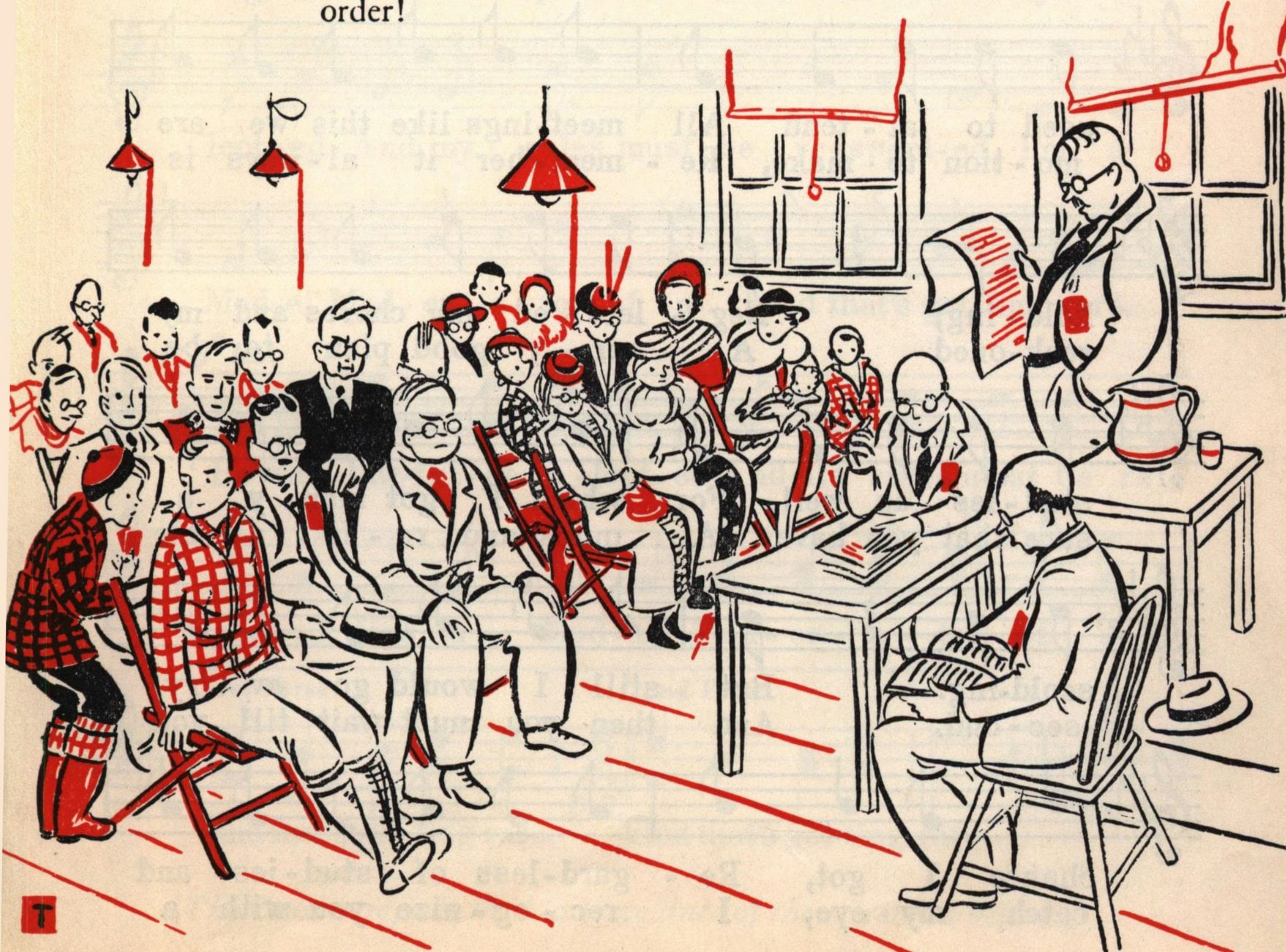
vo - ters, too, A right we dear - ly treas-ure. So

ALL





MODERATOR (*pounding with his gavel*) The meeting will please come to order!





*(The VOTERS resume their seats and the MODERATOR sings:)*

## THE MODEL MODERATOR

*(Moderator and Chorus)*

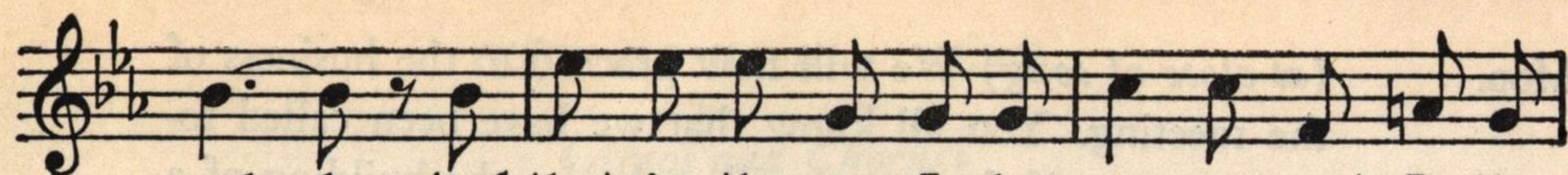
**MODERATOR**



I'll now pro-claim How I be-came A Mod-el Mod-er-  
a-tor.—

1. When I was a young-ster I  
2. If an-y of you have a  
used to at-tend All meet-ings like this we are  
mo-tion to make, Re-mem-ber it al-ways is  
hold-ing; Neg-lect-ed my chores and my  
reck-oned A ver-y good plan to be  
stud-ies as well, For which I got man-y a  
sure that you have A quick and re-li-a-ble  
scold-ing. But still I would go ev-'ry  
sec-ond. And then you must wait till you  
chance I got, Re-gard-less of stud-ies and  
catch my eye, I rec-og-nize you with a





schools, And that is the way I be-came ex-pert In the  
smile,— And then you pro-ceed to de - bate the point In a



Par-lia-men-ta-ry Rules. So— Now I sit in the  
Par-lia-men-ta-ry Style.



Mod-er - a - tor's chair, A gav-el in my hand and with



dig - ni - ty to spare. I was law - ful - ly e -



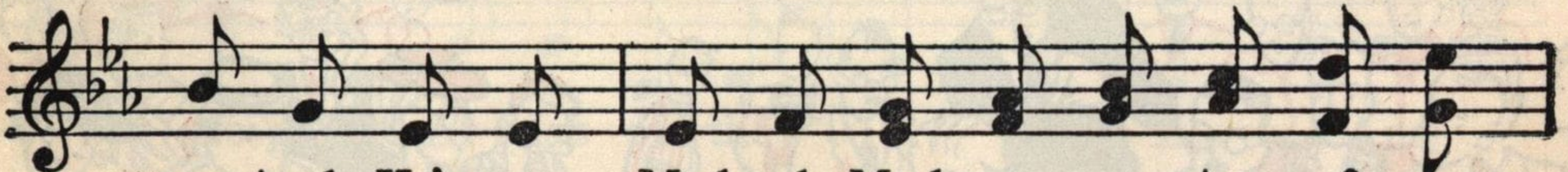
lect-ed And my rules must be re-spect-ed, I'm a



Mod-el Mod-er - a - tor of a kind that's get-ting rare.



*f* ALL He was law-ful-ly e - lect-ed And his rules must be re -



spect-ed, He's a Mod-el Mod-er - a - tor of a



kind that's get-ting rare. *D.S.* kind that's get-ting rare.

(The CHORUS repeats the last three lines of the refrain as before.)



MOD. *(at close of song)* We will now proceed to the business of the meeting. You all know that we have been called together to see if the voters will authorize the building of a new school house.

*(All the VOTERS rise and wave their arms wildly.)*

CHORUS *(all shouting)* Mr. Moderator!

MOD. *(pounding with his gavel)* Stop!

CONSTABLE *(blowing police whistle and holding up his hand)* Stop!

MOD. *(to CONSTABLE)* Thanks, Mr. Constable, but there is nothing in the Parliamentary Rules about whistles.

CON. *(putting whistle in his vest pocket)* O.K., Mr. Moderator.

MOD. Only one of you caught my eye. I recognize our genial fellow-townsmen and proprietor of the general store, Amos Tinker.

AMOS *(rising)* Mr. Moderator, it seems to me that before we vote on this school house matter, we ought to consider where it is to be located. Now, there's a couple of acres of level ground right next to my store, and it's for sale.

CALEB *(speaking from his seat)* Who owns it?

MOD. *(rapping)* Order, please!

AMOS Well, I do, and you know it. So what?

MOD. *(rapping)* Order!

AMOS That's the place for the school house and I'll tell you why.  
*(Sings:)*





# THE GENERAL STORE

(Amos and Chorus)

1 AMOS



In my gen-er-al store I keep an am-ple stock Of  
slates and rul-ers and e-ras-ers and chalk, With pen-cils, pens and  
pa-per and such, All read-y for the scho-lars, and they  
don't cost much; A-rith-me-tic, gram-mar and spell-in' books, too, Mc  
Guf-fey's First Read-ers, sec-ond hand or new, Pi -  
an - o ex-er-cis-es that show you how to play, And an  
up - to-date At - las of the U. S. A. And  
that's the rea - son, I think you'll a - gree, For  
buy-ing that two a - cre lot, you see I'd rath-er not sell it, But



if you com-pel it, I'll make the price right if you leave it to me.

**ALL**  
If we let him tell it, He'd rath-er not sell it, But

he nev-er thinks of him - self, not he!—

*(AMOS takes his seat, much pleased with himself.)*

**VOTERS**

*(all rising except AMOS)* Mr. Moderator!

**MOD.**

Caleb caught my eye that time. He has the floor. *(All sit except CALEB.)*

**CALEB**

Mr. Moderator, it seems to me that Amos is a leetle bit selfish—just a leetle. Now you all know that I have a candy store at the other end of town and there's a vacant lot right next to me.

**AMOS**

Who owns it?

**CALEB**

*(rather confused)* Well-er—I do, of course; but that ain't the point. The point is that the kids can come right into my place at recess and after school. That's the place for the new school, and I'll tell you the reason why. *(Sings:)*

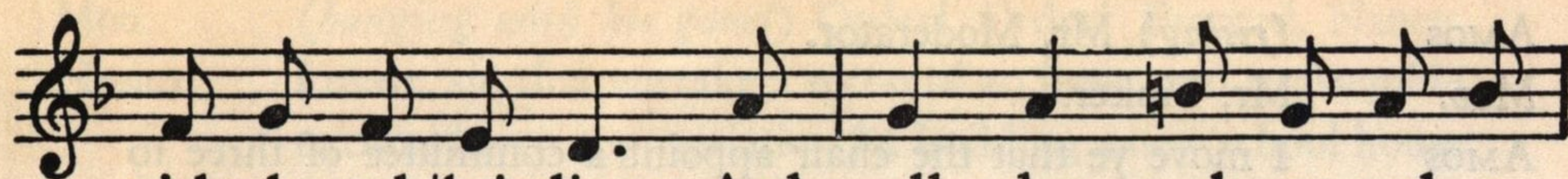
## THE CANDY STORE

*(Caleb and Chorus)*

**1** **CALEB**  
In my lit-tle store I keep a good sup-ply Of

can-dy, pea-nuts and Es-ki-mo pie; Ice cream cones for their





nick-els and their dimes, And all day suck-ers and a



tub of pick-led limes. Lic'-rice sticks and dou-ble-mint gum,



Han-dy by when the kid-dies come. And if they hap-pen to



o-ver-eat, There's a doc-tor's of-fice right a-cross the street. So



that's the rea-son it's best to buy That strip of land, and the



cost is-n't high. A two a-cre slice I'll sell at a price;



It's the place for the school, and I've told you why.



He'll sell at a price that two a-cre slice, He's a



lib-er-al chap, and we all know why.

(CALEB resumes his seat.)



AMOS *(rising)* Mr. Moderator.  
 MOD. Mr. Tinker.  
 AMOS I move ye that the chair appoint a committee of three to negotiate for the purchase of that two-acre place next to my store.  
 MOD. You hear the motion. Is it seconded? *(Silence)*  
 CONSTABLE *(rising)* Well, I'll second it if nobody else wants to. Jest to get a vote.  
 MOD. It is moved and seconded et cetera. All those in favor will say "Aye."  
 AMOS Aye!  
 MOD. All opposed will say "No."  
*(All, except AMOS, rise and shout vociferously.)*  
 VOTERS NO!!!  
 MOD. The motion is lost. *(pounds with his gavel)*  
 CALEB Mr. Moderator.  
 MOD. Mr. Plunket.  
 CALEB I move ye, sir, that the chair appoint a committee of three to negotiate for the purchase of that slice of land next to my store.  
 MOD. You hear the motion. Is it seconded? *(Silence)*  
 CLERK *(rising)* Well, I hain't had anything to say, so far, I'll second it.  
 MOD. It is moved and seconded, et cetera. All those in favor will say "Aye."  
 CALEB *(feebly)* Aye.  
 MOD. Those opposed will say "No."  
 VOTERS *(as before, except CALEB)* NO!!!  
 MOD. The motion is lost. *(Bang gavel)*  
 NANCY *(rising)* Mr. Moderator.  
 MOD. Miss Wick.  
 NANCY You all know that I'm the school teacher, and I think I know where the school should be located. We seem to have forgotten that the town owns a piece of land about half way between the two sites that have been mentioned.  
 AMOS *(interrupting)* That's it! Women meddlin'!  
 CALEB Ye're right, Amos.



MOD. *(banging with his gavel)* Order! Order! Proceed, Nancy.

NANCY I move, sir, that we take a recess of an hour, and re-assemble to consider an appropriation for building a new school house on the town property.

ALL *(except AMOS and CALEB)* I second the motion.

MOD. You have heard the motion and — er — I think it was seconded. Are you ready for the question?

AMOS AND CALEB NO!

ALL THE OTHER VOTERS Yes, Yes!

MOD. All in favor will say "Aye."

ALL *(except AMOS and CALEB)* Aye!!

MOD. Those opposed will say "No."

*(AMOS and CALEB say nothing, but shake their heads slowly.)*

CONSTABLE *(to AMOS and CALEB)* Come on, come on, say "No."

AMOS *(disgusted)* What's the use?

CALEB Ye're right, Amos, we're a hopeless minority.

MOD. The motion is carried and the meeting will take a recess of an hour and re-assemble in accordance to Miss Wick's motion. *(Bangs with his gavel)*





(All rise and stretch their arms. They sing:)

## A RECESS, THOUGH BRIEF

*Brightly*  
1

ALL

A re-cess, though brief, Is a great re-lief, We have  
had a rath-er storm-y ses-sion; But ma-  
jor-i-ties rule, And we're going to have a school On  
land in the town's pos-ses-sion. A-mos, we're sor-ry,  
Ca-leb, don't wor-ry, You will find that it's bet-ter our  
*Slower*  
way. We are all friends here, And we nev-er need to fear When the  
bey!  
voice of the man-y we o - bey, o - bey! When the  
*ritard.*  
voice of the man-y we\_ o - bey!\_

6

THE PLAY ENDS



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We wish to thank the Federal Works Agency, Works Project Administration, and the New Mexico Music Project for permission to use the words and melody of "At the Gate of Heaven" (96); Mrs. Lillian Mohr Fox, Supervisor of Music, Pasadena, California for the song, "Covered Wagon Days" (138); Mr. George G. Korson, and the University of Pennsylvania Press for the song, "Down, Down, Down" (20), from *Minstrels of the Mine Patch* by Mr. Korson; Mr. Josef Marais for "The Green Dress" (115); Mr. Benjamin A. Botkin for "Lead through That Sugar and Tea" (137), from *The American Play-Party Song* by Mr. Botkin, published by University Studies of the University of Nebraska; the United States Marine Corps for "Marines' Hymn" (209); and the National Recreation Association for "If I Had the Wings" (158), "Shuckin' of the Corn" (97), and the translations by Mr. Augustus D. Zanzig of "Over the Meadows" (108) and "Walking at Night" (136), all from *Singing America*.

The text, "All Creatures of Our God and King" (51) is a translation from the Latin of "Hymn of St. Francis." Translated by Rev. W. H. Draper. From Curwen Ed. 6333 and 80649. Reprinted by permission of J. Curwen & Sons, Ltd., London.



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**p** **f** **#**

**1.**

*poco rit.*

*D.C. al fine*

**mp**

**24**

**ff**





*mf*

*cresc.*

*p*

*c*



*ritard.*



*f*

*a tempo*

*mp*



*f*

*D.S.*





2



BR  
539  
12  
00  
02  
56

MUSIC  
IN THE  
AIR

INK  
3.00